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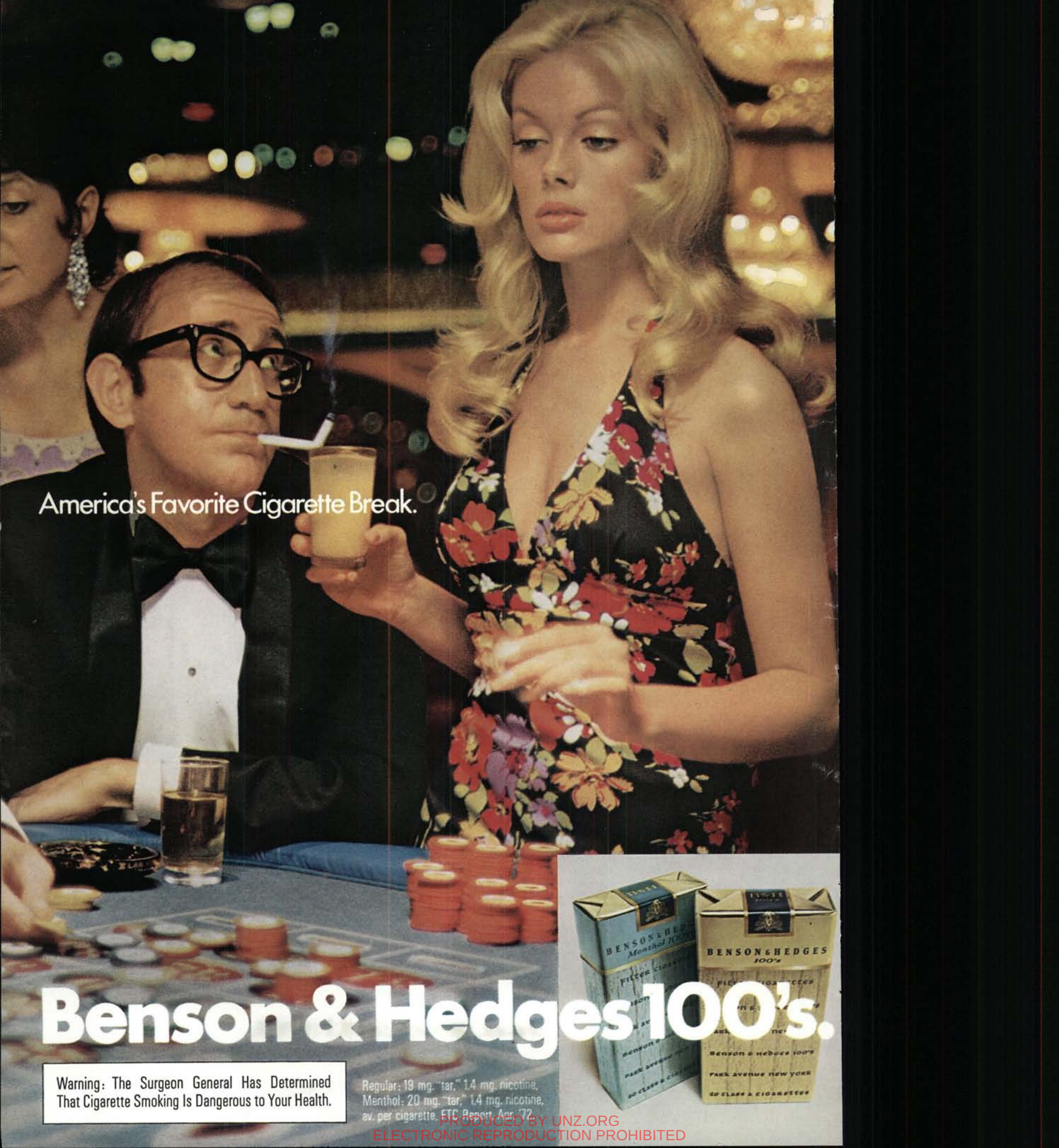
MONTHLY

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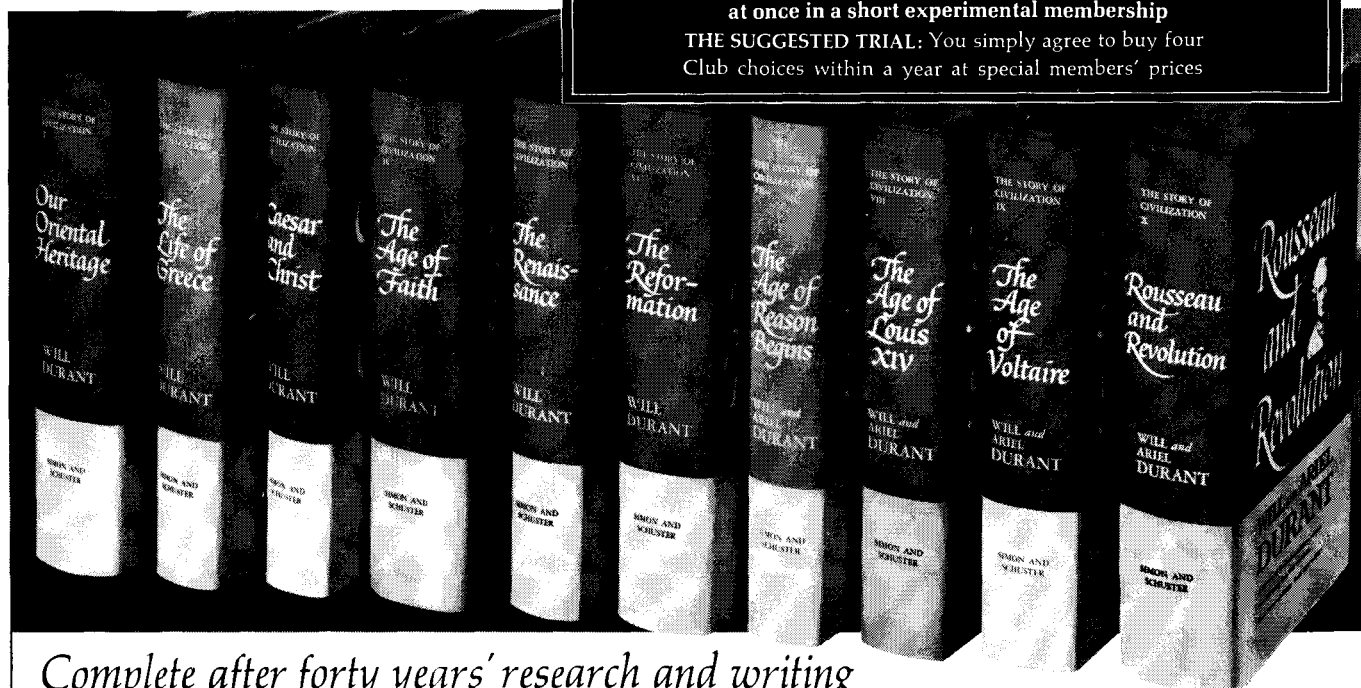


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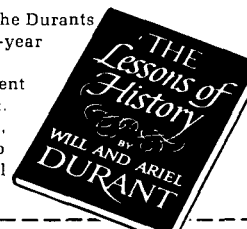
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

If the purpose of a periodical is to capture the mood, the essence of a time—and that certainly is one of the objectives of journals that discuss contemporary affairs—the mortals who produce that periodical in A.D. 1972 assume a glum task. The times, to put it gently, are dispiriting.

We have just about achieved in Southeast Asia the contradiction of the era, the saving of a country by destroying it. Our politics reeks of conspiracy, meretriciousness, and mistrust. Once-proud university faculties have fragmented into tribal coteries to whom the backbite is mightier than the baccalaureate, while the students, shrugging off the contempt which so many of their professors display toward them, talk animatedly of saving the environment as they litter the streets with their empty beer cans and broken furniture. The poets of the age gloomily limn their own navels while the book writers and those who publish them prove beyond all believing Gresham's theory about the good and the bad.

The Golden Rule has turned to Pewter—Do others. Civility risks being taken as a sign of weakness. Never in our history has so much been written and broadcast in celebration of high ideals and lofty principles and, in contrast, so little done to live by them. This may go down as the Age of Revlon—lip service to all, allegiance to none.

But wait a minute, Cassandra. Stay thy bitter pen! It's not really all that bad, is it? After all, this is the season to be jolly, at least a little hopeful. Certainly an editor if he tries can see a bright star or two up there in the satellite-tracked sky, something of good cheer or beauty down here on The Wart. Of course he can, and he will try, for in every editor (every editor this editor has known, anyway) there lurks a Pollyanna who wants a cracker, a sentimentalist who will walk a mile to find a patch of sunshine.

This magazine's opportunity to focus on beauty

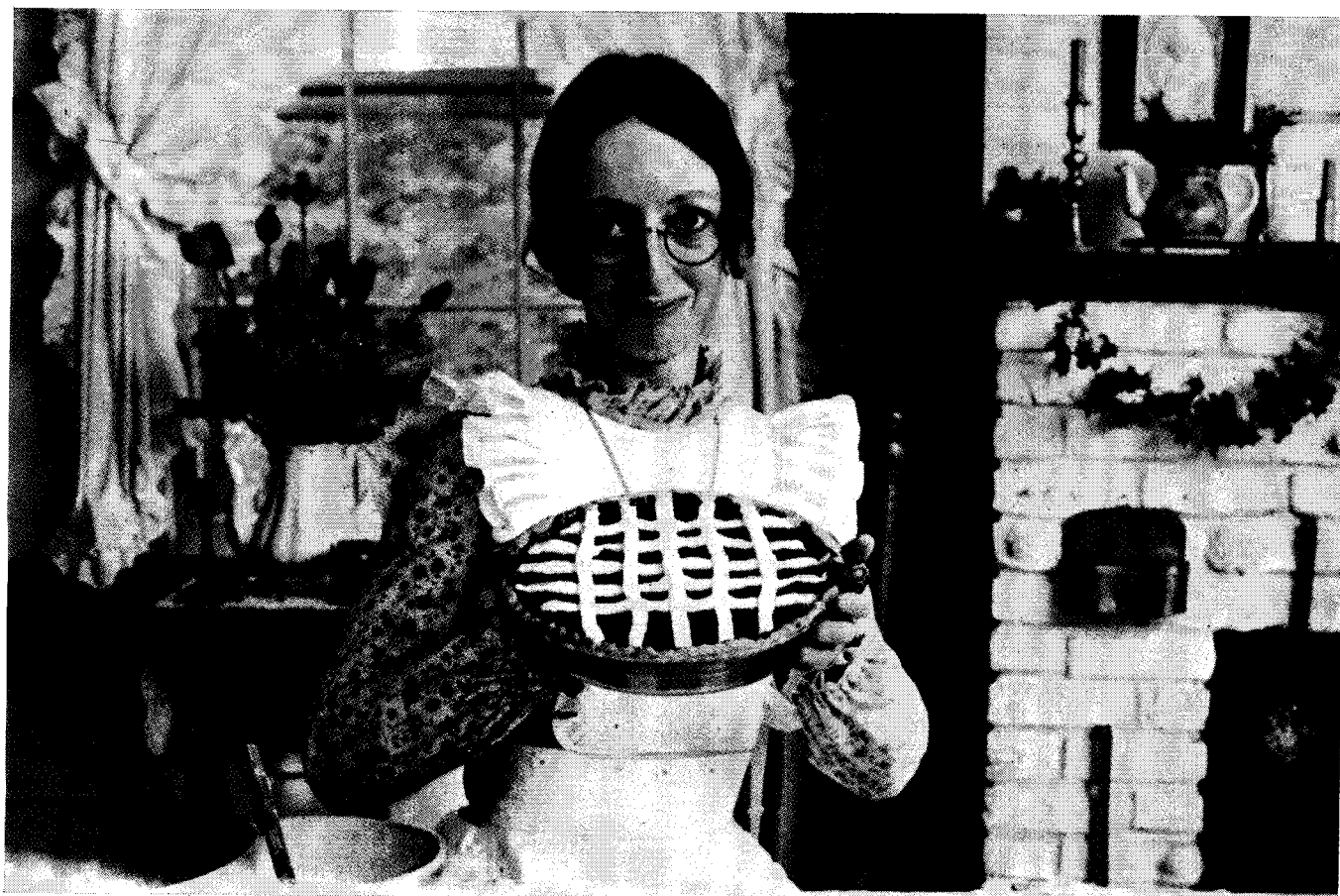
in this final month of the year came when John Walker, the distinguished director emeritus of the National Gallery of Art, sent in a manuscript telling how Andrew Mellon, the Croesus of Pittsburgh, built up one of the greatest art collections ever assembled and gave it, and a gallery to house it, to the American public. Mr. Walker afforded us not only an opportunity to pass on a fascinating story but the inspiration to offer as *The Atlantic's* holiday thanks to its readers an interlude of pleasure, in the form of an eight-page portfolio of color reproductions from the Mellon Collection.

From 369 pictures which Andrew Mellon bought over the years for perhaps \$35 million, the National Gallery collection was winnowed down to 125 pictures. From these, worth as much as \$200 million on today's market, if indeed a material value can be attributed to them, we have chosen 19, enough to indicate how much beauty and grandeur are around for those who choose to look. The portfolio is made possible by the generous cooperation of the National Gallery staff.

The lady who graces the cover (in a detail from the full portrait on page 73) is the Marchesa Balbi, a Genoan socialite who held great attraction for Anthony van Dyck. He painted her several times, and it is possible that there was a romantic attachment between the two. At any rate, Mr. Walker notes, Van Dyck painted her "with more inspiration than he was ever to show again."

So enjoy, please, the company of the Marchesa and nearly a score of other masterpieces. They testify to the creativity and genius that abide in man, even through times that are low.

Robert Manning



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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON

The Lavelle Case

The case of General John D. Lavelle shows in microcosm how a half war like Vietnam can get out of control. It is another story of military frustration and civilian cover-up, as one commander takes the war into his own hands. And then after the facts finally do come to light—thanks to a lone sergeant among the thousands in a large Air Force command—the nation's top military officers declare that the same alarming breakdown of control could happen again.

The place to begin is with General Lavelle, and the war as he found it late last year when he decided to bomb North Vietnam his own way. The result was an official total of twenty-four bombing missions that the Air Force said were carried out in violation of the rules for "protective reaction." "Protective reaction" is the Pentagon term for the aerial code which says, don't bomb unless fired upon. At least one senator believes that the unauthorized raids against the North may have damaged the secret peace talks going on at the time.

Cautious

John Daniel Lavelle, married and the father of seven children, rose to four-star rank without going through the usual path of military academy and service with the

Strategic Air Command. A native of Cleveland, Ohio, the fifty-six-year-old Lavelle graduated from John Carroll University in Cleveland in 1938, and enlisted as an aviation cadet in the Army Air Corps in 1939. Lavelle served in three wars. He began as a pilot in Europe during World War II. When the Air Force became a separate service in 1947, Lavelle was one of two Air Force officers who negotiated with seven Army technical services in setting up the new branch. In Korea Lavelle served in a more routine post, commanding a supply depot in Japan.

After the Korean War, Lavelle occupied a series of staff jobs, worked on several research and procurement programs, including some secret ones in the communications field, and rose in the Air Force hierarchy. In 1962 he became Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations with the Fourth Allied Tactical Air Force in Europe. When he took over command of the eleven-thousand-man Seventh Air Force in July, 1971—his first Vietnam post—he quickly gained a reputation as a personable and popular officer with a sensitivity to the needs of the men under him. "My men would do back flips for me," Lavelle said with some justification, speaking of his period as chief of the Seventh Air Force.

The command Lavelle held is the Air Force's only one in Indochina (the Navy has a separate one). His associates say that he felt deep frustration about constraints on the air war, and about the fact that airmen

were killed because of those constraints. In his first months with the Seventh Air Force, the word around MACV (U.S. Military Assistance Command, Vietnam) headquarters in Saigon was that Lavelle was cautious about conducting high-risk missions, especially when an aircraft had been lost.

Blur

The air war in Vietnam was very much alive as fall began in 1971. On September 21, the United States command in Saigon reported two hundred strikes flown against North Vietnam in retaliation against enemy gunners who fired on American reconnaissance planes. The "understandings" negotiated by President Johnson, which led to the bombing halt of 1968, allowed American reconnaissance planes to fly over the North to keep track of military activities; at any rate, former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford said that the understandings provided for such unarmed flights.

But just in case Hanoi's gunners should fire on the picture-taking planes, bomb-laden F-4 fighter-bombers and other attack aircraft flew along as escorts. If the North Vietnamese fired on a reconnaissance plane, or if the North Vietnamese gunners signaled such intent by focusing radar on the plane, the escorts could swoop down and bomb the gun sites and related facilities under protective reaction rules. In keeping with President

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WASHINGTON

Nixon's "hard knock" philosophy, the retaliatory strikes sometimes came not just during the reconnaissance mission itself but days after the North Vietnamese gunners had fired. So, by the time Lavelle took his new command, the distinction had blurred between the policy of selective strikes to underscore the Johnson Administration's understanding about the right to fly reconnaissance and the more intensive bombing of the North being conducted in 1971 in retaliation against enemy anti-aircraft fire.

Late in 1971 his pilots brought back photographic evidence of an enemy buildup in the North. Lavelle agonized over the strengthening of enemy air-base facilities which directly threatened his pilots, such as lengthened runways for Mig fighter planes and new anti-aircraft guns around the fields. Two such fields were Dong Hoi, forty miles north of the demilitarized zone separating the two Vietnams, and Quang Lang, 165 miles north of the DMZ.

Both Dong Hoi and Quang Lang were launch pads for Mig-21 fighter attacks on American aircraft. The giant B-52's were the Migs' prime target. One North Vietnamese pilot used to fly down to those fields from safer bases in the far north. He would refuel at Quang Lang, for example, and then race to a flight of B-52's spotted by North Vietnamese radar. The North Vietnamese ground control radar operators would watch the blips on their scopes and guide him to the giant B-52's. His usual tactic was to fire a missile and then dash for home. The more southern location of Dong Hoi made such Mig hit-and-run attacks a threat all the way down to Da Nang, the big American air base in South Vietnam. This pilot was so effective that the Americans gave him a distinguished nickname, the Red Baron.

As Lavelle saw it, he had three options as he pondered what to do about Dong Hoi and Quang Lang: monitor the buildup through steady reconnaissance flights over the fields; send in a reconnaissance plane extraordinarily low to provoke the fire needed to justify protective

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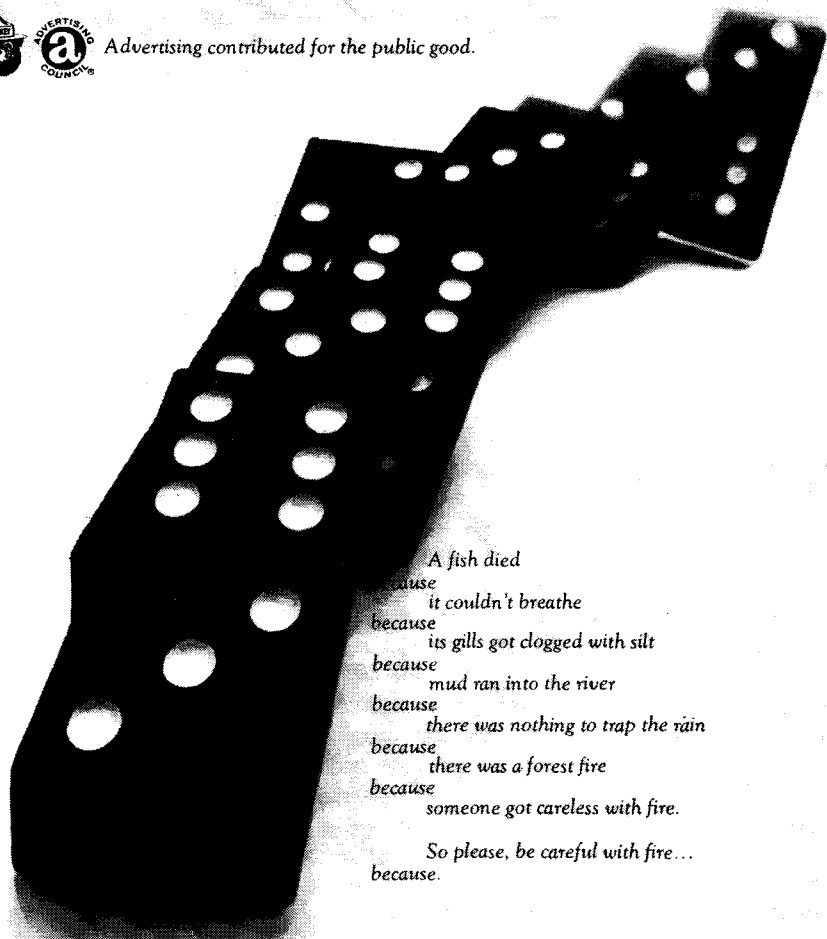


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WASHINGTON

reaction bombing; or bend the rules to meet what he considered a changed situation. Option one failed to reduce the threat to his pilots; option two meant "trolling" with a live pilot for bait, with the distinct possibility of his being killed; option three could get him in trouble if anyone above him found out.

At the time, Lavelle knew nothing about the White House's secret peace negotiations with the North Vietnamese. Nobody told him that Washington and Hanoi had agreed on October 25 to hold secret talks, with the first one scheduled for November 20. The air war was Lavelle's preoccupation. Like other commanders in a war in which the body count measures progress, Lavelle felt pressure to show positive military results for his operation.

Cover

He chose option three: bend the rules. According to the Air Force, Lavelle ordered the bombing of Dong Hoi on November 7, 1971, whether or not North Vietnamese gunners fired at the reconnaissance plane and its four fighter-bomber escorts. That order to bomb regardless of enemy reaction violated the civilian-imposed protective reaction rules.

To cover that violation, Lavelle—according to his operations officer—ordered subordinates to write two sets of reports on the mission, one true and one false. The true one, again according to Lavelle's operations officer, went no further than Lavelle's own headquarters in Saigon. The falsified one went far and wide in the military hierarchy, and right on up to the Secretary of Defense.

So great was the secrecy that Major General Alton D. Slay, Lavelle's operations officer at the Seventh Air Force headquarters in Saigon, passed the orders to bomb over a secure telephone line to wing commanders. Quang Lang was bombed in the same secretive way on November 8, 1971. An Associated Press dispatch out of Saigon reporting those November raids quoted the U.S. command as saying that "in all cases, the fighter-bombers at-

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WASHINGTON

tacked only after enemy ground gunners fired on the reconnaissance planes."

Hanoi radio broadcast a different version of the raids:

"Particularly serious was the fact that on 7 and 8 November, the United States sent many planes at a number of populated areas around the Dong Hoi provincial capital, Quang Binh Province, and a number of localities in Nghe An Province, causing losses in manpower and property to the local populace. These extremely serious acts of war prove that the obdurate and warlike U.S. imperialists are still plotting military adventures against the DRV [Democratic Republic of Vietnam]. . . ."

In an announcement that could have been inspired by the November bombings (no one seems to know for sure), Hanoi said on November 17 that because Le Duc Tho was ill, Xuan Thuy would meet with Henry Kissinger, President Nixon's national security adviser. The switch appeared to downgrade the talks, since Tho is the high-ranking North Vietnamese Politburo member and Thuy merely the formal leader of Hanoi's delegation at the Paris peace talks. Given Tho's illness, said the U.S. government on November 19, "no point would be served by a meeting." Did a hope for peace thus become another bombing casualty of the war?

"Take the rules"

Following the November raids against Dong Hoi and Quang Lang, Lavelle continued to see a menacing buildup of enemy weapons as an apparent prelude to a new North Vietnamese offensive. Both he and his superiors in Washington fretted about it. This military concern was formalized in a commanders' conference in Honolulu on December 4 and 5, 1971. Lieutenant General John W. Vogt, director of the staff of the military Joint Chiefs of Staff, presided. There is agreement on all sides that the word was: be more aggressive. Or to quote Lavelle himself on that conference in his testimony before the Senate Armed Services Committee months later:

REPORT ON
Elizabeth
Dass



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA
NAME: ELIZABETH DASS
DATE: MARCH 17, 1969
DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964
NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA
ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER
HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS ~~W~~ WITH
DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED
CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS
OF GOOD MIND, WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH
AND STRENGTH ~~XX~~ ARE RESTORED.
PARENT~~XX~~MS CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.
MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF
~~XX~~ SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH
FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER
MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS- INDEED IT IS REMARKABLE SHE
IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH
FACTORY WHERE SHE EARN TWO RUPEES A DAY (20¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH
TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL
OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER.
HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE
FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN
THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS
HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER
FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
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REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP
THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF
SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM ~~XX~~ PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER
MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS
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WASHINGTON

"The director of the Joint Staff stated that field commanders were not aggressive enough; we should be more aggressive in using the authorities that were available to us; that we should increase the number of reconnaissance aircraft in the buildup in North Vietnam. . . . So having been instructed we were not aggressive enough, we were not using the authorities we had—increase our reconnaissance flights, increase our escorts to be more effective—I assumed I should take the rules that I had and interpret them as fully as I could to operate under them and be more aggressive."

The Joint Chiefs of Staff, Lavelle asserted in reporting on what Vogt had said at that conference, "would not question our aiming points [targets] on protective reaction strikes. In the advent of adverse publicity, we could expect full backing from the JCS." Furthermore, Lavelle declared, Defense Secretary Melvin R. Laird told him in Saigon in December, in essence: "Don't come into Washington and ask for additional approvals or authorities; it was an inopportune time. Make maximum use of the authorities we had, and he'd support us in Washington."

In making such statements, Lavelle invited the conclusion that he was only a minion doing the bidding of kings. He did not make plain how directly he involved himself in planning the raids against the North and in falsifying reports on them. Lavelle's former operations officer in Vietnam, Major General Slay, gives a more detailed picture of Lavelle's direct involvement in the unauthorized bombing:

"General Lavelle would look over the photograph and he would say, 'I would like a strike mounted against this particular SAM [surface-to-air missile] site,' and it was very clear that he wanted this to be a planned protective reaction strike. And his instructions were always that 'you will assume reaction.' . . ."

The bombing strikes, Slay said, "were preplanned. There is no question under the sun about that. . . . General Lavelle personally directed each one of these. . . . It was General Lavelle's comment at the time that 'no one can fly over North

Vietnam without being fired at, so why should I risk my pilots' lives by going up and waiting until I see a burst?'" Slay added that Lavelle "explained the facts of life to us, that 'anytime you are over North Vietnam, people are going to shoot at you, so you must report that you have been reacted upon.'"

Whistle

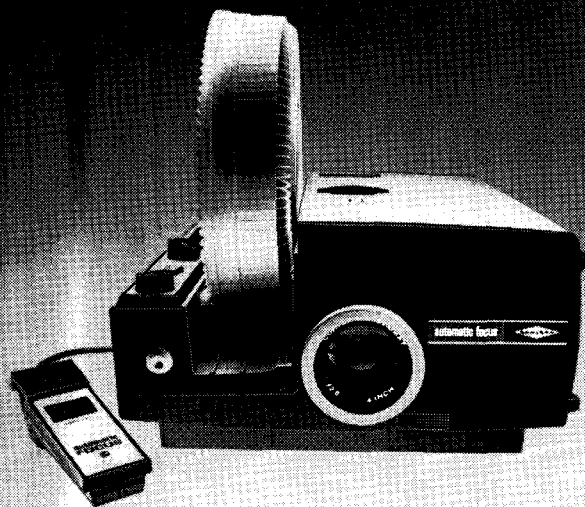
In January of this year, acting in response to the continued enemy buildup and to what he later claimed was the urging of his superiors at the Honolulu meeting to adopt more aggressive tactics, Lavelle initiated a new round of twenty-two bombing missions against targets in North Vietnam. The bombing of Dong Hoi again on March 9, 1972, was the last of the twenty-four rule-breaking missions, because of a young Air Force sergeant named Lonnie Franks. Franks, stationed at Udorn air base in northern Thailand, blew the whistle on Lavelle by writing a letter to Senator Harold E. Hughes, Democrat of Iowa.

The Udorn base is an American island unto itself. Pilots between missions drink Budweiser at the officers' club, eat ice cream sundaes, and talk about the war in an atmosphere free from the miseries which the foot soldier in Vietnam so often encounters. The creature comforts and splendid isolation did not ease Franks's concern about what he and others in the Seventh Air Force command were doing. He had talked to his immediate superiors about the false reports, asking them if it was proper for him to fill them out. They told him not to worry. Franks did worry, and one day last February he wrote to Senator Hughes.

"I and other members" of the intelligence section of the 432nd Tactical Reconnaissance Wing at Udorn "have been falsifying classified reports for missions into North Vietnam," he said in his letter. "That is, we have been reporting that our planes have received hostile reactions such as AAA [anti-aircraft] and SAM firings whether they have or not. We have also been falsifying targets struck and bomb damage assessments."

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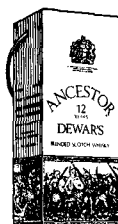


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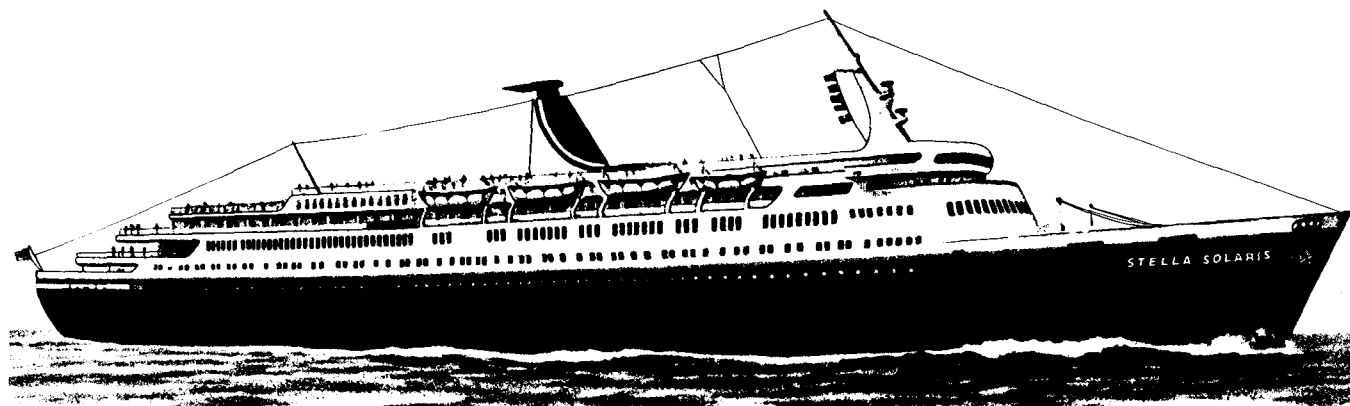
WASHINGTON

Franks picked out Hughes "because I admired him a great deal, and I thought he would handle my letter as well as anyone would handle it." Hughes gave a copy of Franks's letter to a colleague on the Senate Armed Services Committee, former Air Force Secretary Stuart Symington, Democrat of Missouri. Senator Symington's copy, in turn, went to General John D. Ryan, Air Force Chief of Staff.

General Ryan read the letter on March 8, 1972, and sent his Inspector General, Lieutenant General Louis L. Wilson, flying off to Vietnam the next day to investigate Franks's charges. They checked out. Lavelle himself confirmed them, both to Wilson in Saigon and to Ryan in a face-to-face meeting in Washington on March 23. That posed the ticklish question of what to do about Lavelle. He had been in the four-star billet of Seventh Air Force commander for less than a year. Ryan, who had personally picked Lavelle for the job, had the painful duty of deciding on the punishment.

Ryan is a colorless, all-business commander who shows flashes of anger to his aides but little other emotion. Ryan might have been expected to temper his judgment of Lavelle, knowing the concern Lavelle had shown for the lives of his pilots. (His own son, an Air Force captain, was killed in January, 1970, when his F-4 crashed on takeoff at a California air base.) But Ryan knew from the moment the case came to his desk that Lavelle was an officer who had committed an unforgivable sin: disobeying orders. Considering punishment through the eyes of an Air Force officer—a very different perspective from that which civilians would have—Ryan concluded that removing Lavelle from command and downgrading him in rank would be a stern penalty.

So Ryan settled for removing Lavelle from his command, and giving him the choice of retiring from the Air Force or taking a lesser billet at the pay and rank of major general (two stars), not full general (four stars) as he had been in Vietnam. Defense Secretary Laird, Air Force



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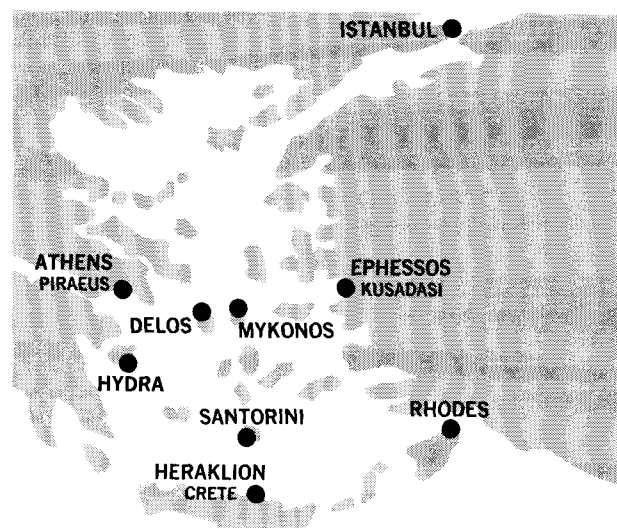
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Secretary Robert C. Seamans, Jr., and Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, all concurred in Ryan's actions regarding Lavelle. Nobody mentioned a court-martial. And Laird, according to Ryan, refused to let Ryan tell the House and Senate Armed Services Committee chairmen the truth about how Lavelle had exceeded his authority.

Coy

Lavelle chose retirement. The Defense Department decided to be coy about the real reason, and announced on April 7, 1972, that the general was "retiring for personal and health reasons." No mention was made of any irregularities. The official cover-up was worse in form, if not in substance, than in the case of My Lai, for this time the Pentagon's civilian and military hierarchy conspired to keep the truth from the public. The My Lai cover-up was a decision made at lower levels, in the field.

If Representative Otis G. Pike, Democrat of New York, a prickly member of the House Armed Services Committee, had not become curious about the Lavelle case, the Pentagon might have been successful in its attempt to hush it up. But, taking to the floor of the House, Pike asked why Lavelle was removed from command so suddenly. And he urged four newspapermen to look into the situation before a fifth, Seymour Hersh of the New York Times, came along and decided to explore the subject fully. Hersh's story went further than other printed reports about why Lavelle was relieved, and the Times put the Lavelle story on page one.

The House Armed Services Committee did its best to make the whole episode a mere one-day sensation. Chairman F. Edward Hebert, Democrat of Louisiana, called Lavelle before the committee for a brief morning session in public on June 12.

In questioning Lavelle, the congressmen could not have been kinder. "What you did," said Representative John E. Hunt, Republican of New Jersey, "was attack the

enemy with successful strikes." Lavelle agreed with that. The strikes were "very" successful, he said. The general portrayed himself as making what he called "a very liberal interpretation of these rules of engagement" that in "certain instances" were "probably beyond the literal intention of the rules."

To Chairman Hebert and committee members like Hunt, the whole question about breaking the protective reaction rules had become academic in the wake of Hanoi's Easter offensive in South Vietnam.

President Nixon, in response to that offensive, liberalized the rules himself so that missile sites, trucks, guns, airfields—the same type of targets Lavelle had decided to hit on his own before the invasion—could be bombed. What is more, Lavelle had said in his testimony that General Creighton W. Abrams, his immediate superior in Vietnam when the unauthorized bombing runs were made, knew "what I was doing." Lavelle stopped short of asserting that Abrams had told him to go ahead and break the protective reaction rules and file false reports on the raids.

As brief as the House inquiry was, questions arose in the minds of members of the committee about how far above Lavelle the responsibility for breaking the old rules went.

Did Abrams know about and wink at the violations? Did Admiral John S. McCain, who as commander of Pacific forces was in charge of deep penetration missions over North Vietnam, tell Ryan to "damn the rules, full speed ahead" with the bombing? How about Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who had talked to Lavelle the day before the Quang Lang mission and cleared it with the Navy, which normally covered that area? Also, the Joint Chiefs of Staff had expressed their interest in bombing results, as opposed to reconnaissance photos. Ryan, for example, had complained through McCain's command in Honolulu that Lavelle's pilots had done a poor job of bombing Quang Lang on November 8, 1971. And then, of course, there was that meeting in Honolulu in December demanding that Lavelle and

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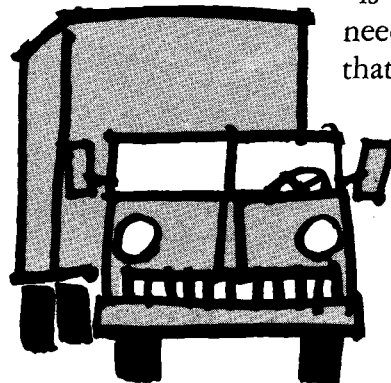
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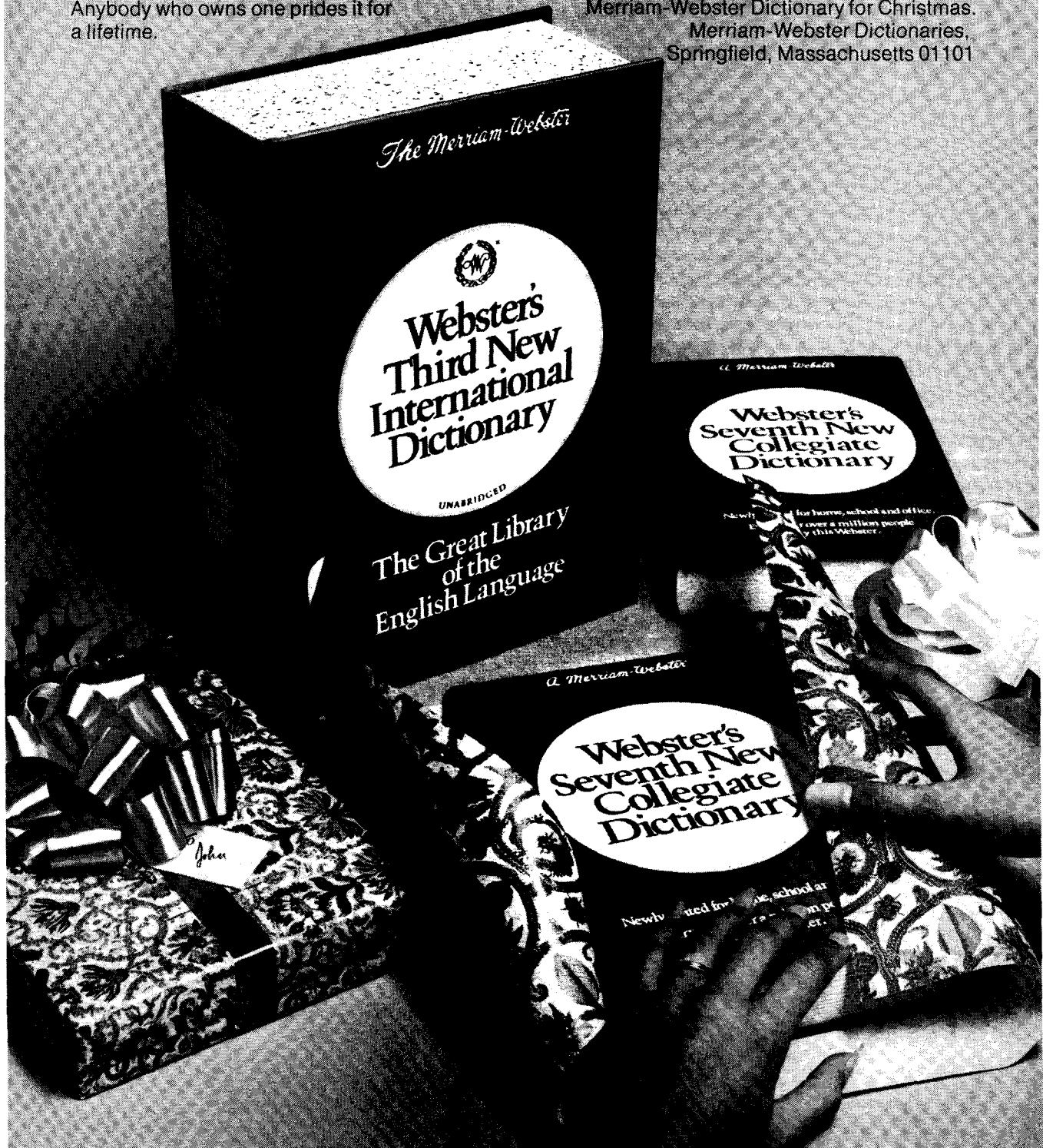
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WASHINGTON

other commanders in Vietnam be more aggressive.

It was obvious that only some kind of quasi-judicial inquiry could break through the military secrecy surrounding these questions. The Air Force was not going to conduct any kind of court of inquiry to give the public a glimpse of the facts. The House had closed the book after a quick look. And there was just so much that newspapers could do in the absence of a strong public outcry. Only the Senate could save the Lavelle affair from a hasty, quiet burial. But the Senate Armed Services Committee, like its House counterpart, had also been sympathetic to the military through the years and felt that the civilian leaders had saddled the generals with an impossible job in Vietnam by restricting combat operations. Would the committee act?

Easing in

For a long while chances of any kind of Senate investigation looked dim. Armed Services Committee Chairman John C. Stennis, Democrat of Mississippi, kept quiet about Lavelle. However, the committee has changed complexion since Stennis took over from the late Senator Richard Russell. To begin with, Stennis has replaced some committee staff members who were retired military officers with "whiz kid" civilians from the Pentagon. Secondly, the committee has gained some liberal members who help counterbalance the heft of senators who double as Reserve generals. Senators Hughes and Richard S. Schweiker, Republican of Pennsylvania, were two new members. Hughes pushed hard for an investigation of the Lavelle case, but not so hard as to lose Stennis' cooperation.

He didn't have to, because the committee had a way to ease into the Lavelle case. President Nixon had nominated General Abrams to be Army Chief of Staff. The Stennis committee would vote the recommendation up or down. And it could not logically do so until it had determined whether Abrams had approved or was otherwise im-

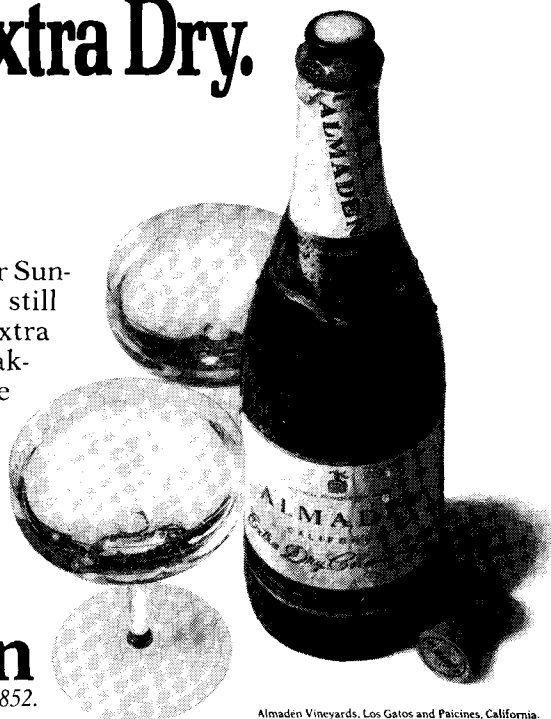
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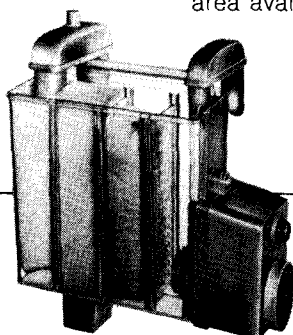


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plicated in Lavelle's bombing violations.

Stennis finally responded, beginning a series of closed hearings on September 11, 1972. He met faithfully with the press after each session, proving to be an excellent reporter in summarizing the key points of the testimony. And he released partially censored transcripts of the hearings as his committee went along. Thus the press could keep the issue before the public and other members of Congress.

Adhere and control

As usually happens in such an inquiry, some questions were answered and more were raised. Lavelle's testimony that his subordinates had taken him too literally and had gone further than he intended in filing false reports on the bombing raids was flatly contradicted by his former operations officer, General Slay, but the Senate committee never arranged a confrontation of the two generals to see who was lying. The Navy's practice of bending or breaking the protective reaction rules to bomb targets was never fully explored. And the whole inquiry was suspended in October, and Congress adjourned for the year without the committee having recommended any kind of overhaul of command and control procedures to keep another Lavelle from dropping bombs when and where he saw fit, civilian rules or not. Abrams was routinely confirmed as Chief of Staff.

The Senate's September inquiry failed to show that Abrams or any other officer above Lavelle had authorized rule breaking or the filing of false reports. The top commanders all said that they kept track of the bombing raids made by the Seventh Air Force, and had discussed the problem of the enemy buildup in North Vietnam, sometimes in sessions with Lavelle himself. But at no time, said his superiors in sworn testimony, did they authorize Lavelle to break the rules or file false reports. Abrams, while conceding that the rules for fighting the Vietnam War were frustrating to commanders in the field, gave this

explanation of why they cannot be disobeyed:

"If I or any other commander of similar rank picks and chooses among the rules, his subordinates are then going to pick and choose among the rules that he gives them. There is no way to stop it, and as long as this is the way the mission must be performed, you must adhere to it or it will unravel in a way that you will never be able to control."

Suspicions still linger, however, and several senators hope that fresh evidence will come in from somebody up or down the chain of command to show more clearly whether there was a conspiracy, and if so, what the extent of it was. The Defense Department, on Stennis' orders, is now supposed to come up with reforms to reduce chances of another Lavelle case. However, Air Force Chief of Staff Ryan told the Senate in the hearings that he could not guarantee that the same process would not repeat itself. Admiral Moorer, the nation's top-ranking military officer, has deprecated the significance of the Lavelle case. He told reporters that it did not represent a breakdown of civilian control but merely a case of one commander breaking a military regulation.

In one of his sessions with reporters covering the Lavelle case, Moorer was asked if he disapproved of Franks's action in reporting the violations. "It depends on the circumstances," replied Moorer. "Of course, it's a free country and a man has to live with his own conscience."

In the Lavelle case, consciences obviously vary. The Air Force, with the approval of Defense Secretary Laird and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, satisfied its conscience by relieving Lavelle of command and, in the end, recommending that he be promoted from major general (two stars) to lieutenant general (three stars) in the retirement book. Lavelle, since he has a 70 percent disability rating (for back trouble and other ailments), will collect the \$27,000-a-year retirement pay of a four-star general anyway, the highest billet he held during active duty. Senator William Proxmire, Democrat of Wisconsin, has demanded that Lavelle be court-martialed.



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WASHINGTON

And Senator Hughes, who said that the falsification of reports was an outright violation of the law, summed up the issue at the heart of the Lavelle affair: "The basic issue is whether civilians have lost control over the military and the military has lost control over itself."

"Bad apple"

The facts as developed so far show that Lavelle broke the rules on his own authority; that nobody above him told him to forget about the restrictions and fight the war his own way. In that sense, Lavelle and only Lavelle is to blame. Or as Air Force Chief of Staff Ryan put it, "The bad apple was the head apple."

Ryan did take that apple out of the barrel. Maybe that was not punishment enough. The question of discipline, however, is a much easier one than the question of whether it is wise to leave war to generals and warriors. Even in this "limited" war, some top military commanders have said that they would not rule out the use of nuclear weapons if the situation was desperate. What if a general under pressures like those Lavelle says he faced wanted to put nuclear weapons on his planes?

Pilots are proud warriors. They do not paint peace symbols on their planes. They do not wear black antiwar armbands, as do some American infantrymen in Vietnam. They do what they are told without protest.

The President of the United States can thus deploy them free of many of the difficulties that accompany any commitment of ground troops. Yet sitting in the cockpit of a plane under anti-aircraft fire is every bit as terrifying for the pilot as mortar fire is for the infantryman. Hundreds have gone to fiery deaths, or into captivity, flying over Vietnam at 500 miles per hour.

Mindful of the long list of do's and don'ts that pilots must follow in combat, Abrams himself has raised the question of whether the airmen were wisely used. Consider this exchange between Senate Armed Services Committee Chairman Stennis and General Abrams:

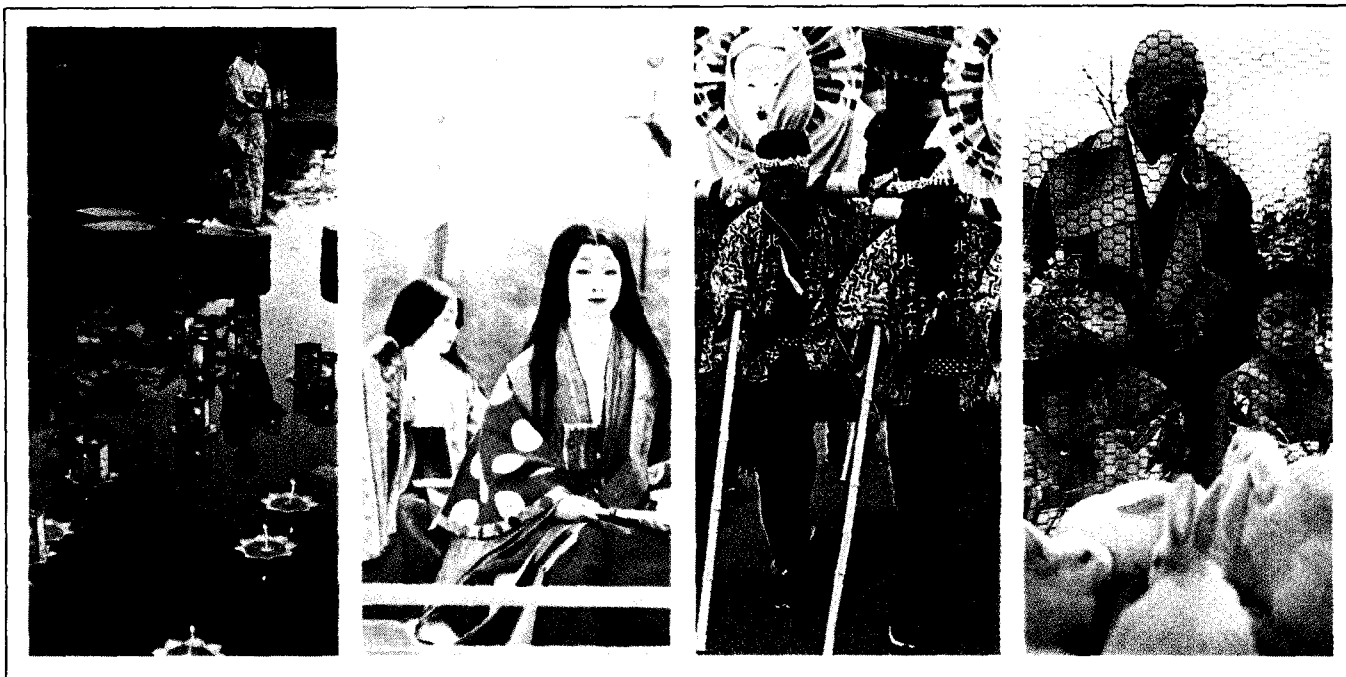


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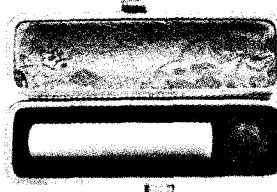
In Japan you come upon festivals everywhere. Each colored by its own delightful legend. Candle-lit lanterns float on a quiet stream. Elegant pagodas commemorate a page of local history. Whole villages turn out on parade. Traditionally dressed children thank animals for their fur with gifts of food.

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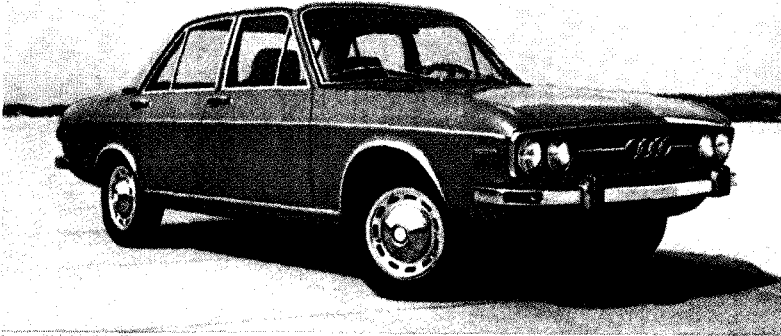
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Senator Stennis: "What Lavelle did, all this bombing and everything, that you have now learned about—that was from a military standpoint, that was beneficial to our side, was it not? Leaving aside whatever disobedience there was in it? Leaving it just strictly military bombing and destruction and all, that was favorable to our side, was it not?"

General Abrams: "In my opinion, it had a minimal favorable effect for our side. In my professional judgment, it was insignificant."

—GEORGE C. WILSON

UGANDA

With his brutality, President Idi Amin has obscured the real problems of the Asians of his country. Amin is a poorly educated man oblivious to the complexities of finance and state. He is the disgrace of Black Africa, and it is easy to be repelled by his ravings. But his expulsion of Uganda's Asians—inspired, he says, by Allah in a dream—is not the chance blow of a maniacal tyrant. As an African Christian wrote in a church newspaper in East Africa recently, "Amin's dream, even though the press has been laughing at it, is Africa's genuine dream." With or without Amin, the plight of the Asians in Uganda, like that of the many more Asians in the rest of East Africa, always has been precarious and even desperate.

By ordering the Asians out in ninety days last August, President Amin acted with a haste and callousness that shocked even those other political leaders in East Africa who share his basic views. But he is not really more racist than they are. East Africans feel an intense and terrible hatred of the Asians who live in their countries. They are a despised minority, like the Jews of old Europe. Ugandan Foreign Minister Wanume Kibedi was close to the truth when he said recently, "To the people of Uganda, any wonder in the government's decision is not that it was made but that it had not been made years earlier."

There are confusing questions about the expulsion order. It still is not clear exactly who was expelled and who stayed. According to the

1969 census, Uganda had 75,000 Asians—immigrants from old British India and their descendants. Many had been born in Uganda, and most looked on Africa as home. But only 23,000 had Ugandan citizenship, while perhaps 45,000 had British passports. The rest were Indian, Pakistani, or stateless.

In early August, General Amin announced the expulsion of all Asians who were not citizens because "they have been milking the economy of the country." Then a series of clarifications and modifications confused the order. First, he expanded the edict to cover Ugandan citizens of Asian descent as well, but, when other African governments protested, he quickly rescinded that amendment. Instead, his government did much the same thing by rechecking citizenship. For a variety of technical reasons, immigration officials began tearing up citizenship papers. Perhaps two out of three Asians lost their Ugandan citizenship, and they became stateless.

Then Amin began to realize how much he might need the Asians, who monopolized the commerce and professions of Uganda. He quickly decided to exempt from the expulsion bureaucrats, technicians, industrial managers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, and other professionals. The exemption, in fact, was more of an order than an exemption. A few doctors, eager to get out of Uganda, tried to leave, but soldiers stopped them at the airport and sent them back home. Other professional people are reported by the government to have "disappeared."

The stateless Asians will pose a special problem. General Amin insists that they are British and must go, but the British refuse to take any responsibility for them. "Our hearts bleed for them," said one British diplomat in East Africa recently, "just like the hearts of everyone else in the world."

Responsibility will have to rest with the United Nations. Fortunately, many of the stateless are Ismailis, followers of the Aga Khan. And the Aga Khan's uncle, Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, is the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees. He will not neglect them. The United States has announced,

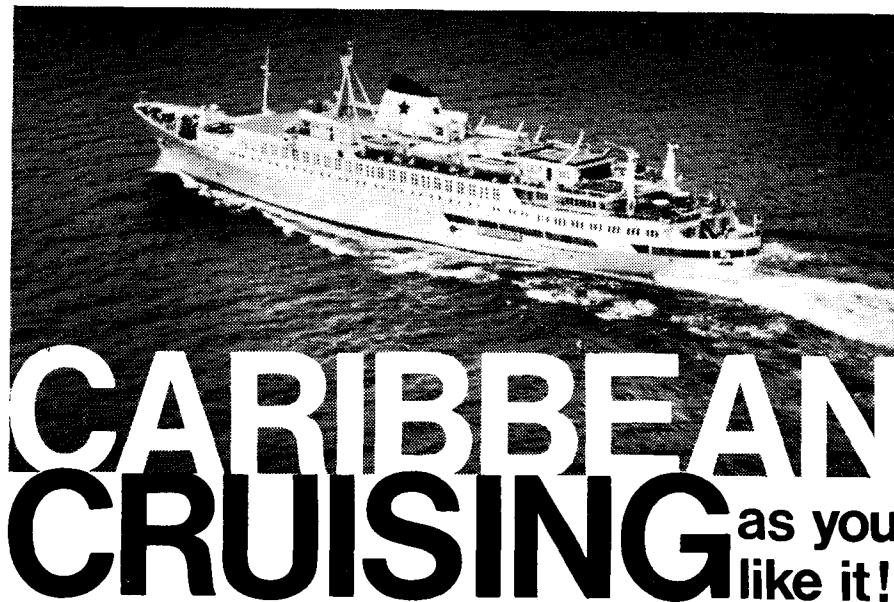
grudgingly, that it will take in a thousand stateless Asians. In addition to taking in four thousand Asians, India is allowing more than ten thousand of them holding British passports to stay in India for a year or more. The British assume that more than half of them will want to stay in India, but all have the right to go on to Britain if they wish.

License

But whatever the total number of those expelled is, the uprooting of the Asians has been harrowing and humiliating. General Amin's edict came at the end of a long breakdown in discipline in his army. For a year and a half, soldiers have been killing each other and civilians, including foreigners, with little discouragement and no discipline from above. Amin put these soldiers in charge of the expulsion. To make matters worse, the invasion by Ugandan exiles, supported by neighboring Tanzania, came in mid-September at the height of the exodus. Government propaganda branded the invasion a foreign attempt to halt the expulsion. The failure of the exiles made Uganda's soldiers more bold and more heady with power. It gave them even more license to harass the Asians.

Asians have been killed and their shops looted by soldiers. Others were kidnapped and released to their families after the payment of ransom. Departing Asians, driving from their homes to the airport at Entebbe, had to run a gauntlet of a half dozen or more roadblocks manned by contemptuous soldiers. One Asian woman was raped so many times on her way to the airport that she had to be hospitalized after her plane reached Nairobi in neighboring Kenya. There are other reports of soldiers whipping Asian women with *kibokos*, whips made of hippopotamus hide. The soldiers snatched as much as they could from the refugees. Women lost their bracelets and necklaces. Numerous watches were taken. Soldiers took away all the extra underwear from the suitcase of one Asian and then handed him a receipt.

Besides the isolated incidents of terror, the soldiers have, in general, created a mood of petty harassment and greater humiliation. One Asian



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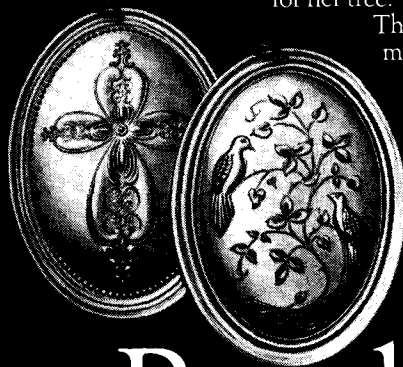
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UGANDA

man, for example, reported that soldiers beat him across the neck with a stick in the railroad station of Kampala because he had ten shillings (about \$1.40) in his pocket. "You are a thief," the soldier said. "Why keep your money in your pocket?" The Asian replied, "I am sorry." "Why are you sorry?" demanded the soldier. "I am not your wife."

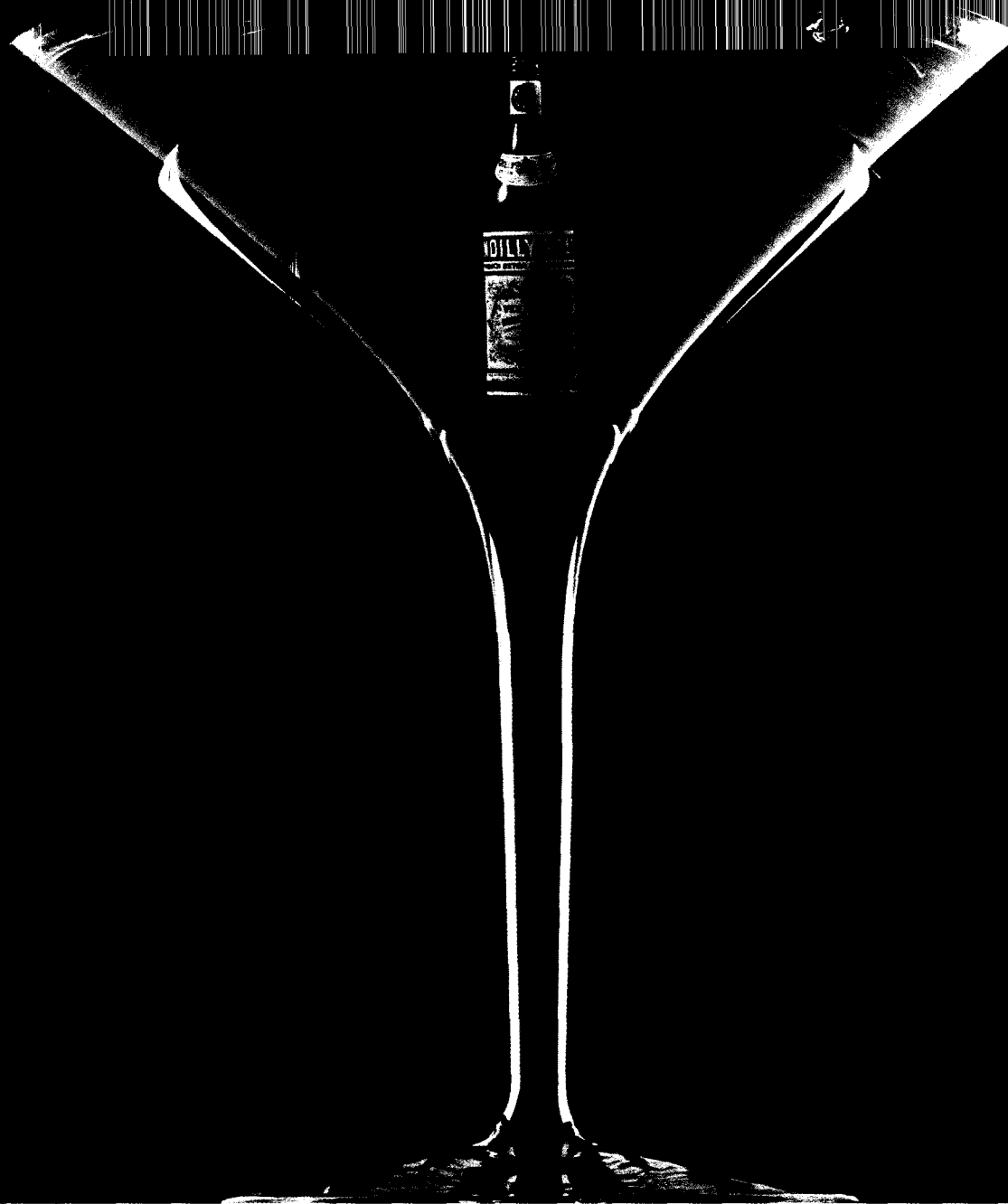
Even without the harassment, the mechanics of the expulsion were designed to rob the Asians. The Asian community is believed to have owned a few hundred million dollars' worth of assets in Uganda. Amin's government ordered the departing Asians to register their property with the government for future sale to Africans. The Africans expect to buy the buildings, shops, and factories at bargain prices later, and the Asians do not expect compensation.

Amin has allowed the Asians to sell movable property such as cars. But, with so many selling at once, the Asians received little for their goods. One Asian said that his father tried to sell a truck but was offered almost nothing for it. "You leave it here," an African told him. "We will take it as a present." Amin depressed sales further by warning Africans that the Asians would sabotage their goods before selling them.

Even if they received a good price for their property, the Asians could do little with their money. The government allowed them to leave with £50 (about \$140) in foreign traveler's checks and five shillings (about 70 cents) of Ugandan currency in their pockets. Some Asian refugees who headed by train to the Kenyan coast for a ship to India did not have enough money to buy food during their two-day rail trip.

Second place

For the Asians, expulsion from Uganda, and the accompanying wave of humiliation, were only the most blatant and brutal of a long series of discriminatory acts. The Asians have been the object of scorn and denigration and



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jealousy in East Africa for more than a hundred years.

In the early nineteenth century, the British encouraged Indian merchants to set up shop on the island of Zanzibar and the nearby African coast. Since the Indians were British subjects, the British, in an era of imperialism, could use Indian commerce as an excuse for British political influence. Thus the Indian traders helped ease the way to British rule in East Africa.

The Indians soon controlled all foreign trade on Zanzibar and became the island's bankers. Many Arab and Swahili plantations were mortgaged to them. As a result, the Indian merchants aroused the usual scorn and enmity for moneylenders. The missionary, David Livingstone, a much more gentle man than General Amin, once used Amin-like terms to describe them. He called the Asians "the worst cannibals in all Africa" and accused them of controlling the slave trade. This was later disproved by a special British commission, but the reputation stuck.

The British decision in 1895 to build the Ugandan railway from Mombasa on the Kenyan coast to Lake Victoria in Uganda drew Asians into the interior of East Africa for the first time. The British imported more than 32,000 Indian coolies to build the railroad. Many Africans, including President Amin, seem to believe that the present Asian population of East Africa descends mainly from these railroad workers. But actually 23,000 coolies returned to India, and 2500 died. Only 7000 remained in East Africa. The railway and the coolies who stayed behind did attract many thousands of other Indians, who set up little shops, or *dukas*, along the rail line. Sir Harry Johnston, Britain's special commissioner in Uganda at the turn of the century, thought that East Africa might someday become the "America of the Hindu."

But white settlement prevented that. The rich highlands of East Africa soon attracted white settlers, and they made sure that the Asians took no higher than second place in the social hierarchy of East Africa.



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UGANDA

The whites even tried to stem Asian immigration. But, as British subjects, the Indians had the right to move freely through much of the British Empire.

The immigrants came in a steady flow, mainly from Gujarat and the Punjab in India. The Asian population of East Africa increased from 50,000 in 1921 to 200,000 in 1948 to 350,000 in the early 1960s, when most East African countries became independent. Half the Asians lived in Kenya while the others were divided almost equally between Tanzania and Uganda.

“Bloodsuckers”

At first, the Asians were mainly *dukawallas* (small shopkeepers) and *fundis* (artisans). The *dukawallas* made their money by working long hours, employing no help but their families, and accepting slim profit margins. Their industry would have excited American champions of the Protestant ethic in the nineteenth century. But Africans had a different view. New to a money economy, the Africans looked on the *dukawallas* as exploiters who cheated them of the little money they had. “Bloodsuckers” was a common epithet.

This view was encouraged and reinforced by white settlers who did not like the darker Asians and their competition. Under British rule, the Asians also began filling the middle-level ranks of government, serving as surveyors, clerks, cashiers, policemen, and typists. Later, with education and wealth, the children of the early Asian immigrants became the professionals of East Africa and the investors in new industry. At independence, in 1962, the Asians had great economic power in East Africa, controlling commerce and making up the only real middle class.

But they had no political power. The Africans disliked them. Their early political agitation against the whites did not impress the new African leaders. Nor was there any visible African gratitude for the few Asian political leaders who had sided with the African nationalists in the decade of pressure for inde-

pendence. Instead the Africans remembered that most Asians looked down on them, that most had stayed aloof from the struggle for independence, that most, as shopkeepers, had seemed to exploit them, and that most had jobs that the Africans wanted. The Asians became an isolated foreign minority in new countries now in the hands of hostile black masses. The Asians looked different, dressed differently, clung to Indian ways, and lived in a more prosperous style than most Africans.

Moreover, the Asians could not or would not hide their economic power. At independence, they controlled more than 90 percent of the trade in Kampala, the capital of Uganda. The commercial streets of the town came straight out of India, with brown shopkeepers scribbling their accounts in the Gujarati language. Even the shop signs had an Indian flavor: Bombay Bazaar, A.P. Bhimji Jewellers, Gulpa Hair Stylist, Mehta’s Upholstery, Patel Automobile Spares. It was a constant reminder to Africans that, though the government was theirs, the economy belonged to people who seemed foreign.

But the Asians looked on East Africa as home. The 1962 census of Kenya showed that three out of every four Asians there either had been born in East Africa or had lived there for more than twenty-five years. While the Ugandan census did not explore the background of the Asians as thoroughly, it is evident that almost as many in Uganda felt that they belonged in Africa.

Noncitizens

At independence, Uganda, like the other East African countries, gave automatic citizenship to all Asians who had been born there, if at least one parent had been born there as well. Most of the others had a constitutional right to citizenship if they registered as citizens within two years. Few did so. Uncertain of their future in black-run countries, most Asians chose what seemed to be the security of a British passport. As British subjects or British-protected persons, they had a right to these passports. Of those who did register, many thousands

hesitated until the last few weeks before the deadline. This delay angered the African governments. Despite the constitutional guarantee, the Africans refused to process these last-minute registrations.

Many Asians in East Africa look on citizenship as a phony issue, a convenient way for the African governments to discriminate against Asians while protesting that they are only protecting their nationals against foreigners. If all Asians had registered as citizens and all applications had been processed, these Asians believe, Amin would still be expelling them. Faced with a large citizen Asian population, according to this view, the East African governments would simply enact legislation that made a distinction between citizens of African origin and citizens of Asian origin. This view gets strong confirmation from the pronouncements of General Amin confusing citizen and noncitizen Asians and from the ease with which Ugandan officials have revoked the citizenship of thousands of Asians.

But so far, the laws and edicts of East Africa, including those of the Amin government, have kept the distinction, more or less. Before Amin’s expulsion order, the most serious threat against the Asians came from the pressure that the East African governments began putting on noncitizens in the late 1960s to give up their jobs to Africans. This was done through an elaborate system of work permits and trading licenses. All noncitizens had to have them. When the governments wanted an Asian worker or shopkeeper to give up his job and leave, the governments simply revoked his permit or license. The system has not worked very well. Corruption runs rampant in a system where bureaucrats have the arbitrary right to issue or revoke a license. Perhaps more important, taking a shop or job away from an Asian does not insure that an African has the capital or skill to replace him successfully.

When the licensing system began in Kenya, the country with the most Asians, it triggered an exodus of Asians with British passports to Britain. This frightened the British government because of a growing hostility in Britain toward black and

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UGANDA

Asian immigrants from the Commonwealth. In 1968, Britain enacted a law that, in effect, made Asians with British passports only second-class citizens of Britain. The legislation revoked the right of British Asians to enter Britain freely. Instead, Britain decided that it would issue no more than 3000 vouchers a year for British Asian families from East Africa.

For a while, the East African governments went along with the British legislation, pushing out no more Asians than Britain would take in. This stemmed partly from the African fear of crippling their largely Asian-run economies and partly from their fear of antagonizing Britain, their largest aid donor and foreign investor. But Amin broke this unspoken gentlemen's agreement with his expulsion decree.

For the British, Amin's order has ended the embarrassing publicity about British immigration officers barring entry to British citizens just because their faces were dark. In the last few years, many East African Asians, with British passports but without the special entry vouchers, have tried to enter Britain despite the immigration legislation. Called “shuttlecocks” or “migroneuts” in the press, these Asians have traveled from airport to airport throughout the world until the British, faced with Amin's decree, have finally relented and agreed to take in every British citizen. Some of the pressure has been removed from the British, however, by other countries that decided to accept Asians on humanitarian grounds. The most generous offer came from Canada, which will take up to five thousand Asians.

The troubled history of the Asians makes it clear why they are and will continue to be a convenient scapegoat for African politicians in trouble. At the moment, General Amin is badly in need of scapegoats.

In January, 1971, when General Amin overthrew President A. Milton Obote in a coup, there was a good deal of relief among foreigners, especially the British. Obote had irritated them with his confused ideol-

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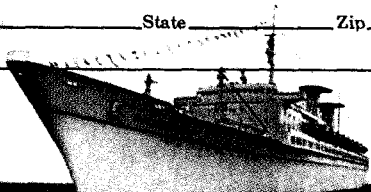
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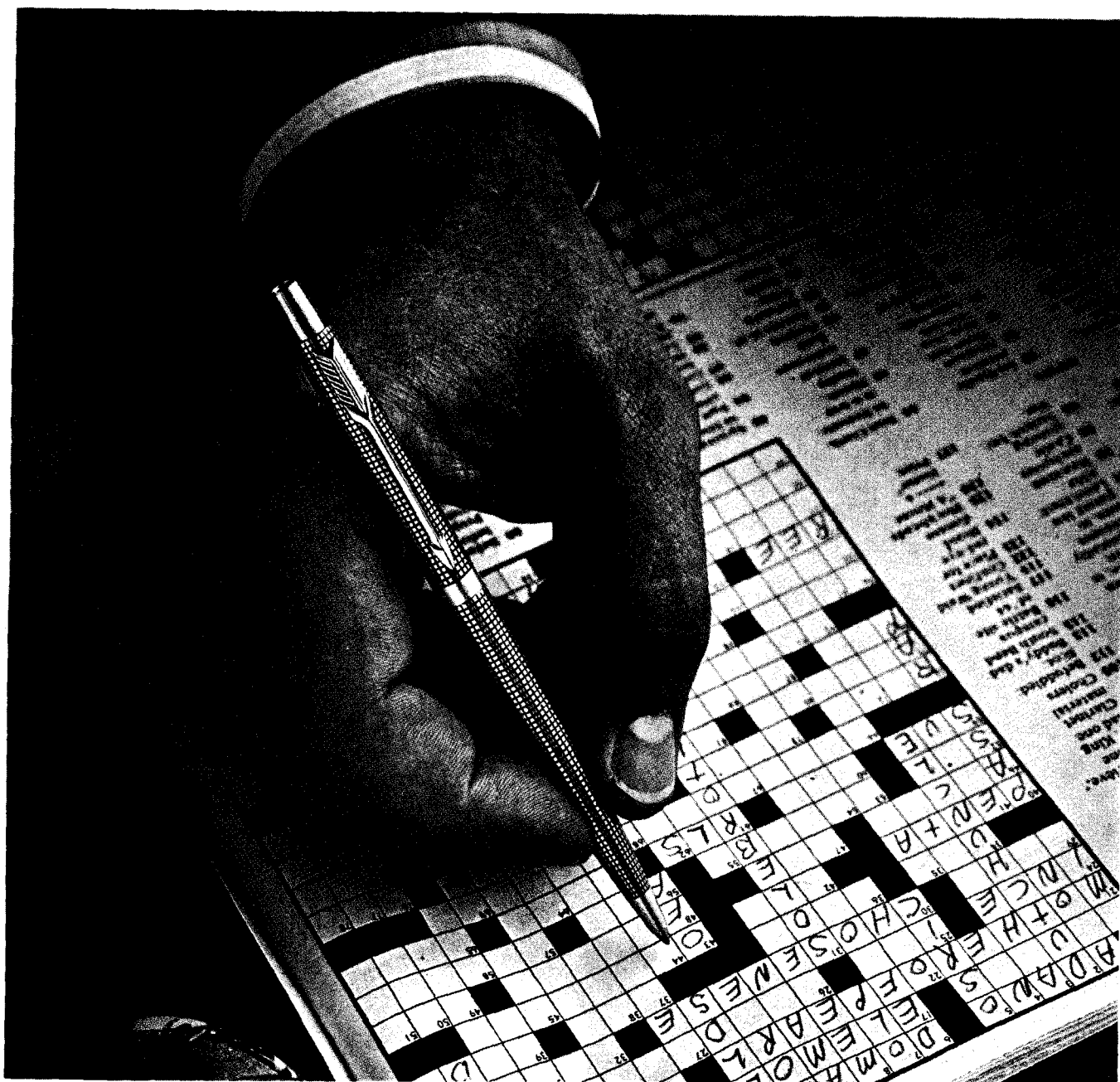
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UGANDA

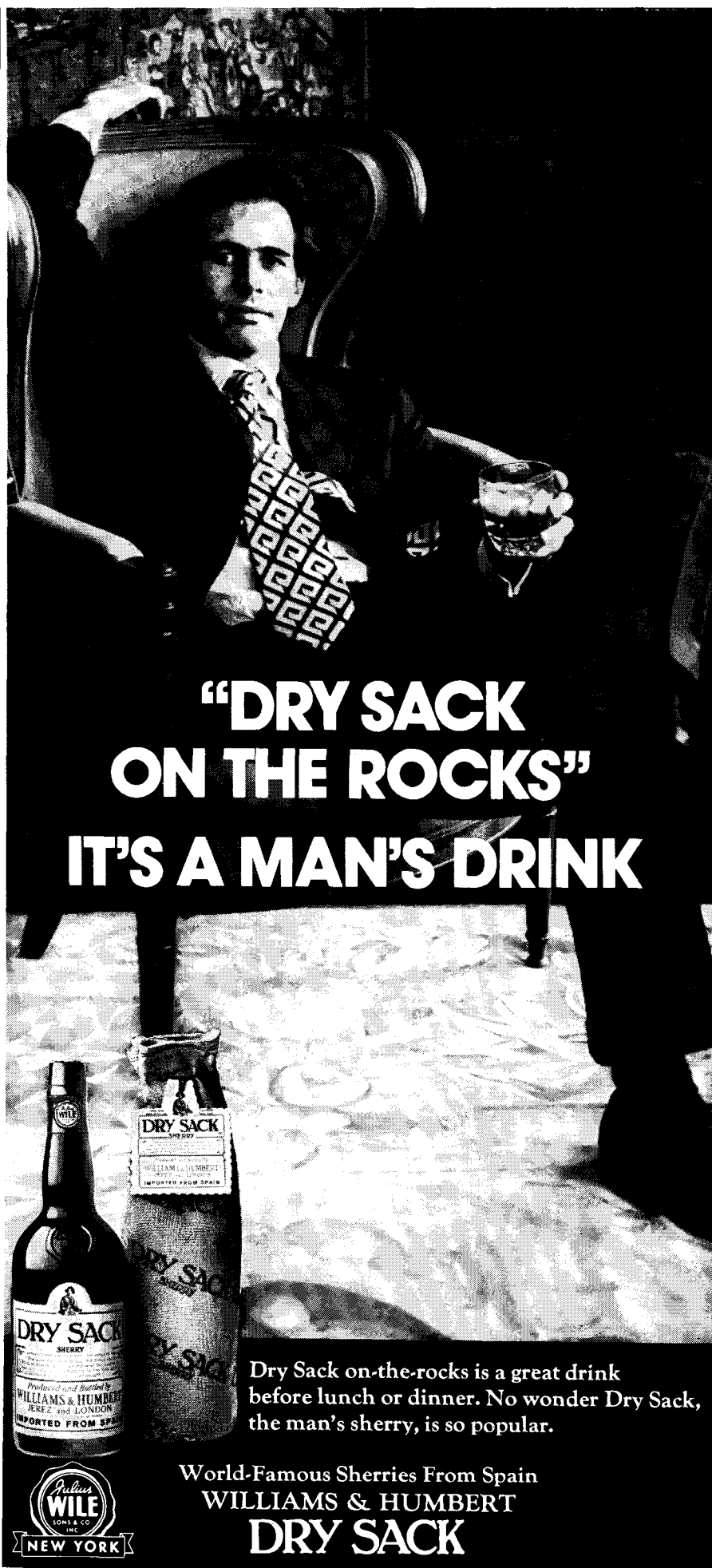
ogy, stabs at nationalization, and anti-British rhetoric. Amin, a one-time boxer who had risen from the ranks, did not seem particularly intelligent, but everyone believed that his heart was in the right place. A combination of apparent decency and stupidity made him seem harmless, even pliable.

Incredible

That view of Amin has changed dramatically. Now he is looked on as an erratic tyrant. There can be few more incredible communications in the history of diplomacy than his telegram to President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania in August. After denouncing Nyerere, Amin added, "With these few words I want to assure you that I love you very much and if you had been a woman, I would have considered marrying you even though your head is full of grey hairs, but as you are a man that possibility does not arise." He has piled one outrageous statement on another, the most shocking coming in his cable to U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim expressing approval of Hitler's extermination of six million Jews. Diplomats and other analysts in East Africa now spend a good deal of their time arguing whether the forty-seven-year-old Amin is stupid, mad, or a shrewd man powered by primitive cunning.

During his reign, Amin has allowed, perhaps encouraged, a tribal purge in his army that has left at least a thousand soldiers dead, about one out of every seven men. Most were either Acholi or members of Obote's Lango tribe. In recent months, that purge has spread to civilians as well and to some prominent members of the Baganda, the largest and best-educated tribe in Uganda. At the same time, Amin, unconcerned with such niceties as a budget, has squandered millions of dollars on his army, almost bankrupting the treasury and depleting the country of nearly all its foreign exchange.

With his country riven by tribal strife and his economy shattered, Amin has resorted to the technique of dramatic distraction. The first



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UGANDA

was his sudden breaking of relations with his former ally, Israel, and his expulsion of all Israeli technicians and advisers. Amin's edict against the Asians was only his most sensational move. While it is sure to weaken his economy even more, it has guaranteed him great popularity, at least for a while. The African masses are excited that the hated Asians are leaving, and they are convinced that blacks will soon be as rich as the expelled Asians once were.

Tanzanian President Nyerere handed Amin another distraction in mid-September by supporting the invasion by Ugandan exiles who had fled to Tanzania with Obote when Amin came to power. The invasion—a blunder by Nyerere—has only strengthened Amin and made him even more popular.

"Just wait"

It is hard to predict the future course of events but easy to assume that they will not make life more hopeful in Uganda. Amin has more diversionary tactics to play with: the Baganda intellectuals, the Asians still in Uganda, the few thousand whites there, mostly British. Three Americans have been killed since Amin came to power. Although Amin's soldiers have treated Americans worse than any foreigners except British Asians, official American response has been wringing of hands and feeble milk-toast protests. The American government, influenced by Ambassador Thomas P. Melady, does not want to antagonize the General.

Amin can create other distractions with his borders. Tanzania is the obvious enemy now. But Amin has also been making threats about Rwanda to the southwest.

With the future of Uganda so bleak, the expelled Asians are probably the most fortunate of Uganda's people. They have lost everything they had, but they are out of it.

That ironic lesson has not been lost on the other, larger Asian communities of East Africa, particularly in Kenya. Events inside Uganda have shaken the confidence of the Asians outside. Kenya is one of the

most prosperous and stable countries in Africa, and much of its development is due to its rich, educated, and skilled Asian population.

But the Kenyan government has done little to calm their fears. In fact, Amin's popularity has persuaded the government that it had better speed up the process of pushing Africans into the jobs and shops of the Asians. One Asian lawyer in Kenya recently found himself in an argument with an African on the phone. "Just wait," the African finally said. "Someday we will get our Amin, and he will fix you." Many East African Asians have decided that there is no point in waiting for that. They are preparing to leave, more victims of General Amin and the black racism he reflects.

For the Asians left in East Africa, the problem remains of where to go. The British will probably hold to their quota of 3000 vouchers a year, although, with the Ugandan Asians gone, this will mean more vouchers for Kenyans and Tanzanians. But not every British Asian wants to go to Britain. Some older Asians born in India prefer the homeland. The racial discrimination in Britain has incensed many of the educated East African Asians, and they are looking for alternatives. Canada is the first choice now.

At a recent dinner in Nairobi two Asian lawyers, both born in Kenya but only one a citizen of Kenya, discussed alternatives. "We had thought our wandering had stopped," said the citizen, who looked like Mahatma Gandhi as a youth and is a grandson of an Indian coolie who came to work on the railway eighty years ago. "Now we want to find a home from which we will not have to move again."

The noncitizen lawyer, a British passport holder, said he was planning to go to Canada. "I think," he said, "we can be sure of Canada for at least three generations. After that, I do not know."

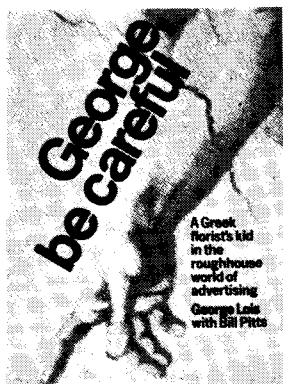
"Then it is not home," said the young citizen. "Perhaps Kenya, in the long run, will be the only place for us." His companion quickly dismissed this thought, and the young citizen agreed: "We will never have a guarantee that there would not be an Amin here."

—STANLEY MEISLER

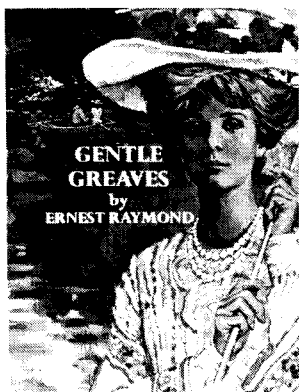
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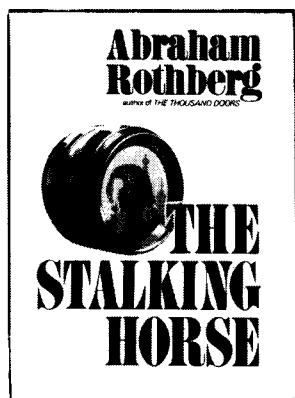
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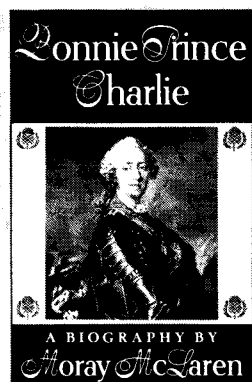
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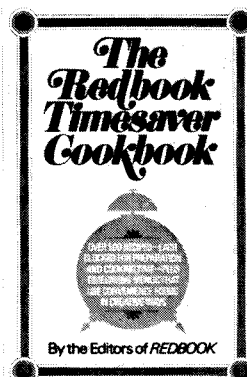
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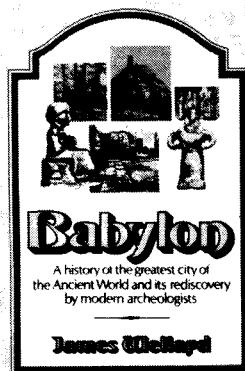
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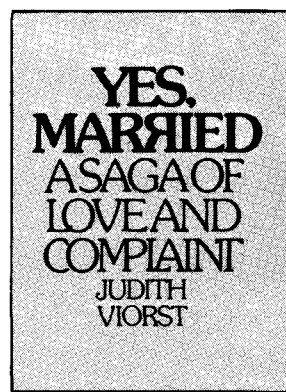
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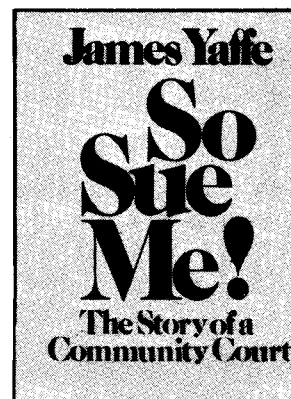
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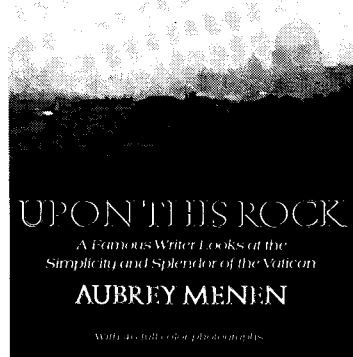
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Saturday Review Press

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Innocent Bystander



What I Want For Christmas

by L. E. Sissman

As I grow older, I find—blessedly, blessedly—that I don't want (in the sense of covet) what I don't want (in the sense of lack). Or at least not to the same degree. When I was younger, I was infected—like most Americans—by the itch for things. As a kid, I often felt that some trivial material acquisition could make everything right, could, in an odd sense, make a man of me. So I wanted a whole succession of things—amulets, talismans—in the worst way.

It started, I remember, with a wooden Tom Mix Six Gun, mailed, in exchange for the usual thirties scrip of box tops (and maybe a dime for postage and handling), from the Purina works in Checkerboard Square. After I put in the customary six weeks of light, rapid anticipatory breathing, it arrived in its tough little cardboard box—a handsome basswood weapon, painted black and blue-gray, and smelling delightfully of varnish. Though it would not shoot a blank or make a bang, it was very dear to me. So was a Parker 51 pen I acquired, after great scheming and saving, some years later. It was dove gray with a filled-gold cap, and it inspired me to reform my sprawling, loopy penmanship into something spare and manly, or so I thought. Still later, in the watery dawn of the postwar, I materialized my yearning for majority in the shapeless shape of a gray-flannel Brooks Brothers suit that cost the earth and never fit, possibly owing to my attenuated Giacometti form. And even after that, I sank my miserable savings, plus a deal of fiscal conjury, into my first sports car, a

clapped-out green MG-TC that would barely heave itself along.

Water under the bridge of sighs. After years of coveting, and being increasingly disappointed in the assuasive power of glittering things, I am becoming, in a minimal way, a bit of an ascetic. I don't know how it is with my contemporaries, but I suspect that many of us are at last getting loose from the materialist curse placed on us by the twin deprivations of the Depression and the war—the Second War, that is. We were all programmed to overachieve and overpossess, and it understandably took a number of years for the normal operation of nature to redress the balance. Now, at last, my future happiness doesn't seem to hang on my next acquisition, but rather on some difficult personal accomplishment or the pursuit of a continuing relationship—not for conquest, not for gain—with another person.

This transition is made easier by the state of things today, by the really hair-raising inequities, not just in the world—"the starving children in China" whom we used to be admonished with when we wouldn't eat our greens—but in our own society. A case in point: in a recent issue of the *New York Times*, the makeup man, that sage, invaluable commentator on folly and hypocrisy, juxtaposed an article about a desperate woman in the New York ghetto who drowned her starving eight-year-old child in a bathtub with a handsome ad which featured a most expensive toy for eight-year-olds. Under these circumstances, it is not very seemly to be carrying on about one's next sauna, motor sailer, or set of Arnold Palmer golf clubs.

Yet several imperatives keep the American production juggernaut turning out all sorts of useless or marginally useful gifts for those who have everything or would like to think they did. The unabating drive for status—for primacy among one's peers, so tantalizingly possible in our socially and physically mobile country—and the need for industry to survive economically by spinning off a stream of new products have combined to load the marketplace with a new wave of junk that would serve admirably to prop a George Price household. Ev-

ery one of these items, made manifest in the Christmas mail-order catalogues that have been arriving in shoals at my house (and, I'm certain, yours), is designed to do one or both of two things: subtly or bluntly put down the recipients of the gift or their friends, or simply fill the conversational gap between bouts of small talk and TV. As "conversation pieces," most of these items are borrowed wit, designed to make the giver and sometimes the receiver appear a jolly good fellow, much as smile buttons and "Have a Good Day" signs are borrowed niceness. Today, if you haven't the wit to make a joke or the heart to pay a compliment, there are Rent-A-Gags and Rent-A-Hearts you can buy for a pittance. And, as I've suggested, you can also rent one-upmanship by being the possessor of a bought-and-paid-for conversation piece, the artificially aided life of the party.

Some of this stuff, like a practical joke, makes hostility possible and at the same time socially acceptable. You can get away with a considerable amount of naked (no pun intended) aggression if you spend \$11.98 and invest in a talking toilet—a tape-recorder device that, when your guest lowers his (or, as the catalogue pointedly insinuates, her) buttocks onto the seat, shouts in a deep male voice: "Hey, move your butt! You're in our light!" You can discomfit your chain-smoking friends with a special ashtray that coughs loudly and plays "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" when they attempt to dinch their cigarettes in it (\$8). You can offend a snorer with a "snoring picture" of a sleeping tramp (\$9.98) that, when you pull a cord, emits a lifelike snoring sound. You can antagonize the insecure with the gift of an ego pillow that, when squeezed, speaks in praise of the squeezer in the most fulsome terms (\$6.95). You can even practice flagellation with a seven-foot leather bullwhip (only \$2.98) that is "hard-hitting, loud-cracking," and "fun for all the family."

In the conspicuous-consumption department, there are many gifts that should keep the recipient several furlongs ahead of the neighbor Joneses, such as a sterling silver Cartier money clip discreetly engraved, "After Taxes," a personalized gold toothpick (your initial



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on top) in an alligator case (\$11), a wall clock that spells out your name in place of the usual numbers (\$50), a similar clock with your photograph (or your dog's) on the face (a modest \$14.95), a genuine piece of the London Bridge (\$5 to \$17.50), a talking phone rest whose "sexy-voice secretary," in the words of the catalogue, "tells your caller that you are on the phone with the White House," and, for the discreetly ostentatious, a pair of monogrammed sterling collar stays (\$6.50) that never show but secretly build confidence, not to mention a set of monogrammed cuff-button crowns that fit over your regular shirt-cuff buttons and give you "that celebrity look." Ah, that celebrity look—how often pined for, how seldom found!

If you'd rather celebrate your pets conspicuously, that kink, too, is catered for. You may eat and drink from pet dishes for people, each adorned with a picture of your pet and his, her, or its name. You may install a heated, no-freeze birdbath with nonskid Teflon lining to see your feathered friends clean through the wildest winter (\$44.98). You may emblazon your rumpus-room walls with your dog's armorial bearings, available for most common, if that's the right word, breeds (\$4.95). You may equip your canine with a vinyl umbrella (a mere \$4.98), combined with a handy leash. And you may embellish your coffee table with a gold statuette of your dog, complete with his name on a brass plaque, for just \$9.95.

But most of the space in these companionable catalogues is rightly devoted to items that will charm an admiring chuckle out of your friends and make them feel you are fun people. You may begin the day by serving them toast on which the cheery words "Good Morning" are spelled out. You may take them for a spin in your car, calling attention to the fact that you have covered the ugly, utilitarian foot pedals with representations of large, orange, human feet, or amaze them, as they tour your house, with either a "high-time" clock that projects a dial on the ceiling (\$29.95) or a talking clock that speaks the time of day when you press the top of it

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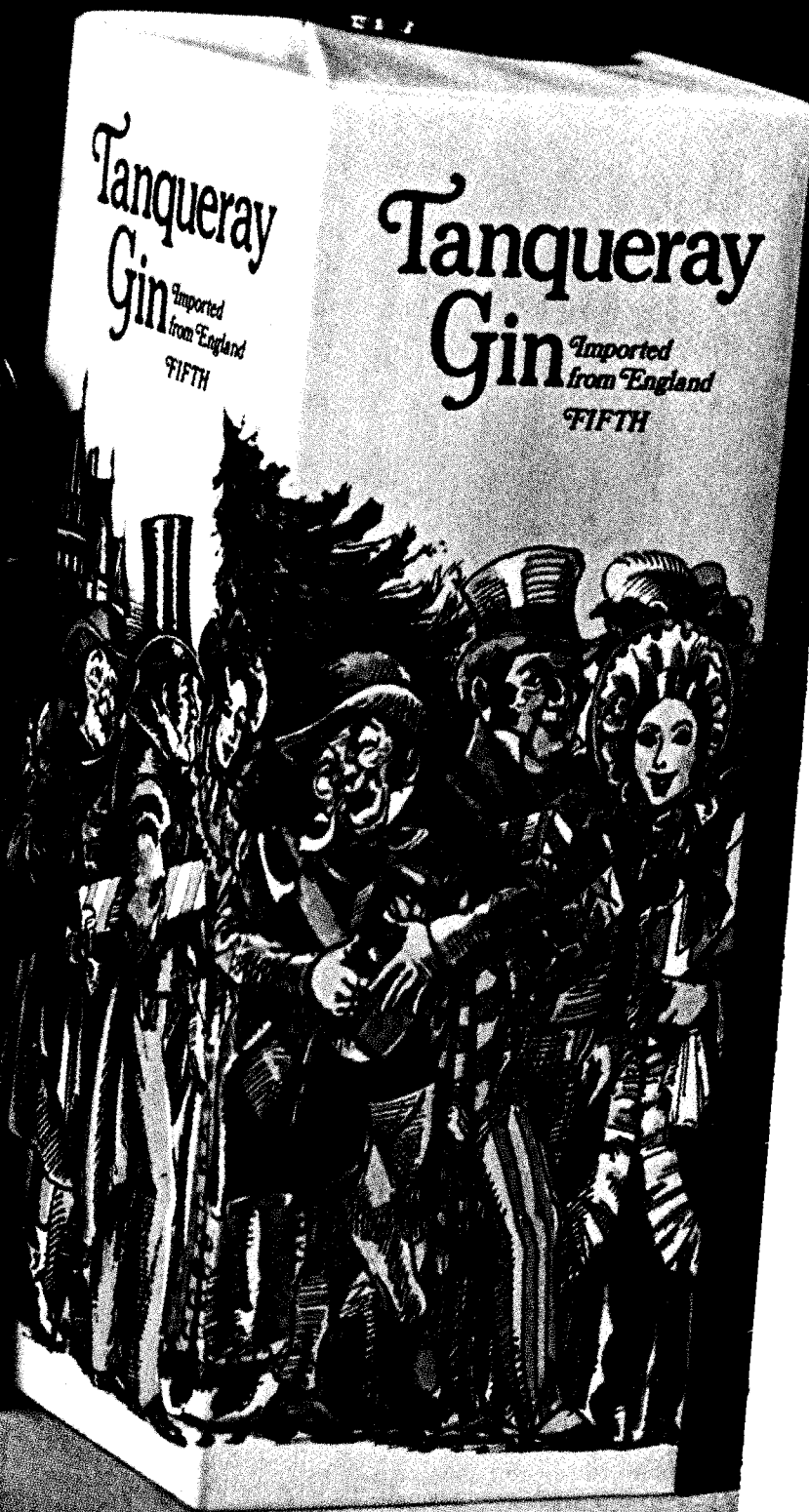
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BYSTANDER

(\$149.95). When said time drags, you may break out a circular sixteen-inch jigsaw puzzle that, when completed, forms a perfect color picture of a pizza (with onions); to incite completion, it's delicately scented with oregano.

When you serve drinks, serve them in "hang one on" glasses which, footless, dangle on chains around your guests' necks; enthrall them with a hundred-to-one martini, made with, literally, a pinch of herbs and a spray can of lemon essence; make the husband of the house a true friend in need by hanging a cute miniature St. Bernard barrel (holds six ounces of liquor) on a thong around his neck (\$6.95); light up an electric "Bar Open" sign and outfit your wife with a checked apron that says, "For this I spent 4 years in college??" And when your company seeks the bathroom, help them find it with a hand-lettered sign that reads, "El Potio"; inside, they'll be soothed to action by a musical toilet-paper roll, or, for a few dollars more, a radio built into the dispenser.

PHOTO AND DRAWING CREDITS

Cover—Detail from the painting *Marchesa Balbi* by Sir Anthony van Dyck, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., Andrew Mellon Collection

56, 57, 59

60, 61—Jennifer Perrott

65—Ken Maryanski

69—Associated Press

73-80—Paintings from the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., Andrew Mellon Collection

85—United Press International

92—Charles Gatewood

97—Kathleen Anderson

One could go on and on; the list of kitsch is endless in its ingenuity and trashiness. But a couple of points deserve to be made. One, which I've already hinted at, is that these riches of embarrassments are really a symptom of emotional impoverishment, a substitute for real humor, real conversation, real feelings. Another is that, though we may laugh at them, they differ not in kind but in degree from the things we ourselves aspire to. What do I, to return to my title, want for Christmas? Well, I'm not so much of an eremite—at least, not yet—that I can't work up a certain concupiscence for the adult toys pictured so glossily in *Esquire* and elsewhere, all glossy, expensive, exemplars of Good Design, and, reading between the lines, conferrers of status. Sure I'd like, Santa Claus, an architect-designed beach house, a Honda 350, a mint set of the Eleventh Britannica, a complete set of the Oxford English Poets, a 500-mm Nikkor mirror lens, an Antartex sheepskin jacket, a lifetime cellar of Bernkasteler Doktor, a complete collection of baroque recordings, a selective library of superior rock, a Porsche 911E (aubergine, please, with alloy wheels, S instruments, swaybars, Michelin XVR's, air, Recaro seats, a sun roof, a Blaupunkt and tape deck, Cibiés and Konis), or better still, a mint '62 Ferrari short-wheelbase Berlinetta, and a 1715 antique colonial, perfectly restored, with eight working fireplaces and a mountain view.

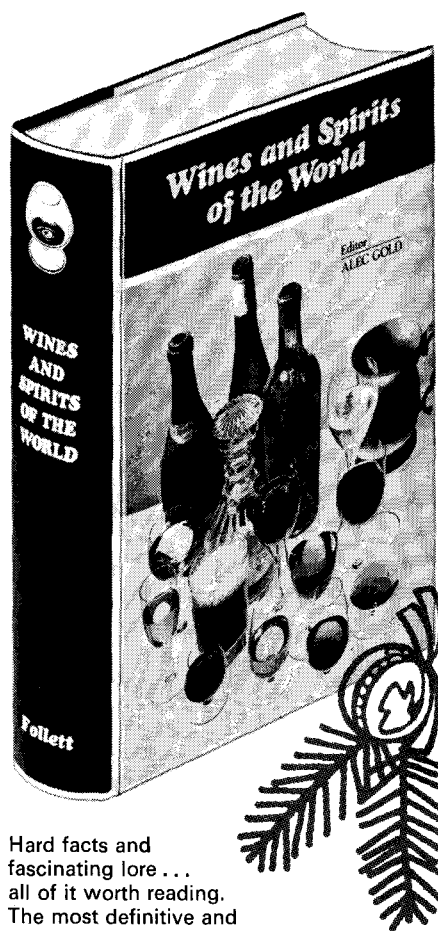
But what I'll settle for, and what I'm really, secretly, glad I'm getting, is, apart from a few small but welcome gifts, a holiday season when I expect to sit around with my friends and exchange some real talk—not mere small talk—instead of gifts; when they will make me feel (and I them, I hope) that our friendship has worn and flexed and given for another year with a net gain in suppleness and pertinence; when—it will go without saying because there's no unawkward way of saying it—we all, severally and collectively, realize, sheltered and fire-warmed somewhere in a snowy, hostile landscape, that the only gift that matters is a spark of brave forthcomingness, an unshuttering of spirit, from another living person, so soon, like us, to disappear.

Wassail! Wassail!

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LBJ'S GAME PLAN

SIR: David Halberstam's "How the Economy Went Haywire" (in September's *Atlantic*) purports to describe in some detail certain of my conversations, meetings, and opinions as Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. I am shocked that Mr. Halberstam never made any effort to check his information or surmises with me; and, indeed, some of the events he describes never occurred.

However, I am far more disturbed by the unfairness and inaccuracy of his analysis of *why* the economy went haywire. Halberstam's essential argument is that President Lyndon Johnson deceived his economic advisers (and the Congress and the country) about the cost of the Vietnam War ("One part of the government was lying to another part"), and that this deceit was a major reason for the failure to raise taxes. This failure in turn led directly to the inflation of 1966-1969, the momentum of which carried into 1971, and, indeed, still haunts us today.

The facts, even as Halberstam presents them, do not support this thesis. Whether or not members of the Council of Economic Advisers, the Secretary of Treasury, and the Budget Director knew *all* the "facts" about the cost of the war, our knowledge was quite sufficient to let us make—as early as November, 1965—the unanimous recommendation which almost everyone (Halberstam included) *now* agrees was the correct one—namely, that personal income and corporate profits tax rates should be significantly raised as soon as possible after January, 1966. (They surely could not have been raised any sooner.) And even

if *all* the "facts" (or best guesses) about future costs of the war had been made public, I very much doubt that they would have convinced the Congress and the country of the need to raise taxes. The reasons for the fiscal failure are far more complex.

Within the Administration, the President's economic advisers had no difficulty convincing him what needed to be done, even though it was at first only our forecast that—without a tax increase—accelerating inflation and increasing monetary stringency were inevitable. Nevertheless, it was his judgment—and he was the one who had to make it—that, in January, 1966, the Congress could not be persuaded to enact a tax increase merely on the basis of a forecast of inflation. Any such proposal, no matter how vigorously pressed, he believed, would fall flat on its face. The image of his leadership would be irreparably damaged—both at home and abroad—by his inevitable defeat on an issue of such paramount importance. If we were correct, as he believed we were, about the disastrous consequences of a failure to raise taxes, the Congress and the country should soon begin to see those consequences; *then* he could propose a tax increase with at least a chance of passage.

At the time, I was not convinced by the President's assessment of the difficulty of enacting a tax increase. But when the results of no tax increase did become apparent, when data on the soaring rate of Vietnam spending were fully available, and when—in January, 1967, and repeatedly thereafter—the President's proposal for a tax increase was indeed made, the Congress and the country

still were not ready to act. It was still "just a forecast" that, if taxes were not raised, the situation would become still worse. Repeated editorials in both the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* (to mention only the papers most read by congressional leaders) strongly opposed the tax increase. Businessmen and politicians almost uniformly rejected it. I am sorry to say that even many professional economists failed to support us. It was only in July, 1968, when it could plausibly be argued that continued failure to act would precipitate a crisis of the dollar, that Congress finally raised the tax rates—two and a half years too late.

There can be no question that Lyndon Johnson was secretive about the "facts" of military spending—as he was about everything else relating to the future. His principle of operations was always to preserve his options to the maximum possible extent. He tried to postpone all decisions that did not have to be made; and information about decisions already made or options under consideration was on a strict "need-to-know" basis. The President's view of what his professional or technical advisers needed to know in order to give their best advice may sometimes have been incorrect. But there is no question that he wanted their best advice—that he wanted it "straight"—and that he valued it highly when it came from those he trusted.

I believe (although I cannot be positive) that from July (or perhaps even April) until October of 1965, my own private advice to him, as well as my public statements on the economic situation, were based on an incomplete or incorrect under-

The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

Long, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France. This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's

marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white...the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

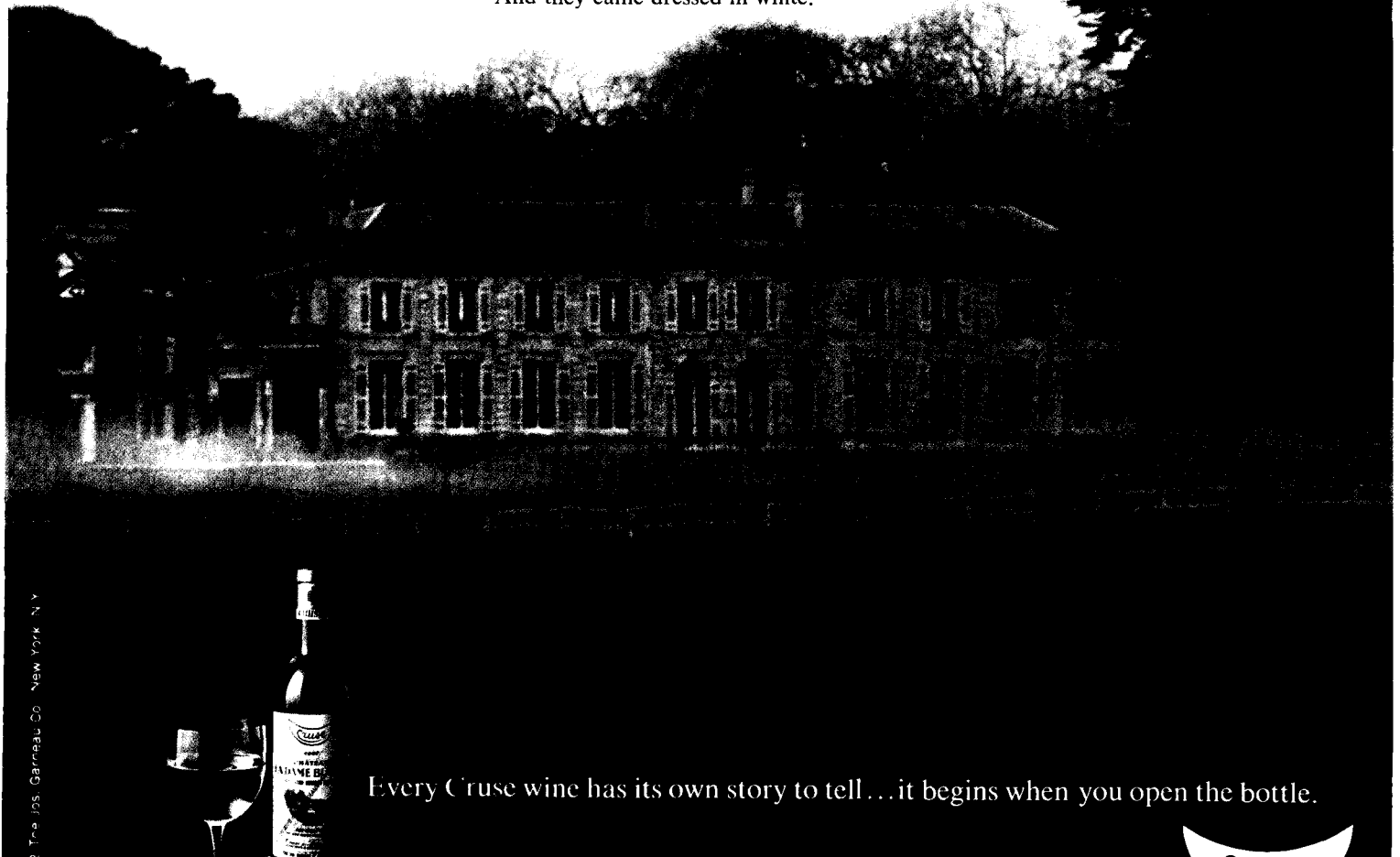
And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned". So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France. As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

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Michelangelo
started with superb
marble.
We start with superb
grapes.

standing of decisions which he may already have made. Thereafter, my position on the tax increase needed the support of no information that I did not already have. I did know, however, that estimates of future military costs are both extremely volatile and notoriously unreliable. For example, I knew from bitter experience as Economic Adviser of the Office of Price Stabilization that official estimates of future expenditures for the Korean War were seriously wrong, throughout the whole period of the war—that time, too *high* by a factor of up to 40 percent or more. (Indeed, preliminary official estimates of what had *already been spent* on that war in the previous quarter were also uniformly too high—by as much as 10 to 15 percent.) I was quite ready to suspect, in 1966 and 1967, that the opposite might be the case. In any case, it is absurd to assume—as Halberstam seems to—that at any time either the President or his Secretary of Defense knew or even suspected how much the war would ultimately cost.

But the important thing is that there was plenty of information, however inaccurate in its detail, to justify a Vietnam War tax increase—including, by mid-1966, an obvious acceleration of inflation. And beginning in January, 1967, all of the President's economic advisers were free to take the case for a tax increase to the Congress and the country; and we did it vigorously and continuously, in every way we knew how.

Why did we fail? In major part, I believe, because of an inadequate public and congressional understanding of fundamental economic principles. (After all, it had been almost as difficult, in 1962-1964, to see the need for a major tax cut.) No doubt, especially after about 1967, our failure also reflected increasing doubts about the wisdom of the Vietnam policy, and an emotional, although perhaps irrational, antipathy toward dealing with its consequences. Moreover, many conservatives wanted to require the prospective beneficiaries of the President's "Great Society" programs—rather than the taxpayer—to pay for the cost of the war.

During one of our many meetings on the tax increase issue, the Presi-

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dent put a question to me directly, in about these words: "Gardner, if you accept my conclusion that, no matter how hard I try, I cannot persuade the Congress to pass a tax increase, would you still tell me that it is better to recommend it now and fail, rather than to wait?" I was inclined then to believe that he should have recommended it even in the face of certain failure; and I still lean to that conclusion. But he, not I, was the master politician, as well as the only one who could make the decision. And I very much doubt that if he had followed my advice to request a tax increase in January, 1966, the outcome would have been better, no matter what estimates he might have supplied about possible future costs in Vietnam.

Surely, there was a tragic failure of U.S. fiscal policy in 1966-1968. But it is an absurd oversimplification to blame it on Lyndon Johnson's "secretiveness" or "deceit."

GARDNER ACKLEY
Professor of Economics
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

David Halberstam replies:

I can understand why someone whose legacy of economic stewardship is the current inflation is unusually sensitive about any serious reporting of that period. Yet even so, Ackley's letter is puzzling. It is very long, it charges me with factual mistakes (but cites none); boiled down to essentials it confirms what I wrote but takes a far more charitable view of how the President acted than I do (in large part, I assume, because having spent three years investigating the decision-making I know a good deal about how far advanced the planning was on troops at each stage and how hard the President worked to conceal it from his own staff and his economists). Just for the record, however, let me go over these three points raised by Ackley.

(1) He claims that in 1966 Johnson did not go for a tax increase because if he failed to get it this would hurt his prestige at home and abroad. This is a high school civics class version of events. Johnson—and he told this to a good many people—did not want to go to the

Congress for a tax increase because he would have had to project the cost of both the war and the Great Society, and he feared that Congress would give him the war but not the Great Society. Instead he tried to manipulate for both.

(2) And this is crucial: Ackley says that the *mere forecast* of inflation was not enough to move the Congress for a tax increase. Forecast is the key word and it is why Ackley is so completely wrong. It was not a case of just a forecast; instead, the planning for additional troops at each stage was extremely advanced—these were in fact decisions and thus the resulting costs were *near certainties*. The figures were known at Defense but not by the President's economists. The reason is the one I stated: the President did not want troop estimates to get out—he was still escalating by stealth. Only in 1968, when the whole thing had gone to hell in a hand-basket, did he follow the normal procedure and ask in advance for an economic estimate of a requested troop increase, largely, I suppose, because he wanted by now to turn down his generals.

(3) The President was indeed disingenuous about going to the Congress for a tax increase. He asked, as Ackley and I agree, congressional leaders whether he should try for a tax increase, but he did not—and this is vital—mention to them the extraordinary and almost certain cost of the war. (Thus he could thereupon go to his economists and tell them the *Congress* would not give him a tax increase.) So he fed the Congress erroneous information just as he fed the economists incomplete information. Finally, Ackley seems bothered that I did not interview him for my book. I intended to, but friends of mine said not to bother: he would not be of much value since he still did not know what Johnson had done to him. Clearly they were right.

TAKE A BOW

SIR: The very poignant "Is This Like Your War, Sir?" by Arthur T. Hadley in the September *Atlantic* is one of the finest accounts that you have published in a long time.

VIRGINIA PERRY WILSON
Napa, Calif.

SIR: Ward Just has done it again ("The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert," October *Atlantic*). The story is another little gem from a writer who knows Washington and the government like the back of his hand.

PHILIP A. TARRABEE
Sacramento, Calif.

SIR: Such a beautiful artistic creation as Donald Barthelme's "The Sandman" (September *Atlantic*) makes me doubt the story's own statement that "there is no such thing as a 'successful artist.'" If Mr. Barthelme cannot be happy with his story, I hope that he will take consolation in knowing that it was a joy to read.

PETER LUCAS
Nashville, Tenn.

PROBLEM SOLVING

SIR: As a professional geologist and oil explorationist, I object to Stewart Udall's complete disregard (in "The Last Traffic Jam," October *Atlantic*) for the fundamental problem—overpopulation. It is suicide to control economic expansion and not population. In fact, his suggestions without depopulation will lock the poor of this country in their present situation and slowly drive the rest of us down toward their level.

The other glaring omission is the electric power and natural gas situation. Limiting autos, etc., will not help these problems.

We are facing a natural resource crisis with energy in the limelight today. Until the liberal politicians and press face up to the facts and do what is necessary on all fronts, "solutions" such as Mr. Udall's will simply aggravate the situation further.

W. L. ADAMS
Houston, Tex.

SIR: Mr. Udall's call should be heeded by us all, but until the cooperation between industry and "government" becomes motivated by a sense of social consciousness instead of profit margins, Mr. Udall's message should be addressed to that part of government which is most representative of our social being, namely, Congress.

AMIR EIGER
Salt Lake City, Utah

SIR: Mr. Harrington's proposal (discussed by Ross Terrill, "Toward a New Society," October *Atlantic*) that world's resources be allocated on the basis of international usefulness is made attractive by Mr. Udall's prognosis that the oil shortage would enslave the world to the Mid-East potentates.

ARTHUR J. BALDERMAN
San Diego, Calif

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: Harrison Wellford's "Behind the Meat Counter" (October *Atlantic*) mentions that the Food and Drug Administration's Director of Toxicology, Dr. Leo Friedman, acknowledged that nitrosamine levels in some samples of hot dogs were "significant." He could hardly fail to do so. But repeatedly Dr. Friedman has expressed his "firm belief" (founded on an obviously shaky basis) "that for every carcinogen, no matter how potent, there is a level that is safe if we could but discover it."

Currently, at the taxpayers' expense, there is in progress an FDA

Project Megamouse which apparently seeks to find tolerances of some carcinogens in a still relatively small number of healthy rodents in simple laboratory conditions—the findings to be extrapolated and applied to many millions of diverse human beings living under complex conditions in our multiply polluted environment, and ranging from fetuses to the old, the ill, and the most susceptible to cancer. "Megamouse is bunk and FDA knows it," a leading cancerologist has said, but Dr. Friedman and a Drug Bureau scientist have come up with (conflicting) suggestions for doses of carcinogens which human beings could "probably" tolerate. As shown in *Food Chemical News*, Dr. Friedman found his colleague's computerized recommendations for dietary carcinogens absurdly low.

Mr. Wellford correctly points out that a mere molecule of some carcinogens has been found to induce cancer in animals. Authoritative bodies and responsible experts have consistently concluded that a "no-effect" or "threshold" dose of carcinogens—chemical or radioactive—

cannot be safely established for human beings.

As the former FDA Chief Pharmacologist, the able Dr. Arnold Lehman, and his colleague Frank Vorhis wrote in *Public Health Reports* in an article on "Food Safety Problems," no one knows the *summation* effects of the constantly increasing horde of additives in foods, much less the *synergistic* effects—the heightening of one another's potency. Some chemicals are co-carcinogens—that is, they do not per se flout cancer but are thus effective in conjunction with other substances, as is the case with N-nitroso products in combination with amines. The prevalence of co-carcinogens among the many additives is, of course, unknown. It is the enigmatic nature of the chemical totality and the various relationships of all these chemicals which constitute the reality of a giant uncontrolled experiment.

ELISE JERARD
Hicksville, N.Y.

SIR: I often find out what I should be reading by reading "Letters to the

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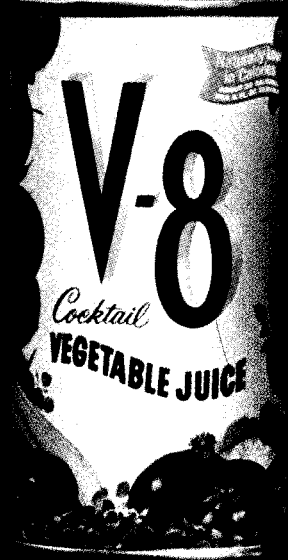
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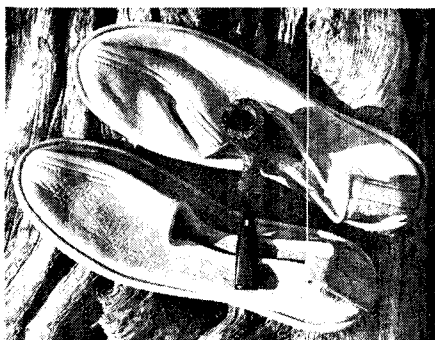
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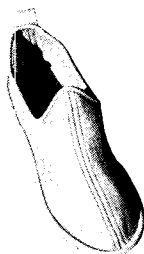


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Editor" columns where readers comment on what *they* have been reading. I thought the letters in your September issue, commenting on an article by Midge Decter, were just great. The Reds under the bed have been flushed out and in their place are leering, exploitative sexists. Hot dog!

WILLIAM CAMERON
Brooklyn, N.Y.

SIR: In his article "A Seagull Named Irving" (September *Atlantic*), William Abrahams states that the message of Richard Bach's best-seller *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* is "do your own thing . . . for there is nothing else worth the doing." I think that a more careful look at the aforementioned book shows this to be quite incorrect. Although it may have been one of the ideas behind Bach's book, it is by no means the central message. If Jonathan had really felt that there was "nothing else worth the doing," he certainly would not have willingly gone through all he did in order to help others learn what he had learned. Bach's book does not deal with a group of seagulls, each going his own way, and "doing his own thing." Instead it is the story of a few individuals who were aware of the blindness of the Flock, and refused to conform to its laws. However, those seagulls who rebelled all followed the same course; they did not go off in different directions, as the phrase "do your own thing" would indicate. Their course was a definite, predetermined one as they grew from a "fight for your food" stage to the attainment of perfection.

In Jonathan's search for and discovery of a way and purpose to life, and for ultimate perfection, Richard Bach tries to indicate where our aims and interests should be, and this message is far deeper and far-sighted than a mere "do your own thing" philosophy.

PATRICIA T. EATON
Durham, N.C.

The Atlantic welcomes communications from readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless stipulated, is free for publication in our letters column.

Contributors

GEORGE C. WILSON covers the Defense Department for the *Washington Post*.

STANLEY MEISLER is the Los Angeles *Times* correspondent in Africa.

MALCOLM COWLEY's books include *Exile's Return* and *The Faulkner-Cowley File*.

RICHARD ELMAN's new volume of stories is to be called *Crossing Over and Other Tales*.

JOHN WALKER, whose "Secrets of a Museum Director" appeared in the February *Atlantic*, is discussed on page 4.

PETER KLAPPERT, winner of the Yale Series of Younger Poets Competition in 1970, has published two books of poetry, *Lugging Vegetables to Nantucket* and *After the Rhymers Guild*.

ROBERT NEWTON PECK is the author of the forthcoming book *A Day No Pigs Would Die*.

ROBERT PALMER has toured with a jazz/rock group, recorded several albums, and writes for *Rolling Stone*.

APRIL SMITH is a free-lance writer based in California.

RACHEL SCOTT is at work on a book about working conditions in America.

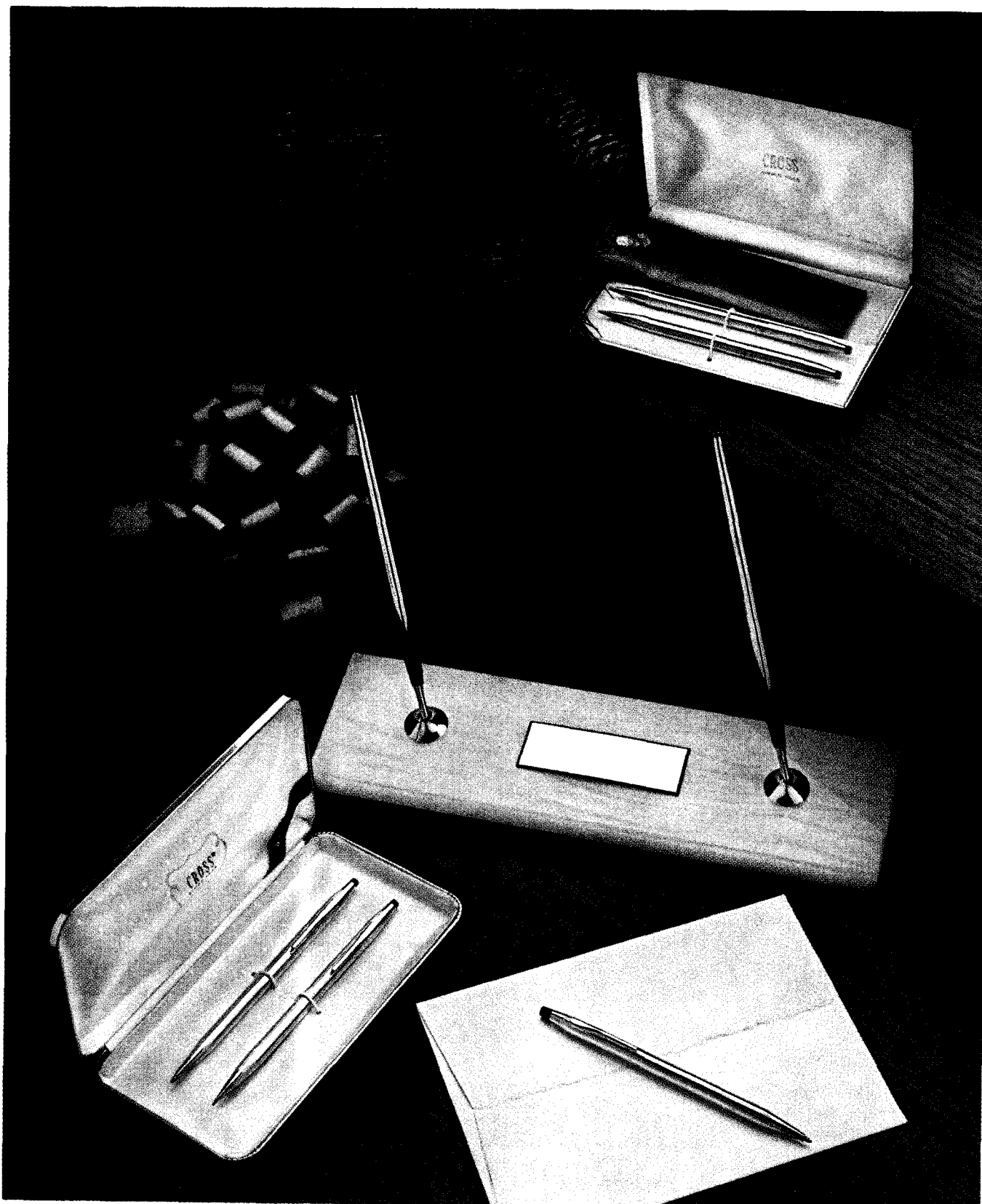
ANNE SEXTON's latest collection of poetry and prose is *The Book of Folly*.

DENIS WARNER, veteran Far East correspondent for newspapers in his native Australia and for American journals, is the author of *The Last Confucian*, a biography of Ngo Dinh Diem.

RICHARD TODD is an associate editor of the *Atlantic*.

PAUL A. ROBINSON, who teaches history at Stanford, is the author of *The Freudian Left*.

L. E. SISSMAN, DAVID DENBY, EDWARD WEEKS, and PHOEBE ADAMS appear regularly in these pages.



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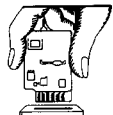
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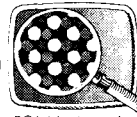
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THE LUCKY GENERATION

Neither lost, nor gone for good

by Malcolm Cowley

... by a generation I mean that reaction against the fathers which seems to occur about three times in a century. It is distinguished by a set of ideas, inherited in moderated form from the madmen and outlaws of the generation before; if it is a real generation it has its own leaders and spokesmen, and it draws into its orbit those born just before it and just after, whose ideas are less clear-cut and defiant.—From “My Generation” by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

1.

There are no happy endings, but still, everything considered, it was more a lucky than a lost generation. Fitzgerald and his contemporaries were lucky, first of all, in the time they chose for being born, when the country was emerging from the long depression of the 1890s and when almost everyone was looking forward to the miracles that were certain to be wrought by a new century. As little boys, they witnessed the early miracles: self-propelled vehicles among the carts and carriages (or drawn up at the curb for repairs) and the first movie houses, admission five cents, where they could pass an enchanted hour. Cities were growing as everything grew, but still the countryside began at the end of a five-cent streetcar ride, and it would always be there, always with fields to race across and woods to gather chestnuts in. So at least they felt as boys, and they were to be the last generation—except in the South—that could not help feeling close to the land.

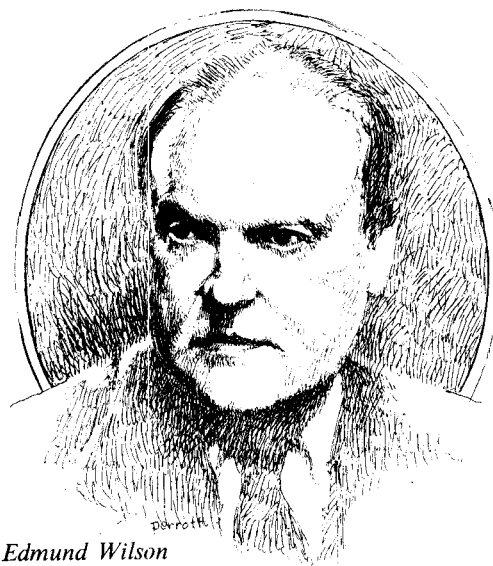
They were lucky to grow up in a period that Van Wyck Brooks found the right name for: “The Con-

fident Years.” Under a rumbustious President, the country was flexing its muscles and sending its fleet around the world. Oh, there were lots of things wrong with the country, including trusts, political bosses, and slums (what were they?) in the back streets, but there was nothing in its future that middle-class boys had to worry about, nothing that wouldn’t mend itself automatically if the boys grew up to be honest and if each of them worked hard for personal success. They all had a Protestant ethic drilled into them, even if they were Catholics like Fitzgerald. Later, after he lost his faith, the Protestant ethic remained with him. “All I believe in in life,” he was to say in a letter to his daughter, “is the rewards for virtue (according to your talents) and the *punishments* for not doing your duty, which are doubly costly.” It is an old-fashioned belief, but he was lucky to have it, and the stamp of it went into his stories, as into the work of his contemporaries.

They were most of them lucky in their early education, as compared with the boys and girls who followed them into high school fifty or sixty years later: that is, they weren’t “exposed to a learning experience.” Instead they were taught, and abhorred the teaching, and still were left with a residue of skills. They were taught such irrelevant subjects as ancient history (not social studies), English literature (with poems to be memorized), syntax, composition, and Latin grammar. They confronted English grammar, too, and rebelled against it, but at least they knew when they were breaking the rules. At some point in their high school or college years, they were introduced to recent European literature.

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Perhaps the introduction was made by a gifted teacher such as Dean Gauss at Princeton or John Crowe Ransom at Vanderbilt; perhaps by an older friend such as S. Foster Damon at Harvard or Phil Stone in Oxford, Mississippi, who lent young Faulkner the books he carried off to read. That reading was a crucial event in the lives of Faulkner and others. It led to a series of discoveries: first, that there were subtler methods and more difficult standards in literature than those of the *Saturday Evening Post*; then, that there was something later to be called the modern sensibility, which was ironical, introspective, and self-questioning; and finally, that the production of great works expressing that sensibility was an aim to which one's life might be devoted. The aim might even become—and did become for many of the future writers—a sort of religion with its own moral precepts. These included the Protestant or middle-class ideal of earning success by hard work done honestly—as regards the work itself—but they bore no other resemblance to the morality of churchgoing citizens. “An artist,” Faulkner was to say late in his career, “. . . is completely amoral in that he will rob, borrow, beg, or steal from anybody and everybody to get the work done.” He might have been repeating a lesson implied by books he had read before going off to the Great War.



Edmund Wilson

It was a nice war, so Gertrude Stein used to insist to those who sat at her feet. In a longer perspective than hers, it was a disaster that ended the most hopeful era in Western history, but still it was a lucky war for the young American writers who served in it briefly. It immensely widened their horizons, it sharpened their enjoyment of life by the real or imagined nearness of death; then unexpectedly it was over before they had time to become truly disheartened. They went home, as Fitzgerald said, with an unexpended store of nervous energy, enough to carry them through the next ten frantic years.

But my theme here is the luck of the generation, not its familiar adventures in New York and Paris. It continued to be lucky in the decade after the war, when most of its writers published their first books. The new age proved to be one of success for beginners in all fields. An older generation feeling unsure of itself, perhaps a little guilty, was eager to learn what the youngsters were thinking and doing. Fitzgerald spoke up for the youngsters, and his first novel, published when he was twenty-four, made him an instant celebrity. Thereafter he would help to hold the generation together by his feeling, expressed time and again, that all his contemporaries were friendly rivals playing on the same bound-to-be-winning team.

The generation was lucky again in having Edmund Wilson as its very young Sainte-Beuve. Nobody else, at the time, was more concerned with finding and assigning a rank to new talents. He listened to rumors of their existence, he read enormously, as if traveling in unexplored regions, and he came back with persuasive accounts of what he had seen. Sometimes, as in the case of Hemingway, his account was the first, and usually it was the most authoritative. He took almost as much interest as Fitzgerald did in writers of his own generation, and they listened to him, too, as they did not often listen to other critics. “What will Bunny Wilson think of this?” Fitzgerald and others sometimes asked themselves when making a literary decision. He helped to raise the standards by which they judged themselves.

By the late 1920s, men of the generation were being published in Europe, and there again they profited from special circumstances. The new European writers who might have overshadowed them had died by age groups at Verdun and on the Somme. The new Americans had something of their own to say and part of it was a message that pleased the European public. That public resented the wealth and complacency of the empire across the Atlantic, but was impressed by it, too, and was waiting to learn whether its new literature would be as rugged and efficient as its motor cars. When some of the literature appeared in translation and when Europeans found that it was largely, so it seemed to them, a protest against wealth and complacency, presented in scenes of violence and abject suffering, they were rather quick to accept the new authors. Dos Passos, Hemingway, Wilder (who appealed to a different audience), and Wolfe were all international figures at thirty. Even Faulkner—though Europeans felt that he was more foreign than the others—was widely read in France during the Depression years, when his work was being disparaged at home.

Most of these writers suffered less from the Depression itself than did the younger men who followed them after 1930. Established in their profession, they didn't have to waste time in employment agencies or sit moldering in lunch wagons, and not many of them marched in those United Front parades that

The Lucky Generation

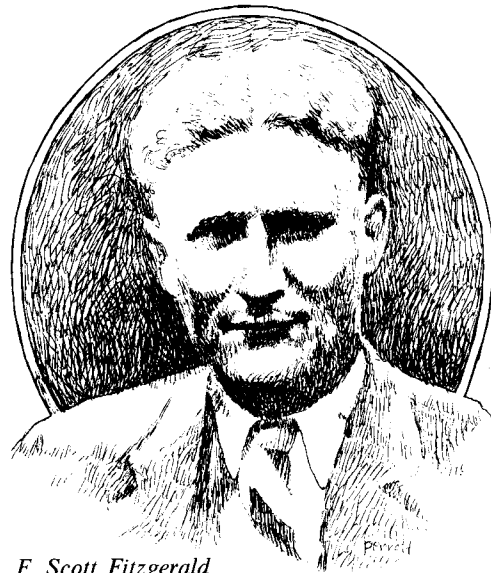
furnished a collection of names to the FBI. Hollywood was a source of income for some, including Faulkner and Fitzgerald, whose books at that time had a disappointing sale. Still, these and others continued writing the books, and were becoming the dominant age group in American letters before this country entered World War II.

That was not a lucky war for the younger writers who came after them. The younger men suffered more casualties, they served in uniform for as much as five years, during which they had little time for writing, and they returned to civilian life without any great residue of stored-up energy. (All the more credit, I must add, to Bellow, Mailer, Styron, Lowell, and others who did admirable things after World War II without any special favors from fortune.) Writers of the World War I generation were luckier once again, but still this wasn't their war. Crane, Wolfe, and Fitzgerald were dead before we entered it. Most of the others had done their best work, as would later be discovered, but they continued to rise in public estimation. One after another was invited, as it were, to sit in the high-backed chair at the head of the table, where Hemingway had already sat after *A Farewell to Arms* and Dos Passos had sat in the middle 1930s. Wolfe enjoyed an extraordinary posthumous reputation during the war, when it seemed that every literate young man in the army camps was reading his novels. Then it was Hemingway's turn again; then Faulkner's after his Nobel Prize in 1948—critics paid him triple honors in recompense for the years of neglect; and finally it was Wilson's in his later years. After 1950 a special chair was installed for the glittering shade of Fitzgerald.

All these presided in turn or jointly over the long table without having their places seriously threatened by younger men. It is not at all that talent was lacking among the writers who followed them. To mention names, if only a few, Steinbeck, Cozzens, Farrell, West, Warren, O'Hara, and Welty were all born between 1902 and 1909, but they did not form a cohesive age group. Some were drawn into the orbit of the Lost Generation—notably Nathanael West and, in his early books, John O'Hara—while the others did not rebel against it. With some exceptions, the same statement holds true for writers of talent born between 1910 and 1925. All this might suggest that a generation, in historical terms, is rather less a matter of dates than it is of ideology. A new generation does not appear every thirty years, as Pio Baroja and other theorists have maintained, nor "about three times in a century," to quote Fitzgerald; it appears when writers of the same age join in a common revolt against the fathers and when, in the process of adopting a new life-style, they find their own models and spokesmen.

According to Baroja's scheme—and Fitzgerald's, too—a new literary generation should have appeared

in the 1950s, but the young writers who came forward then had no apparent sense of group identity.¹ Frank Conroy, one of the more talented, was asked to describe his contemporaries in the same issue of *Esquire*—October, 1968—that first printed Fitzgerald's article "My Generation." "It is clear that most of us now in our early thirties," Conroy says, "were not a generation in any self-conscious sense. We had no leaders, no program, no sense of our own power, and no culture exclusively our own." He says



F. Scott Fitzgerald

of his high school classmates, "Our clothing, manners and life styles were unoriginal—scaled-down versions of what we saw in the adults"; this time there would be no instinctive revolt against the fathers. In college his contemporaries were called the Silent, the Cautious, or the Apathetic Generation, another way of implying that they were not a generation at all, in Fitzgerald's sense of the word.

Conroy says of their college reading: "The New Critics had filled us with an almost religious awe of language. We read Leavis, Edmund Wilson and Eliot as well, taking it all very seriously, worrying over every little point as if Truth and Beauty hung in the balance." Those last remarks bring to mind an important feature of the 1950s: that the New Critics—and some few older ones—were doing more original work at the time and exerting more influence over bright young people than did new writers of fiction and poetry. The critics paid little attention to new work in any field except their own. They practiced their art of exegesis on the masterpieces of older au-

¹And what about the so-called Beat Generation? That was in fact a small rebel band, one that hoped to speak for the new writers of its time, but found that most of these were another breed of duck with a different sort of quack. Some of the Beats, however—notably Jack Kerouac (born 1922) and Allen Ginsberg (born 1926)—were among the "madmen and outlaws" who served as models for the real generation that was later to appear.

thors, including several of the World War I generation: Faulkner especially, but also Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Cummings, and Hart Crane. Students admired the masterpieces and dreamed of the age in which they were written, a time when nobody, so it seemed, was silent or cautious or apathetic and nobody was tempted to ask the anguished question, "Who am I?" The result was that members of the Lost Generation were lucky once again, in a late afternoon of adulation and nostalgia.

Hemingway and James Thurber died in 1961, Faulkner and Cummings in 1962. Those four deaths in a little more than a year changed the whole order of precedence in the literary world. The *New York Times* Book Review printed the results of an inquiry—one can hardly say "inquest" in this connection—into opinions about who would take their places at the long table. The six critics queried by the *Times* had dozens of authors to mention, but reached no agreement as to which of them ranked highest. There was in fact a three-year interregnum in the kingdom of letters. Then suddenly in 1965 a new generation came to public notice, ten or fifteen years behind schedule, but complete by then with its leaders and spokesmen, its costumes, its music, its new style of life, and moving with disciplined indiscipline toward a general assault on the fathers. It had opinions on all topics and poured them forth in something that was close to being a new language, a free-swinging mixture of jive and pedantry. The new men had no patience at all with the religion of art or with lives sacrificed to the dream of ultimately producing masterpieces; "Now! Now!" they kept demanding. If more of its members had survived, the Lost Generation might have felt lonely and puzzled in the new atmosphere. One might say that its luck had continued to the end, with many of its members choosing the right time to die.

2.

I knew them all and some have been my friends over the years, but I saw less of them after 1942 or thereabouts. By that time World War II was scattering the active ones. I was a deaf man living in the country, hoeing my garden. Some of them I saw on weekly visits to New York, which was still the center of literary life—but it was rather less of a center than before and chiefly one, it seemed to me, for younger age groups. Among middle-aged writers the political arguments of the 1930s—over the New Deal, Trotsky, Spain, and the Russian purges—had left fissures, some of which were never to be closed (as for instance the one between Hemingway and Dos Passos that opened during the Spanish Civil War). That may be part of a pattern in writers' lives: at first they are happy to roam in bands, then year by year they retire from the herd like old bull elephants. Still, the famous writers of my own age and others who deserved to be famous were reassuring though invisible

presences. Delighted by each public sign of recognition, I did what I could to explain features of their work that I thought had been missed. They were our spokesmen, after all, and every glittering success they made reflected on the rest of us. Fitzgerald was not the only one to feel that we were all playing on the same team.

Now most of the team is gone and the survivors are left with the sense of having plodded with others to the tip of a long sandspit where they stand exposed, surrounded by water, waiting for the tide to come in.

I confess to sharing the weakness often imputed to members of the generation, Dos Passos and Hemingway in particular: that of living too much in the past. "But we had such good times then," I find myself saying with others. We thought of ourselves as being wise, disillusioned, cynical, but we were wide-eyed children with a child's capacity for enjoyment. Did other generations ever laugh so hard together, drink and dance so hard, or do crazier things just for the hell of it? Perhaps some did—most certainly they did—but they did not leave behind such vivid records of their grand parties and their mornings after. Those records testified to a bargain made with themselves by writers of the generation. They had taken more liberties than other people, and in return they had accepted the duty of portraying their new world in all its exultancy and heartbreak.

The good writers regarded themselves as an elite, a word that later came to be a sneer. They were an elite not by birth or money or education, not even by acclaim—though they would have it later—but rather by such inner qualities as energy, independence, vision, rigor, an original way of combining words (a style, a "voice"), and utter commitment to a dream. Those qualities they grouped together as their "talent," about which they spoke as if it were something precariously in their possession, a blooded animal, perhaps, to be fed, trained, guarded carefully, and worked to the limit of its power, but not beyond. At a time when Faulkner needed money, he refused a tempting commission to write a nonfiction book. "I'm like the old mare," he told me, "who has been bred and dropped foal 15 to 16 times, and she has a feeling that she has only 3 or 4 more in her and can't afford to spend one on something outside." Wolfe wrote to his editor, Max Perkins: "As for that powerful and magnificent talent I had two years ago—in the name of God is that to be lost entirely . . . ?" He seemed to regard his talent as a proud stallion that could be crippled or stolen by his enemies. Hemingway had a different comparison: he said that his talent was like a gas flame that he kept turning lower and lower until there was an explosion. Fitzgerald wrote to his daughter the spring before he died: "I am not a great man but sometimes I think the impersonal and objective quality of my talent and the sacrifice of it, in pieces, to preserve its essential value has some sort of epic grandeur."

That last was too big a phrase and Fitzgerald apol-

ogized. "Anyhow," he continued, "after hours I console myself with delusions of that sort." But the earlier phrase "impersonal and objective" was not delusive when applied to the talent of all those writers. For one thing, they tried to be accurate observers of their age; for another, they regarded their talent as something apart from their ordinary selves. Hence, their efforts to preserve the talent were selfless, after a fashion, or at least ran counter in many cases to their material interests. A question they asked themselves was, "How can I best live in order to produce the books that are in me?" It was a *professional* question, and the adjective reminds me of a brief scene in *Tender Is the Night*. The scene is from the section of the novel that presents Dr. Richard Diver as a brilliant young psychiatrist. While studying in Zurich he has met Nicole Warren, beautiful, rich, and a patient, at the time, in Professor Dohmler's psychiatric clinic. Nicole falls in love with Dick, and the experience leads to a partial cure of her psy-



William Faulkner

chosis. The Swiss doctors are afraid that Dick will either jilt her and cause a relapse or else marry her and ruin his own career.

"I have nothing to do with your personal reactions," Professor Dohmler says. "But I have much to do with the fact that this so-called 'transference' must be terminated."

"It's certainly a situation," Dick says.

The eminent professor raises himself, Fitzgerald tells us, "like a legless man mounting a pair of crutches." "But it is a professional situation," he thunders quietly.

And so it is with many situations in the lives of the writers I have been discussing. Marriages, divorces, friendships made and broken, heavy drinking, follies of various sorts—not to mention "strategies," as Ken-

neth Burke would call them, including the creation of a persona to serve as the imaginary author of one's books—even fits of madness in one case and suicide in two others—were they not largely the result of professional decisions made in the hope or despair of producing masterpieces?

Writers of the generation were intensely ambitious, but only in the professional field. Hemingway was an exception here: he was cursed with a passion to excel in every field, but writing came first for him, in the beginning as in the end. The others, even Fitzgerald after the years of early success, were rather modest in their demands on life. No, they didn't in the least object to earning money, but they devoutly planned to earn it in such a way as not to forfeit their independence or diminish the future value of their talent. They also didn't object, as a general rule, to living in comfort, to having rich or prominent friends, and to being looked at admiringly by beddable young women (a prerogative of success to be observed in many fields, but perhaps in the literary field more than in others outside the performing arts). Sometimes they pretended to be indifferent to such things, and to money, too, and the pretense led to a number of farcical situations. But their taste for worldly rewards was never a "dirty little secret," as Norman Podhoretz was to call it in speaking of his own contemporaries. I am trying not to idealize the picture. There were acts of generosity toward rivals, and there were also jealousies galore, backbitings and scratchings, and jabs to the kidney in a clinch. It has to be said with emphasis, however, that the good writers of the generation were not bent on "making it" in the later sense of the phrase: that is, they didn't want to acquire power over others in the contemporary world or to be the boss man of an organization. Those ambitions would have seemed to them cheap and conventional, like the dream of owning a chauffeur-driven Cadillac. Their dream was of having place and power in a more lasting world, of being the lords of language and the captains general of plots and characters.

"I want to be one of the greatest writers who have ever lived, don't you?"

That remark of Fitzgerald's to Edmund Wilson, made shortly after they both got out of Princeton, has been quoted many times and by Wilson first of all, in his "Thoughts on Being Bibliographed." Wilson's comment on the remark has also been quoted, but it will bear repeating once again. "Scott," he says, "had been reading Booth Tarkington, Compton Mackenzie, H. G. Wells and Swinburne; but when he later got to better writers, his standards and his achievement went sharply up, and he would always have pitted himself against the best in his own line that he knew. I thought his remark rather foolish at the time, yet it was one of the things that made me respect him, and I am sure that his intoxicated ardor represented a healthy way for a young man of talent to feel." Other young men of talent felt the same de-

sire, at the time, to pit themselves against the best they knew. It is a feeling that casts light, for example, on Hemingway's later brag to Lillian Ross of the *New Yorker*. "I started out very quiet and I beat Mr. Turgenev," he said. "Then I trained hard and I beat Mr. de Maupassant. I've fought two draws with Mr. Stendhal, and I think I had an edge in the last one." Apparently "the last one" was not *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, in which it is hard to find a suggestion of Stendhal. My notion about *The Bell* is that he wrote it with at least a vague image in mind of *War and*



John Dos Passos

Peace, and that the image spurred him on to produce what is truly the best and richest of his novels. One can say that its low standing with the critical profession is a scandal, but to compare the finished book with *War and Peace* is more than Hemingway himself would dare. "Nobody," he told Miss Ross long after *The Bell* was published, "is going to get me in any ring with Mr. Tolstoy."

Now that time and men have passed, comparisons—not that one—have to be drawn and general statements, some of them negative, have to be made. Not one member of the generation carried out Fitzgerald's ambition of winning a place among "the greatest writers who have ever lived." Not one of its novelists, even Faulkner, can be set rightly beside Dostoevsky or Dickens, let alone Tolstoy, and not one of its poets ranks with Browning or Whitman, let alone with the giants of earlier times. Faulkner was its greatest man, the one most likely to remain a world figure by virtue of an imaginative power that has seldom been equaled. His place would be still more secure if *A Fable*, to which he devoted most of his energy for twelve years, had be-

come the great novel he intended it to be; but that project of retelling the Gospels in terms of the Great War was not the one he should have undertaken. The Yoknapatawpha books are his achievement, and this in retrospect seems very deep and not so broad as we had hoped, a Grand Canyon rather than a continent.

Hemingway is out of favor, partly because of his public image and partly because his work is seldom considered as a whole. There are interconnections that make the books more impressive when taken together: for example, Robert Jordan's death at a bridge in Spain is a sequel to Frederic Henry's escape from death—and from the Italian army—at a bridge over the Isonzo. Also it must not be forgotten that Hemingway effected a change in the style and vision of writers all over the world, including many who never acknowledged the debt. Fitzgerald seems a great man in retrospect, but his greatness has to be pieced together—from *Gatsby*, from a few of the stories, from his comments on the age, from the Rosemary section of *Tender Is the Night* (yes, and from the final chapters, too)—then has to be cemented with the legend of his life. The figure he presents is that of a broken Apollo, salvaged by divers from the wreck of an Athenian galley, powerful in conception, but with fragments missing.

Those three men and several of their contemporaries were extraordinary persons, but they lacked the capacity for renewed growth after middle age that has marked some of the truly great writers. After all, that is a rare capacity: one thinks of Goethe first, then of Tolstoy (but with questions about his later work), then of Hardy, Shaw, Thomas Mann, André Gide, but not of many others. In American literature there is only Henry James, who set out in a new direction at fifty-two after his venture into the theater had ended with a disaster. The writers of the Lost Generation, as a rule, had done their best work before they were forty-five and they had no second careers. Wilson might be an exception here, with his intellectual stamina and his lifelong rage for exploring new subjects, but even in his admirable case one feels more vigor of conception in the earlier work. Of the others who lived beyond sixty, the most one can say is that they held out, guarded their talent as best they could, and remained in a true sense incorruptible.

And what of the dream that seems to have been rejected by a new generation, to judge by its literary manifestos; I mean the dream all these writers had of bringing new masterpieces to birth? Some of these they left behind, but fewer than they had hoped. Of course, the word "masterpiece" has two different and rather special connotations: it is applied either to works that are impressive in scope (without being overblown) or else to more limited works that are relatively faultless in execution. Only two works of the first type were produced by the generation: they are *U.S.A.*, which is grand in conception but often

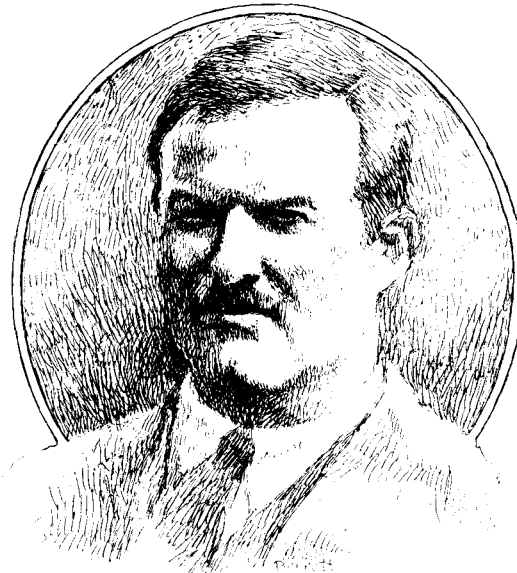
tedious in the writing, and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, which, for all the faults that have been urged against it, is on the scale of the great nineteenth-century novels. Works of the second type are more numerous, as one might expect of a generation preoccupied with form: there are *Gatsby*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *Our Town*, *The Old Man and the Sea* . . . not to mention half a dozen books by other writers. There are also the works that are unforgettable in spite of some obvious weakness in design: *The Sound and the Fury*, *Tender Is the Night*, *The Hamlet* (my favorite among Faulkner's novels, though I wouldn't ask others to agree), and Hart Crane's cycle of poems, *The Bridge*. It may be that such works, flawed but not by any means failed, represent the generation in its essence. What I said of Fitzgerald might be true of his contemporaries as a group: that their greatness has to be pieced together.

And how do their productions compare with those of earlier times in American literature, especially with those of the 1840s and 1850s, the period that F. O. Matthiessen and others have called "the American Renaissance"? Are any of their works on the same level as *Walden*, *Moby Dick*, *The Scarlet Letter*, or "Song of Myself"? Instinctively I distrust the question. The game of choosing Books That Will Live or Ten Books to Take to a Desert Island is one for innocents or retired professors with time on their hands. Every good work has an absolute, not a comparative, value. Still, I should say that Faulkner's story "The Bear" is as grand in its briefer fashion as *Moby Dick*, that it may be read for as long, and that other works by members of the generation will have their place among the American classics. Beyond that I am unwilling to depose.

A more fruitful comparison might be one between the two eras, just eighty years apart, as periods of literary activity. Before the first era, Emerson had prophesied, in his bold address "The American Scholar," that a new literature would soon appear on this continent. "Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of foreign lands, draws to a close," he said. ". . . Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves." Dozens of more or less talented young writers, surrounded by hundreds of cranks and come-outers, rushed to answer his call, each with the feeling that anything was possible in the new day. That same feeling of unlimited possibility prevailed in literature after World War I. Young writers then were answering a call not from Emerson, whom they did not read, but from Joyce and Eliot (with Ezra Pound as prompter of one and promoter of both). *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land* had appeared in the same year, 1922. It seemed that their authors had pushed beyond the mountains and opened territories that men of the new generation were eager to explore. Those younger men were also heartened by the example of older American

writers—Dreiser, Anderson, Cather, Mencken—who were doing some of their best work in the postwar years; and before World War II they were being jostled ahead by still younger writers of talent. With all this growth and bustle, as in a midsummer garden, the period in American literature was clearly a second flowering.

Even after frost, the period retains an afterglow. One reason for its appeal to younger people, even the ones who reject most of its aims, is a gift that many of its writers possessed in common: they were almost all great spinners and weavers of legend. That gift was shown most obviously in the legendary heroes they presented as models that would be followed, in each case, by thousands of their readers; here one thinks of the Hemingway young man like an Indian brave, the brilliant and doomed Fitzgerald young man, and the Thomas Wolfe young man bent on devouring the world. Behind such heroes are larger patterns of myth, notably Fitzgerald's legend of money, and Faulkner's legend of the Deep South (with his other legend of the dying wilderness), and Hemingway's legend-become-ritual, one he repeated in many contexts, of giving and accepting death. Hem-



Ernest Hemingway

ingway and Faulkner most of all, but other writers as well, seemed to plunge deep into the past, or into themselves, to recover a prelogical and prehistoric fashion of looking at the world; then they looked in the same fashion at events of their own time and thereby surrounded them with a feeling of primitive magic (as in "The Bear" and in "Big Two-Hearted River"). Perhaps that feeling explains the legendary quality of other stories, by these and other writers. In a sense the men of the generation were all working together to produce a cycle of myths for the new age. □

A BRIEF LIFE IS BEST IN THE END, I SUPPOSE

Selected excerpts from the hospital memoirs
of world-famous aviatrix, Lilly Lohman

A story by Richard Elman

1.

For more years than I care to mention I was the world's greatest female aviator. They called me an aviatrix, though at stunts and things I was as good, if not better, than most of your men. In the air men and women are equals, if nowhere else.

I do not happen to like very much Communism, but they know this to be true, for sure, as a matter of fact. It's not that they haven't always liked people; I think everybody does sooner or later, if they are content to be just plain folks.

In the course of my life I have known many great and famous personalities. Almost none of them could be summed up as a man. Winston Churchill was certainly not masculine. But he was also a big drunk.

I have known Sun Yat-sen, Mao Tse-tung, and Wiley Post, not to mention the French writer Malraux, and none of them were so high and mighty that they thought less of me for being a person.

Of the lot I liked Frank Sinatra best. He had a funny breath from peppermints.

Women there certainly were, too, though none as famous as the late Isadora Duncan who I never really knew, though, once, she flew with me to Tomsk to dance on top of a hydroelectric station.

I can't remember a single word of our conversation except that she asked to be let down very gently and easily as she was pregnant again and inclined to airsickness.

* * *

In the end, I suppose, a brief life is best. In all candor we are all sometimes bound to get over-

enthusiastic once or twice. If you have ever had the feeling you are flying over China for the very first time, you will know it can't be helped, unless you are already so jaded.

Once, for example, flying over China with my first real partner, Jake Constantine, for the first time ever, I had this feeling so strong it was like very poor visibility coming in low over the meadows to Newark Airport.

I thought of death, I guess, and also about the Great Wall underneath our landing gears. It was said to be nearly fifteen centuries old. The absence of various civilized amenities has never, apparently, bothered me that much. In the Gobi I have eaten yoghurt with my fingers.

* * *

I think most often of Jake that he was no shirker, and that is about the highest compliment one flier can pay to another. In Fukow, another time, he was at the controls. I just happened to ask, "How fast are we going?"

"Not too fast . . ."

"How fast is that?"

"In ground speed?"

As a woman, I was never well paid in dollars for the flying I did, and added to this was the general disabling through educative discriminations to which our sex is so prone in this culture.

It is for such reasons, alone, my equipment was so often obsolete.

But it is only the fool who sits outside the door of a festive party and thinks everybody else is having fun.

HOW FAST DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET US TO GO? I demanded, hoarsely, of Jake.

NOW WAIT A SEC!

Jake also said, "Why don't you make up your mind if you want to go fast or slow, and if not, why not?"

As I say, he was no shirker. No slouch. He could be adorable, a truly adorable guy, and he naturally talked and talked and talked whenever we were in the air together.

"Up or down?" Jake gasped. "Where the hell do you think we are? And how fast do you wish to go just to stay in the race?"

"A lot more than this . . ."

"But how much more is a lot?"

"Not a hell of a lot, maybe just a little . . ."

I could tell he was unhappy with my indecisiveness. "How much would that be?"

"Only enough," I told him, "for comfort's sake."

Again Jake demanded to know approximately how fast I thought that might be.

"As slow as you like," I explained, "so long as we can stay up."

* * *

Communism is certainly not a twentieth-century answer for most of our needs, but I also have never much liked the expression "wild blue yonder" which, it seems to me, is certainly a very masculine way of putting the thing.

"My dear sweet duck," said Jake, another time when we were in the Grumman trimotor with the dual controls, "it's just a matter of taking a long time to get there and enjoying every minute of it you can because once we get there we'll have to be there really for a long long while."

With Jake sometimes it was as if we had all the time in the world to just plain run out of gas.

I don't know why some men still want to lord it over some women like me with stuff like that.

Later I told him, "I was afraid. You were going much too fast for me . . ."

That's why I think I grabbed for the stick.

Tosh! Down we went together, though we had once been soaring, and in between had really been a pretty smooth flight all in all.

Well, it wasn't the end of the world for us. That was much later.

* * *

Funny things like that were always happening to me in the Air Service, if you ask my opinion. I lost a piston head over Peking; and a fuel tank with the Flying Tigers where I was, again, a first.

It was chiefly, though, in the Orient I excelled.

Another time, having traversed the great, bare, parched Mongolian plain, Jake was almost as excited as myself, but he assured me: "We'll make it, hon. You'll see. We've just got to keep on trying and it won't take forever to get there, either. We'll head straight for the Yellowish River and turn sharply to the west. If we don't make it there I

warn you, dearie, you'll be on your own again for a while."

And so I was, alas, for a while, until we were able to get aloft again through my efforts, and a special lightweight drive shaft lubricant called BEPCO.

I sometimes think a relationship based on flying together is the coming thing for modern men and women, and there is no doubt whatsoever in my mind that I was one of your forerunners.

2.

People are sometimes asking me, though, "Lilly Lohman, what else did you happen to be doing in the Orient all those years?"

All I can ever reply is that landscape. A place of strange configurations like that makes for even stranger entanglements, and for a long long while I was certainly one of them.

From the air I was probably a sight to Oriental eyes: my long red hair which I washed every day with beer streamed brilliantly over my goggles like a fine silk scarf. It swirled about the cockpit in tangles, as I recall.

* * *

In fact, Jake and I shared much in common: the people, the food, the sights, long naps in the sun in Penang, and cocktails on the terrace in Mandalay when the sun was going down.

In the cockpit of our two-seater I always carried a special silver flask of martinis prepared by that tall, handsome, deaf-mute bartender with the sweet smile from the Raffles Bar in Singapore which Jake insisted were absolute perfection. A matter of taste, I suppose. He had never been with me to old Wang's place in Shanghai. Though, as I say, for a while we seemed to have so much in common we could share, it was probably a good thing he was shortly to go off elsewhere. When your mate has gone off as suddenly as Jake had to, flying solo for a while is presumably a useful experience.

In the years 1932 to 1934 I barnstormed nearly all of the ancient kingdom of Cambodia, as well as certain parts of the Philippines, Borneo, and Sarawak, and that's how I came to be a beautiful woman. From certain of the antique sculptures at Angkor Wat I learned serenity and poise. That's also how I got to know Maurice, my French flying ace from the Great War, who smuggled, in his own rather battered Renault biplane, opium (and certain of its by-products) on a regular basis to a Portuguese shrimp merchant in Macao.

That was an exciting time to be alive, though we were not, always, so free together on the ground as we might have liked to be. Once aloft, Maurice taught me how to undulate gently with my tail in the air before executing the roll-over, the double roll-over, and the triple spin.

I think I've never known another ace like Maurice. And what if I ever did? It's nice to believe such things can happen to you again and again, and again.

When he eventually left me on a solo flight to Rio to return to his trade, I knew I had become rather attached to Maurice. More than the moon and all the stars in the night sky of a clear New England day in June, or maybe September, I had sort of come to adore my gallant Frenchman.

What is it with me and such men? Never mind the word men, what is it with me? Why do I always tend to regard the end of a trip as rejection? Are pauses necessarily neglect? In Nepal he had blacked my eye and called me "*mon âme*," but, then again, I am not such an easy person to get along with, and nobody ever really has forever and forever, because if I once tell myself I don't want that other thing anymore, then why am I always feeling it has never happened to me when it just isn't happening with me right now?

Right this minute, as a matter of fact, I'm afraid that's about all you will be able to get of my personal life from these memoirs. There must be times when one wants only to sit back and read a good book about the lives of others and, if not, why not now?

3.

For his ways with spare parts Paul Garheit was not to be denied, but there were just so many times when he would not, and when and where was usually a matter of safety, or his convenience, or perhaps both. It was usually when we were in flight.

Paul was a German mechanic by trade. I never held that against him. He grunted a lot when he worked. I never held that against him either, because he serviced my plane better than almost anybody previously. I came to love his grease-stained coveralls, fingers, and coarse, blond, crew-cut hair. After I ran across him in New Zealand, together we made my second barnstorming tour of the Far East. Paul was so expert he was not always an easy man to get along with, and then, too, he could be so very silent. It was almost like a kind of communion.

Paul taught me things about feathering and flaps I had never dreamed were possible. We flew by instruments together to deliver mail to really far-out outposts in Coomanda and Clitinacia; eventually he made me trade in my Ford with the twin sixty Pratt Whitneys for a huge old Fokker with a pressurized cabin that was, oddly enough, much more maneuverable, and could attain to altitudes which, as I say, I had never dreamed possible.

I always considered myself pretty lucky to have such a man in constant attendance over my equip-

ment. I was then earning rather small sums at crop-spraying which, in the inflated currencies of that period, quickly were expended on trifles, and there were times, believe me, when I couldn't be sure how my next meal would be coming to us.

As I say, Paul was a fine teacher, but he could be coarse and was easily cross with me when I made mistakes, and never very capable of much real tenderness except about the plane itself, which he adored, which is too bad because I think he missed out on a lot of living, though he really had his own special thing he did with the wrench and pliers that I, for one, was never quite able to put down. For the work I got out of him I loved him and was properly ungrateful, though he was always well paid.

* * *

When Paul Garheit left my life I stopped wearing underpants altogether for five long years.

There were still parts of the globe that had not been navigated by air, including sections of the Hudson's Bay.

For a while I found I had a full life, a crowded life, and what was left of it beyond flying was often spent weeping, until I could turn my head to more practical matters.

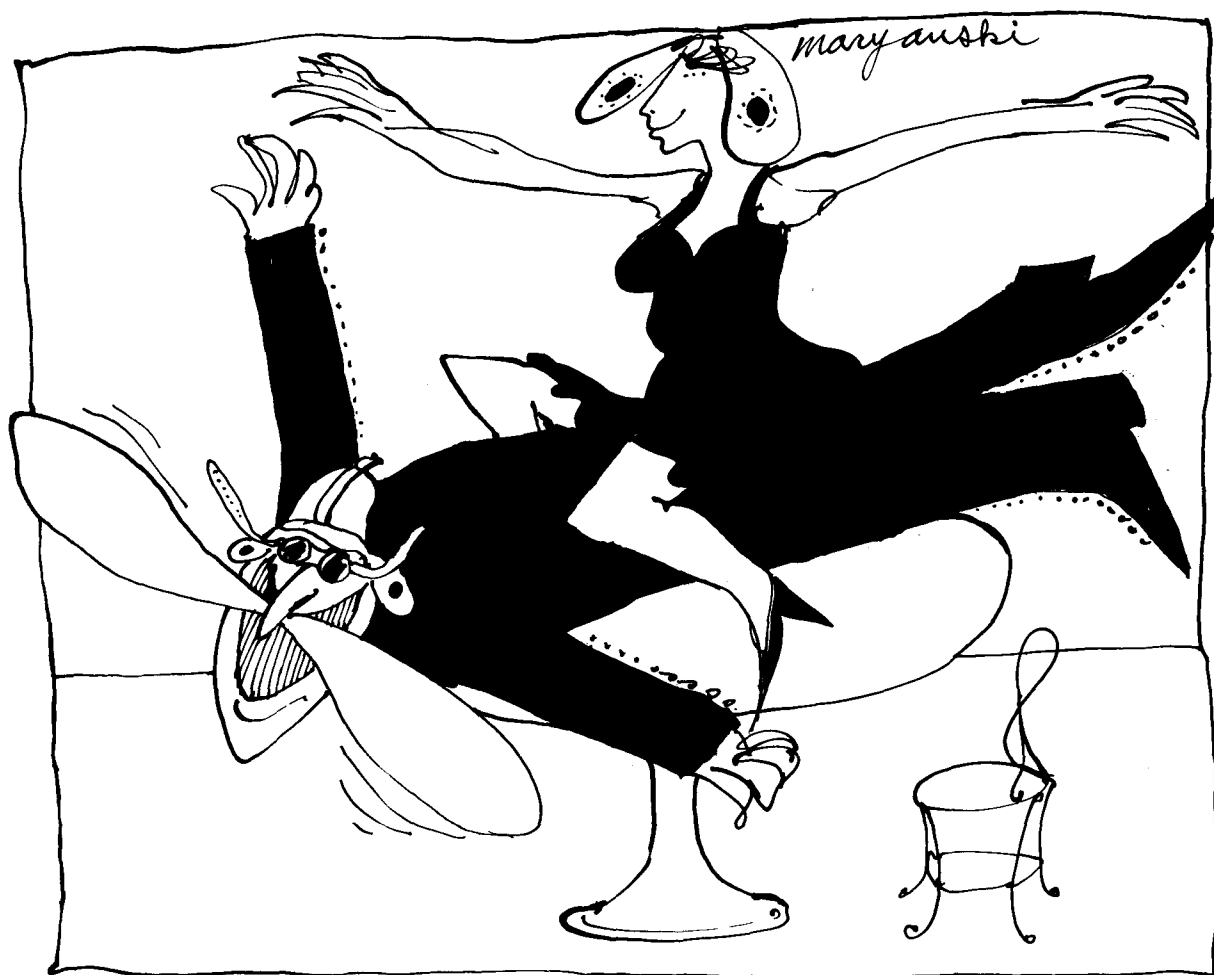
In those days, I hung around, for the most part, with much younger aviators, both male and female. Though rather inexperienced, for the most part, as fliers, they often came rather well instructed.

If, as I suppose, I was sort of a help to them too, I never felt in such company completely like myself. It was like being suddenly handed the stick when all you wanted to do, really, was lie back and quietly stargaze.

I suppose it was their fault as much as mine. The young are ignorant and callous but they will insist on taking over, always, and sometimes they are more subtle about things than they let on.

In any case, my feelings were too easily hurt. I am, after all, a woman. When it seemed as if I had given away a million bucks in practical advice for nothing, I decided to make a start at writing these memoirs.

That was the summer of the last Paraguayan Exposition when I did skywriting and, at first, it came easily to me. My early life had been so clouded over with small griefs and minor irritations that it was no trouble at all to show how my mother and father had never wanted me though when I came to the point where both died in a car crash on a two-lane highway near Quog, I decided we all had certain bitter pills to swallow, like forgiveness, and I revised, mostly for my own sake, but also for profit. The present volume is all I really wish to share with the world at large who are my public, and maybe not even so much finally because I am fifty-nine, and if nothing much is happening that's



new to my life maybe it will again fairly soon, if I am really very patient.

* * *

Pretty soon I would like to learn how to fly under water.

When the air has a breath like mimosa dust it can still make me sneeze for joy; I am glad to be alive.

Pleasures like that have always been so momentary for me, nothing more. I am always sorry to have to look away and leave them far behind.

It may just be a matter of time. I find the older I get I get even older, as if by some fierce weird progression of spirit, so that if every crash landing is not the occasion to try again in a better faster craft, it will certainly be so for someone else, or other.

For example, people like you are always wondering if you and I couldn't get together on a flight somewhere. About such things I have learned to have a certain amount of phlegm. Sooner or later, I say, if not now, then later. here, or on the astral plane.

* * *

That time I went to Buenos Aires was certainly not the high point of my life, though it was far

from the worst. That was easily the time I went to Bogota, Colombia.

Buenos Aires was the time with Alfredo, an Italian gentleman from Brazil, who was surely not a good friend, although the attraction we had for each other was mutual.

In fact, some people were saying love at first sight. He wasn't famous. He wasn't very rich. He wasn't even very good at flying, but he was like a prince of a fellow to me, and that was more than I had ever bargained for.

When people say they lived happily ever after they are talking about Alfredo and myself, for as long as it lasted, which doesn't mean we didn't have our problems, too, just like any other young couple in love.

In Buenos Aires, to begin with, our sort of people can be very selfish, and it was hard to meet up with our peers, much less friends of similar convictions.

The whole trip down by air I was madly in love with Alfredo and his moustaches that sometimes seemed like whirling propellers.

Life along the Pampas was dull for most of the pampered set in which we moved, a prop wash of the good old days of the Boom, and, in the main, I found Argentina sort of dirty that year, like most

everything is nowadays, but I can tell you Bogota was certainly no better, if not much worse.

It so happened the trip back up, I'm happy to report, was certainly not so very unpleasant, though it mostly was for a while around the outer edges of the Mato Grosso where, because of all the heat and flies, I got airsick the first time ever.

To be truly considerate, it is fair to say there were flies everywhere except on dear Alfredo, he being sort of native to the place, and the heat came and went in spasms that were truly breathtaking when you weren't feeling all sweaty under your thick rubberized flying suit.

Near Moltafuega Do Belem particles of a light so charged they clung everywhere clung to myself and Alfredo so that I felt we had surely to pull something off to get free, though what exactly puzzles me even to this day.

You'll note I do not mention his three-year-old boy, Gazo.

In fact, I rarely quote Alfredo exactly on any subject, just as I leave aside myself, in the main.

It's a matter of some convenience for me to remember, now that I am getting old, the men in my life only by the trips we once took together, and not in any lurid detail.

I guess you really can't expect to be any different if you still hope for the best.

Ours is a generation that has not so much died out as been incorporated.

It seems they were all waiting to die, or, as we say, getting ready for death, anyway, and since it is always out there, waiting for every one of us someday, the mere fact that they suddenly decided to join themselves to it like blowflies in midair is not much of an excuse for quite so much resignation.

I guess I'm not making enough sense, am I? I love death just as much as the next girl, which is why, when I have been feeling good, I have lived such a life as this, but ever since the vertigo attacks began and my subsequent hospitalization, I've always felt a whole lot closer to it, like now, that it almost has a certain smell.

Would you believe, subsequently, the happiness I have known has always been so tentative that sometimes when a piston has misfired, or a fuel line snapped, I have felt the need so strongly to be good to the next person who came into my life, whoever he or she was, that as I grow older I sometimes feel it may not happen again soon because there is just not enough time left in the world to tip one's wings for everybody, including myself, and certainly nowhere near enough, I sus-

pect, to tell you of all the truly marvelous things I've seen and done which is, after all, the subject of this brief autobiographical memoir.

4.

If and when I do die I want the following: a funeral, mourners, a procession, preferably of my good friends, and a slab of that excellent cozy French Brie they sell in the store on the corner of Eighth and Sixth Avenues, if anybody should happen to be passing by there at the time.

It's about the same way I feel as on the subject of reincarnation.

Weddings are quite another matter, and confirmations.

* * *

If I have anything to say to the woman of today it is be strong, stand by your man, life is worth living at any cost, and it is better to sleep with a live hero by your side than to have to, as I once did, cast the ashes of a former lover across all of Central Park while intoning Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* as if this were poetry.

The second thing I want to say to the woman of today makes just as much sense under certain circumstances: Be happy, and lead your own life. If any man says he wants to go along with you, all the better. Sooner or later, sister, you're bound to meet up with someone who will, and, if not, why?

It is just not too much to ask of a man that he be faithful to you and, even if it is, it's worth trying.

Long ago I read of a witch who could cure all men of their infirmities with the simple panacea we have come to call dying.

Now if there is any group I know of that has been bad-mouthed, it is certainly witches.

The sister in question did what she did because she believed it was pretty hard to be a man and remain happy, though I'm sure some people would say she was being hostile.

Some people are always saying a lot of things that just aren't so.

You know and I know how much we have to take from the average male to keep him even remotely happy.

I think it's about time women like ourselves had something to say about who we were keeping happy, and who not.

Because if there's one more thing I can say to the woman of today it is they have no right whatsoever to expect happiness unless they are prepared, occasionally, to treat their sisters as they would themselves and maybe, even, gently enough, I'm sure, let a few good men down. □

IN ORDER TO TALK ABOUT WINE, YOU HAVE TO LEARN THE LANGUAGE.

Wine has its own language, not in order to be uppity or anything like that.

Rather, wine words are used in an effort to describe taste sensations—an impossible task from the start since taste can't really be put into words, and everyone has a different sense of it.

Be that as it may, here is a glossary of wine terms brought to you by Inglenook, the most expensive wine made in America.

We've divided our vocabulary into two sections in order to cover those words which describe taste sensations observed in the mouth and those observed in the nose.

WORDS OF MOUTH.

ACIDITY: The essential natural sourness which gives bite on the tongue. It is an important keeping quality and contributes to bouquet.

BALANCED: The best combination of physical components—fruit, alcohol, tannin, acid, and the less tangible grace elements of "breed," "character," and "finesse."

BIG: A wine strong of flavor and high in alcohol and acidity.

BODY: The feeling of weight in the mouth, a tactile sense of substance that depends on the solids in solution and which distinguishes heavy from light wines.

CHARACTER: Complexity in a wine that shows unmistakable and distinctive features, possibly defying precise description.

DELICATE: A light and agreeable balance of flavor and quality.

DEPTH: Subtle richness giving a feeling of many flavor-layers.

DRY: Complete absence of sweetness.

EARTHY: A mineral or organic taste of the soil or terrain.

FINE: Superior overall quality and complexity.

FINISH: The "aftertaste," or the firm and distinctive flavor remaining after swallowing a well-balanced wine.

FOXY: Describing the distinctive spicy tang of native American grapes.

FULL-BODIED: Thick in the tactile sense.

LIGHT: Slender of body.

LUSCIOUS: All the balance qualities of softness, sweetness, fruitiness and ripeness.

MELLOW: Soft, ripe and well-matured.

NOBLE: Wine of consistent and continuing great quality and elegance.

NUTTY: A crisp, almost salty taste used to describe some heavy, dry white wines and Sherry.

RICH: A full, but not necessarily sweet, combination of fruit, flavor and body.

RIPE: Wine in its full bloom of maturity and mellowness.



Foxy wine.

ROBUST: Tough, full-bodied wine with much tannin that makes it appear immature, though it may develop in time.

VELVETY: An expression of soft, silky smoothness, implying complexity and quality.

VIGOROUS: A lively, healthy, winy sense of taste descriptive of developing young wines.

WORDS OF NOSE.

ACIDITY: Present and natural in all grapes and wines. Proper acidity in a young wine gives it liveliness and a pleasant mouthwatering quality.

AROMA: The perfume of the grape, in contrast to "bouquet" which is the smell of the wine itself.

BOUQUET: The smell of wine, being characteristic odors developed by oxidation of fruit acids and alcohol.

CLEAN: The absence of foreign or unpleasant smells.

DEEP: A bouquet of full, rich and lasting quality.

FLINTY: The smell of struck flint, typical of certain austere dry wines from high mineral soil.

FRAGRANT: Attractively and naturally scented.

FRUITY: A pleasantly ripe but not necessarily grapy smell.

GRAPY: A rich, sweet aroma produced by certain grape varieties.

NOSE: The combined bouquet and aroma of a wine.

PERFUME: A quality of bouquet developed in the maturing process, as opposed to aroma.

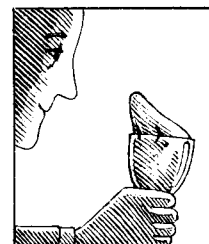
SPICY: Rich and herb-like.

STALKY: A descriptive smell of damp twigs.

WOODY: A particular smell derived from aging in oak casks.



Bouquet.



The nose of wine.

WINE LANGUAGE, SELF TAUGHT.

Of course, the best way to learn the language of wine is not from a book or a list of words like this, but rather from the wine you drink.

And if you buy the best wine you can afford, expressions like "such body," "such balance," and "such bouquet" will spring to mind.

Such is the case with Inglenook.

When tasted against the finest French wines at the National Auction of Rare European and American wines, Inglenook Estate Bottled wine evoked an outpouring of superlatives which included most of the above and some no one had ever heard of.

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LET'S TRADE THE VAN DYCK AND THE REMBRANDT FOR THE GIORGIONE

The Inside Story of the Mellon Art Collection

by John Walker

It is surprising that Pittsburgh should have produced two of the greatest collectors in history: Andrew Mellon and Henry Clay Frick. Both were businessmen and in their early days the business community in Pittsburgh regarded collecting with suspicion, if not with distaste. There is a revealing report handed in to Andrew Mellon's father, Judge Thomas Mellon, who had sent an agent from his bank to investigate Frick as a credit risk and was told: "Lands good, ovens well built, manager on job all day, keeps books evenings, may be a little too enthusiastic about pictures but not enough to hurt."

On further acquaintance Judge Mellon must have come to like the young and enterprising coke manufacturer, who became one of his son's closest friends. Frick was five years older than Andrew Mellon, and thus somewhat more sophisticated. He acted as mentor when in their twenties, in 1880, the two traveled to Europe for the first time. Mellon returned bringing with him a painting for which he had paid a thousand dollars, and businessmen who had admired his sagacity began to question their judgment.

Through Frick, Andrew Mellon met a partner in Knoedler and Company, Charles S. Carstairs, a man of considerable social charm who was far more influential in the formation of American collections than is generally known. From 1899 until the twenties virtually every picture that Mellon bought came from Knoedler's. And even though Mellon met Joseph Duveen during the twenties, he continued to buy chiefly from Knoedler's. It was only at the end of his life that he made important purchases from the rival firm. With one exception, when he negotiated for a picture directly with the owner, everything of significance he acquired came either from Knoedler's or Duveen.

In 1900 Andrew Mellon was married. He brought his bride from a beautiful country house in England to an ugly, and for a Pittsburgher already rich, rather modest residence on Forbes Street, a part of the East End of Pittsburgh which remains strikingly unattractive. Paul Mellon, his son, has said of his first home: "The halls were dark, the walls were dark, and outside Pittsburgh itself was very dark." Perhaps in an effort to mitigate the bleakness of these surroundings, the inventory of Knoedler's showed that in 1899 Andrew Mellon spent more than \$20,000 on pictures. He bought, however, paintings which can be described only as mediocre and which have all mercifully disappeared. For Troyon's *Cows in a Meadow*, the most expensive canvas that year, he paid \$17,000; for Cazin's *Moonlight Effects*, \$3000; and for Van Boskerck's *Sunset, Pulborough, Sussex*, perhaps to make his wife less homesick, \$750. Many years later he asked Roland Knoedler: "When I first started buying pictures, why didn't you offer me Gainsboroughs, Rembrandts, Frans Hals, et

cetera?" To which the dealer replied: "Because you would not have bought them." One wonders whether this is quite true.

The evolution of Andrew Mellon as a collector, up to about 1928, seems to have passed through three phases: the first was his rather naïve acquisition of overvalued Barbizon painters and their entourage—pictures intended to be hung in his first house. Clanging streetcars and dusty traffic, however, must have made his life on Forbes Street grim. In 1916 he bought a more suitable residence on Woodland Road, one of the few pleasant and restricted streets in the East End of Pittsburgh. The house, built by Alexander Laughlin, a partner in the steel firm of Jones & Laughlin, was vaguely Jacobean in style. It was surrounded by attractive gardens, and it managed to suggest, even in the smoky atmosphere of Pittsburgh, the civilized charm of an English country house. This must have pleased Andrew Mellon, who had long since fallen under the spell of England, a country he visited repeatedly, spending many of his happiest days there. It was this Anglophilia which, outside his business, molded his life; and it was the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square which always remained for him the ideal museum and the model for the institution he was to establish in Washington.

In the daytime the house on Woodland Road was as full of sunshine as the smoke of Pittsburgh's blast furnaces and steel mills permitted: but at night one had a general sense of gloom, the darkness broken by patches of light where reflectors on paintings illumined the muted colors of English and Dutch portraits and landscapes. I remember on one occasion seeing emerge from the shadows a frail, fastidiously dressed man with high cheekbones, silver hair, and a carefully trimmed moustache. He was most impressive in an aristocratic, patrician way. I found him, however, exceptionally silent, as I tried my best to convey my admiration for his collection. He was inarticulate on the subject of art. Even the names of the artists whose works he owned occasionally escaped him. But from the way he looked at his paintings, from the sheer intensity of his scrutiny, I knew that he had a deep feeling for what he collected, a relationship to his pictures which I have rarely found in the many collectors I have known.

The canvases in the house on Woodland Road introduced the second phase of Andrew Mellon's collecting. They were all of excellent quality, and many of them are now in the National Gallery of Art.

When he became Secretary of the Treasury in



*Andrew W. Mellon on his 75th birthday, 1930.
See page 82 for a biographical sketch.*

1921, he rented an apartment at 1785 Massachusetts Avenue. More masterpieces arrived to decorate his new residence. His taste was still personal, not institutional. As he wrote the Duchess of Rutland in 1926, "I have no gallery with paintings or tapestries. I have only those paintings and a few tapestries which I have acquired from time to time when I had suitable places in my residence. I have not had occasion to consider acquisition of such for public purposes."

He seems to have wanted paintings which would offer him an escape into an ideal world filled with civilized human beings, often portrayed in the midst of beautiful scenery. Passing much of his life in Washington among dreary officeholders and in Pittsburgh, where day after day he faced the smoke and dirty fog which produced his wealth, he wished to dream of a pleasanter environment. His portraits of George IV and the Duchess of Devonshire by Gainsborough, of Miss Urquhart by Raeburn, of Lady Caroline Howard by Reynolds, offered imaginary companionship with people whose personalities did not jar and whose presence did not in any way affect his reticence. Similarly, his views of the flat terrain of Holland bathed in crystalline air, and his scenes of English country life illumined by the dappled sunshine falling through fleecy clouds, gave him glimpses of landscape which obliterated for a moment the constantly settling soot outside his office windows.

He did not want to look at faces which reminded him of the politicians who were his enforced associates. Duveen once sent him Raphael's *Portrait of Giuliano de' Medici*, ultimately acquired by Bache. It was returned, and Andrew Mellon wrote Helen Frick, who must have subsequently contemplated its purchase, "It seemed to me a strong work but not particularly attractive for a private living room." Was there also some intuitive doubt about the picture's attribution, a position taken by a number of recent scholars? The painting is now admittedly a copy after Raphael and will be so catalogued by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

But more probably it was, as he said, the personality of the sitter which he found distasteful. During this second phase of his collecting, he also avoided religious pictures. This meant that for the time being very few Italian pictures entered his collection. Crucifixions were particularly distasteful to him. When he finally acquired a Crucifixion by Perugino, it was a scene of sublime tranquillity without a suggestion of suffering. Nudes, too, were anathema. The partially undraped *Venus with a Mirror* by Titian is the closest to a nude in his collection. These were Andrew Mellon's prejudices and preferences as a collector. But when he decided to establish the National Gallery, he put aside his aversion to religious art, though not to nudes.

The exact date of his decision to make his col-

lection the nucleus of a new museum, which marks the third phase of his collecting, is difficult to place. Duveen, during Andrew Mellon's tax trial (see box on page 82), said they had discussed the formation of the gallery as early as 1923, but a few random remarks could easily have been considered a discussion by a witness anxious to show an intimate friendship which was largely non-existent. The letter to the Duchess of Rutland written in 1926 can, I believe, be taken at its face value. He was still not buying "for public purposes."

But in the latter part of 1927 he seems to have made up his mind. He discussed the museum he proposed to build with David Finley, his personal assistant at the Treasury, and with his usual flair for choosing the right person for the job, said that he wanted Finley to be the first director. In 1928 in his diary he noted: "Ailsa [his daughter] telephoned in morning from No. 1 Sutton Place. Has just arrived from Boston. Asks if I have given art gallery to the Government." This is the first documented mention of his intentions. From then on there are frequent references to his search for a suitable site for the new building.

The nature of his collecting also changed, and, by a fortunate coincidence, two years later he was given the greatest opportunity that has occurred in the twentieth century to form the nucleus of a collection for a great National Gallery. Paintings from the Hermitage Gallery in Leningrad had come on the market.

The history of these Russian sales is enormously complex. In the late 1920s the USSR was swarming with hopeful art dealers, but the Hermitage seems to have remained inaccessible. It was Armand Hammer who, early in 1928, made the first attempt to penetrate it. Acting for Max Steuer, the well-known New York lawyer, who was probably in turn employed by Duveen, Hammer offered \$5,000,000 for forty masterpieces, far too little, as the commissar in charge pointed out with considerable irritation. He was then authorized to offer \$2,000,000 for a single painting, the *Benois Madonna* by Leonardo da Vinci. Miko-yan, whom he consulted, indicated that \$2,600,000 might buy the picture, but Steuer or Duveen would not raise the bid.

Shortly thereafter, Calouste Gulbenkian, having successfully advised the Russians on how to dump their oil in the world market, found himself exceptionally popular with the commissars—a popularity which helped him buy for his own collection the first of the Hermitage paintings and sculpture to be sold. But one particular dealer, Zatzenstein, he told me, gave him a great deal of trouble, and to keep prices down and avoid competition, he tried to use the Matthiesen Gallery in Berlin, Zatzenstein's firm, as his agent.

Zatzenstein refused Gulbenkian's terms. He decided, when he learned the Hermitage collection was really for sale, that it would be more profitable to buy on his own. But he had little or no capital. He asked help from Colnaghi's, the oldest dealer in London. They suffered from the same debility. They had, however, joined with Knoedler's in many enterprises, and Knoedler's had an asset beyond all price: a client named Andrew Mellon. Consequently a triangular partnership was worked out between Knoedler's, Colnaghi's, and the Matthiesen Gallery.

When it became evident that the Matthiesen Gallery and Colnaghi's really had the means of procuring pictures from the Hermitage, Charles Henschel, the president of Knoedler and Company, on January 15, 1930, wrote his European representative George Davey the following letter:

Dear George:

As you know, there has been a lot of talk for the last year of some of the Hermitage pictures being sold. This now seems to have come to a definite head. I had a cable from Gutekunst saying that they had a specific price of £80,000 [\$400,000] on the Rubens "Portrait of Helena Fourment," and £50,000 [\$250,000] on the "Titus," Rembrandt, Bode 447. [Both were subsequently bought by Gulbenkian.] He wanted an immediate answer as to whether or not we would definitely buy these pictures. I telephoned him to London yesterday morning and told him that we could not conclude a matter of this kind in such a hurry. Further, I told him that we were prepared to buy a number of these pictures for a good round sum, provided we got the pictures that we wanted and not necessarily the pictures that they wanted to sell. My idea was that if we purchased about £500,000 [\$2,500,000] worth, it would tempt them, and we could then get some other pictures on consignment from them. Zatzenstein has apparently put this matter up to Gutekunst. I, on the other hand, have been working this through another source. I am perfectly willing, however, to cooperate with Zatzenstein and Gutekunst in the matter, and told this to Gutekunst.

. . . I thought the best way to handle this would be for you to get the particulars from Gutekunst and then make arrangements with Zatzenstein to see the pictures. . . .

In selecting the pictures, we want to bear in mind the attractiveness of the subject and the size and condition. For instance, the Rubens that Gutekunst cabled about is doubtless a very fine picture, but it is a full-length and a bad shape; consequently it is not the sort of picture we would be willing to put much money into,—certainly not any such sum as £80,000 [\$400,000]. It may be worth this sum to some people, but not to us.

Regarding the Titus Rembrandt, I can only judge from what is said in the books and from the size. Based on the fine self-portrait we bought a year ago, this picture would not be worth more than approximately half, or around £25,000 [\$125,000], possibly a shade more.

To understand fully Henschel's letter one needs to know something of the cast of characters involved. Gutekunst was the head of Colnaghi's, and his partner, Gus Mayer, played a leading role in all the Russian transactions. The source of the information that purchases from the Hermitage were possible was, of course, the Matthiesen Gallery, which made its contact with Knoedler's through Colnaghi's. The Matthiesen Gallery was headed by Zatzenstein, whose assistant, Mansfeld, seems to have been their "man in Moscow." To complicate matters further, at some point Zatzenstein, born Katzenstein, changed his name to that of the company he headed, and in later life when I knew him was called Matthiesen.

Carman Messmore, another Knoedler partner, immediately got in touch with his client, Andrew Mellon, and proposed an ingenious arrangement. In a letter of April 24, 1930, recapitulating a verbal agreement, he wrote:

Dear Mr. Mellon,

. . . It is understood that you have authorized us to purchase for you certain paintings from the Hermitage collection in Petrograd, and that if you decide to retain them you will pay us a commission of 25% of the cost price. In the event you do not wish to keep any of them, it is understood that we will sell them for your account, and pay 25% of the profit on the price we receive for them.

We have shown you reproductions of the paintings which we decided to purchase from the above Collection, and it is understood that we will acquire them at a price at which we consider they can be disposed of, should you not care to retain them, of approximately 50% profit.

Meanwhile, in March, as an earnest of the Soviet commitment to sell, one picture, *Lord Philip Wharton* by Van Dyck, had arrived in New York and been bought by Mr. Mellon for \$250,000. In April, a Frans Hals and two Rembrandts were added at a cost of \$575,000, a very reasonable sum even in 1930.

It is apparent from the correspondence that Charles Henschel was only reluctantly enthusiastic about dealing with the Soviets and he was determined to get the Russian paintings at the lowest possible price. If Mellon did not take them, he would have to sell them at a 50 percent profit and pay out 25 percent to his client. There was also the liquidity squeeze brought on by the Depression. In 1932, when the Mellon Russian purchases were over, the situation was so serious that Charles Henschel had to write Andrew Mellon, then Ambassador in London, asking for financial assistance. Knoedler's normally had a line of credit with New York banks amounting to more than a million dollars, but this had been cut in half when the banks began reducing their loans. Doubtless

Mellon assisted Knoedler's, just as the Mellon bank helped Duveen in similar circumstances. But throughout the Knoedler correspondence the endless efforts to get the Soviets to reduce prices put a severe strain on Knoedler's relations with Matthiesen and Colnaghi's.

In this connection Charles Henschel received a significant wireless from Gus Mayer of Colnaghi's.

GULBENKIAN IS BUYER OF TITUS [by Rembrandt] AND FOURMENT [by Rubens] WHEN OFFERS ARE NOW MADE HE AND OTHERS ARE GIVEN OPPORTUNITY TO OUTBID HAVE TOLD MANSFELD TO TRY TO REVERSE THIS POSITION IN OUR FAVOUR . . . JOE [Duveen] DEVELOPING FRANTIC ACTIVITY AND TALKS OF GOING EAST HIMSELF
(Signed) GUS

It seems likely that this wireless was sent on February 25, 1930, when Henschel was returning to New York after his trip to London of February 7, referred to in his letter to Davey.

The three firms seem to have been suspicious of each other. Davey was not permitted to make the trip to Leningrad suggested by Henschel. He did not get there until early in April, and then he wrote a letter to Henschel critical of the sales possibilities and of his London and Berlin partners.

Dear Carl,¹

. . . From what I could see and learn, I do not think they [the Soviets] have the intention of selling any of the best pictures. They seem to be pretty well posted as to what they have. . . . Zatzenstein did not help in any way: in fact I felt that he was not pleased at all on my going to Russia and seemed frightened lest I should see any of the authorities. I am sorry now that I have followed his advice as I had only to ask a friend of mine to give me a card for the Head of the Hermitage who would have shown me everything and I could have made then a better report. Still, if something turns up very seriously, it is easy for me to run there. Through my friend, I could have got all the pictures I wanted by simply giving him a commission of 10% or even 5% at a pinch.

It is interesting to note that both Henschel and Davey felt they could buy from the Hermitage without going through Colnaghi's and Matthiesen. But the fact remains that the Hammer brothers failed, Duveen failed, Wildenstein, apart from what assistance he may have given Gulbenkian, failed. To none of their firms would the Soviets part with their Hermitage masterpieces, though Victor and Armand Hammer felt that they could have made a deal had their mysterious client been less parsimonious.

Zatzenstein, perhaps because he was thought sympathetic to Communism, had the confidence of

the commissars. He dealt only with Antiquariat, the official organization for the sale of Russian art, and he paid cash for each transaction. He knew the Hermitage officials were opposed to the sales, but he also knew that they were powerless. The Soviet Treasury wanted money, and its executives were the final authority.

It is, at first, surprising that Duveen was frustrated in his dealings with the Soviets. It was the outstanding failure of his career. In his testimony at Mr. Mellon's tax trial he gave an explanation of his frustration. He said the Soviets would not do business with him because he was buying for his own account. "They gave me to understand," he said, "as a matter of fact they made the statement: 'If we were to sell these things to a dealer and he were to make a large profit on them, our heads would be cut off.' He pointed his finger up to his throat . . . and I thought, well, maybe you ought not to sell them out of the country." Assuming that Duveen told the truth, it is fortunate the Soviets did not know of Mr. Henschel's arrangements with Mr. Mellon to sell anything rejected for a 50 percent profit. Luckily for the commissars, Mr. Mellon took everything.

But Duveen's explanation, though plausible, is dubious. Knoedler's bought French paintings from the Soviets through the Matthiesen Gallery in 1932 and sold them to private collectors. Saemy Rosenberg also made purchases of furniture and objects of the decorative arts in the 1920s, and the Hammer brothers filled their gallery with Soviet art, which they sold all over the United States at a large profit. It seems more likely that Duveen was persona non grata to the Soviets for some other reason. Perhaps they feared his characteristic love of publicity, whereas in dealing with the triple partnership of Matthiesen, Colnaghi's, and Knoedler's, they could count on discretion. They knew their sales would be kept in confidence.

In spite of the discouraging letter of April 15 from Davey, Charles Henschel was so pleased by his sale of the first four pictures from the Hermitage to Andrew Mellon that he decided to visit Russia himself. He departed in the first days of May, 1930. The picture that Mr. Mellon particularly wanted was the Van Eyck *Annunciation*, but the negotiations between the Matthiesen Gallery and the Soviets had dragged on unsuccessfully for some time. One day while at sea crossing to England, Henschel was called to the telephone. (The *Olympic* had one of the first telephones to be installed on a transatlantic steamship.) It was Mansfeld who said, "The Russian Ilyn is in Berlin and says they will sell the Van Eyck if they get \$500,000 for it." Henschel then telephoned Carman Messmore in New York; Messmore took a train to Washington and telephoned back: "Mr. Mellon

(continued on page 81)

¹The more intimate first name used by Charles Henschel's friends.

FROM THE MELLON COLLECTION





2.



3.

1. *MARCHESA BALBI* by Sir Anthony van Dyck
2. *THE ANNUNCIATION* by Jan van Eyck
3. *PORTRAIT OF A MAN* by Andrea del Castagno
4. *A POLISH NOBLEMAN* by Rembrandt van Ryn



4.



5.

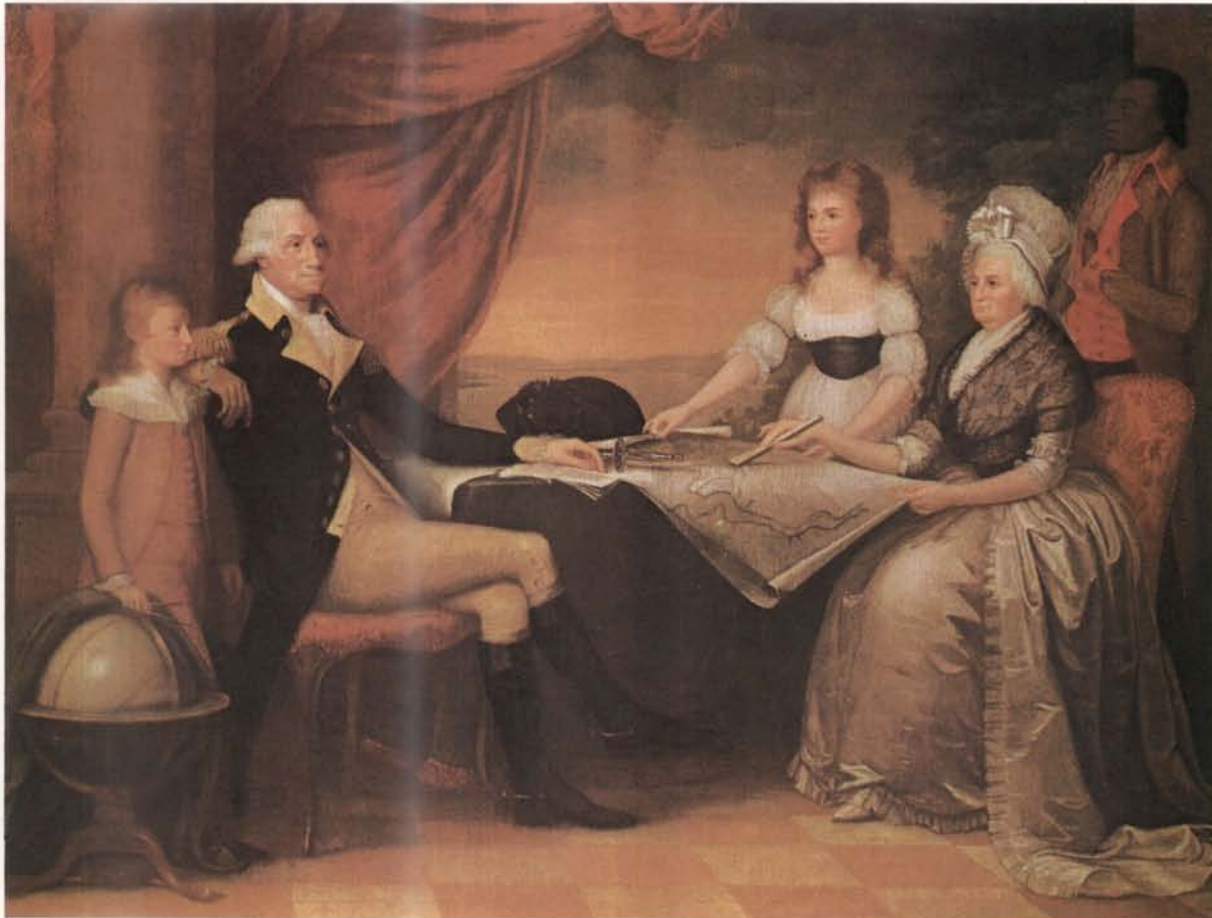


6.

5. *THE GIRL WITH A RED HAT* by Jan Vermeer

6. *LADY BROUGHTON* by George Romney

7. *THE WASHINGTON FAMILY* by Edward Savage



7.





9.

- 8. *PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH* attributed to
Filippino Lippi
- 9. *LA CAMARGO DANCING* by Nicolas
Lancret
- 10. *PORTRAIT OF A LADY* by Rogier van der
Weyden
- 11. *THE HOUSE OF CARDS* by Jean-Baptiste-
Siméon Chardin



10.



11.



12.

12. *A VIEW ON A HIGH ROAD* by Meindert Hobbema
13. *PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH* by Botticelli
14. *THE MADONNA OF HUMILITY* attributed to Masaccio
15. *PROFILE PORTRAIT OF A LADY*, Franco-Flemish School, early 15th century, formerly attributed to Pisanello
16. *THE MARQUESA DE PONTEJOS* by Francisco de Goya
17. *EDWARD VI AS A CHILD* by Hans Holbein the Younger
18. *THE CRUCIFIXION WITH THE VIRGIN, SAINT JOHN, SAINT JEROME, AND SAINT MARY MAGDALEN* by Pietro Perugino
19. *THE FINDING OF MOSES* by Paolo Veronese



13.



14.

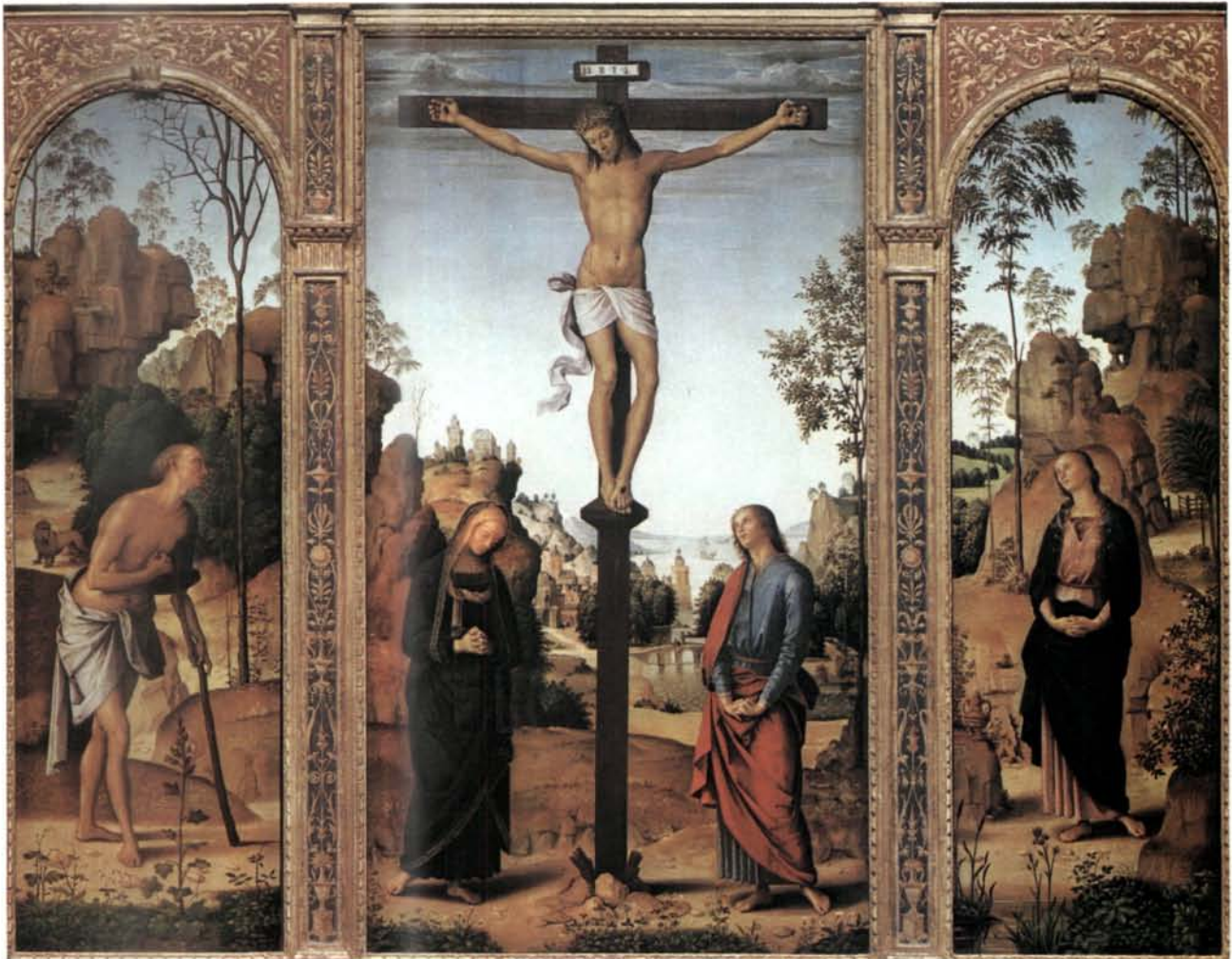




16.



17.



18.



says to go ahead and buy the picture as cheaply as you can and he will send the money to our account in the Guarantee Trust Company in London." A few days later in Berlin, Ilyn, who as general manager of Antiquariat acted for the Soviets, received his check and delivered the painting. Nothing from Russia was ever fully paid for until delivered, though there was often a 10 percent payment on reaching an agreement.

Henschel's trip to Russia was productive, though apparently the negotiators, Henschel and his nephew Balay from Knoedler's, and Gus Mayer from Colnaghi's, hated every minute of their stay. None of them spoke Russian except Mansfeld, the Matthiesen Gallery's agent, and all they could find to eat was sturgeon, caviar, and vodka. Henschel offered a cigarette to one of the officials of the Hermitage. It was wistfully refused with the remark that unless Henschel was prepared to give a cigarette to everyone at the Hermitage, including laborers and guards, the acceptance of such a gift by the official in question might very well cost him his job.

The dealers were delighted to leave the USSR, but they were also overjoyed at the progress they had made. Between June, 1930, and April, 1931, the following paintings were delivered to Mr. Mellon:

Botticelli	<i>Adoration of the Magi</i>
Raphael	<i>Alba Madonna</i>
Raphael	<i>Saint George and the Dragon</i>
Perugino	<i>Crucifixion</i>
Titian	<i>Venus with a Mirror</i>
Veronese	<i>The Finding of Moses</i>
Van Eyck	<i>The Annunciation</i>
Rubens	<i>Isabella Brant</i>
Van Dyck	<i>Susanna Fourment and Her Daughter</i>
Van Dyck	<i>William II of Nassau and Orange</i>
Hals	<i>Portrait of an Officer</i>
Rembrandt	<i>A Woman Holding a Pink</i>
Rembrandt	<i>Joseph Accused by Potiphar's Wife</i>
Velazquez	<i>Pope Innocent X</i>
Chardin	<i>The House of Cards</i>
Rembrandt	<i>A Turk</i>
Van Dyck	<i>Portrait of a Flemish Lady</i>

Some of these were received in Berlin at the Matthiesen Gallery and some were brought to New York. The last two to arrive were the *Alba Madonna* by Raphael and the *Venus with a Mirror* by Titian. These were brought by hand by Boris Kraevsky, member of the Collegium of the Commissariat for Foreign Trade, and Nicolas Ilyn. As good Communists they came to America steerage and stayed in a second-class hotel, but exhilarated by the sums of money involved (the payment for the two paintings was \$1,355,200) they shortly afterward moved to the Biltmore and returned home first-class.

It is difficult to comprehend why the few million dollars realized from the sale of works of art

seemed so important to the Soviets. The partners of Matthiesen and Co. were puzzled at the time. As Zatzenstein in his gloriously erratic English wrote Henschel on January 14, 1931, in the midst of negotiations, "Personally I never can understand why the Eastern people do sell—by their tremendous dumping on every market they get amounts of money so much more important than these comparatively poor sums, worked out of art-business, that I do not believe they are really forced sellers."

Despite the flow of foreign currency which he says the Soviets are realizing, Zatzenstein continues: "After concluding a deal the Russians instantly want money. To solve this difficult question we arranged with our bank a blocked account. This is to make it possible for the Russians to get immediately a credit on the money which is owed to them, for the time until the delivery of the pictures."

The letter was continued on February 9, as Zatzenstein had been ill. He goes on to say that Mansfeld was happily successful in getting "the Botticelli and the Rembrandt" and that he has received Henschel's confirmation of the purchase of the "Hanneman and Veronese." He has started, he adds, to refurbish the reputation of the Hanneman, a portrait of William II of Orange, "which always used to be considered a masterwork by Van Dyck." To do this he has had to offer Burckhardt and Gluck (the foremost authorities on Flemish paintings) 20,000 marks. He encloses letters from both ascribing the portrait, which is now in the National Gallery of Art, to Van Dyck, and he points out that for a Hanneman the £15,000 (\$75,000) they had paid was very dear, but for a Van Dyck they had a bargain.

He admits that Knoedler's has paid out "a tremendous sum . . . but you must not forget that you would have lost this business entirely . . . and you do not give care enough to the fact . . . that we are more or less a branch of Knoedler's, eagerly proceeding in the art to perform and exquisitely display how to be successful in social communication with Bolsheviki."

He continues:

What you write about Sir Joe [Duveen] was exact at the time when you sent me your letter. Meanwhile he got back a good part of his activity and I am afraid, trusting you are quite alone in the buying field, you will have some bad surprises. . . . After so much publicity, of course, things could not remain in secret, as it used to be, and besides the Russian people changed a good deal of their tactics, trying to come in touch with private people and museums. In fact they succeeded to sell a good deal of pictures between £1000 and £20,000 (\$5000 and \$100,000), as smaller examples by the French and Dutch Masters, but also pictures by Terborch, Metsu, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Raphael, and so on, at astonishing prices. . . . Recently Du-

veen renewed important offers for some of the finest pictures. . . .

In ordinary business, time works for you to get pictures cheaper. In this business the competition becomes wider and I am afraid we are going to loose [sic] one picture after another.

All the time I was following your instructions, but as you ask my personal judgment, I must tell you, that I am convinced that your way to work was a mistake, as every picture could have been bought much cheaper half a year ago. . . .

We all here are under the impression that you do not much believe in our ability of negotiating and that you therefore recently have the tactic not to give us your real price-ideas, to prevent us offering too much at the start. I very often explained you, that our counteragents are well informed and even too well informed what concerns top-prices, and that there is only a very small chance to buy cheap by making discoveries. To buy reasonable we did

our best and used all the tactics possible, and developed to be fit for the diplomatic service.

It is apparent from this anguished plea for understanding from Knoedler's German partner that Charles Henschel was trying to drive hard bargains to force the Russians to sell well below their estimates. With the benefit of hindsight it is all too evident that Zatzenstein was right. It is axiomatic that for priceless works of art it is folly to haggle over price. Was Andrew Mellon at fault? It was the beginning of the Depression and the prices of all commodities were falling. Many works of art also could be bought more cheaply. But the pictures which were being dumped on the market in New York and London were not the masterpieces of one of the greatest collections ever formed. It seems probable that Mr. Mellon did not fully realize that he was negotiating for paintings which

ANDREW MELLON, 1855-1937

Born, March 24, 1855, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, son of Thomas Mellon, lawyer, judge, banker. Mellon studied at Western University of Pennsylvania (now University of Pittsburgh), but left to join his father in business. He was president of what was to become the Mellon National Bank before he was thirty. With his brother Richard he directed the family banking fortune into new fields. Mellon money financed development of a process for electrolytic manufacture of aluminum; thereafter Mellon created the Aluminum Company of America. Mellon interests eventually included the Gulf Oil Company, the American Locomotive Company, the Standard Steel Car Company, the Worthington Pump Company, the Crucible Steel Company, the Pittsburgh Coal Company; light, power, construction, real estate, insurance, and other ventures. With the Frick estate he shared ownership of the Overholt Distillery (this disturbed strict prohibitionists). Mellon married Nora McMullen in 1900. They had two children, Paul and Ailsa. Following a long separation they were divorced in 1912.

Mellon remained little known to the public even after his expanding business empire made him one of the richest men in the country. In Pittsburgh he was described variously as "shy, sensitive," a slightly built, quiet man who "lived utterly to himself not going out socially or entertaining at his home." Then came his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury in 1921 by President Harding (acting on the recommendation of Senator Philander Knox, one of the many Pennsylvania Republican politicians whom Mellon backed financially). Resigning sixty corporate offices or directorships to take office at a time when his family's interests were estimated to be worth \$2 billion, Mellon ar-

ranged for many of his holdings to pass to members of his family. When his daughter Ailsa became his official hostess in Washington, the reclusive Mellon, according to the *New York Times*, "began to expand his acquaintanceship and take . . . pleasure in society again." At the time of his death *Newsweek* noted the picture official Washington formed of the Secretary: ". . . the pianist-like tapering hands, fumbling with specially made cigarette-sized cigars; the white mustache and silver hair of an old-school diplomat; and the dreamer's blue eyes under shaggy white eyebrows." Art collecting was his principal diversion, though he occasionally rode horseback, or played golf.

As Treasury Secretary, Mellon administered a consolidation of the national debt, and a reduction of it from its war-inflated level of \$26 billion in 1921 to about \$16 billion in the Depression year 1930, when it began to rise again. Corporate and personal income tax rates were lowered each year, with an emphasis on higher brackets. The Secretary spoke of "businesses which have not been started, and of new projects which have been abandoned, all for one reason—high surtaxes." Under his administration of the Treasury the United States became the first participant in World War I to balance its budget in postwar years. He negotiated agreements with European countries for repayment of war debts, but these did not survive the Depression. Through the 1920s he was commonly referred to as "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton."

With the onset of the Depression, Mellon became a target for critics charging business and party favoritism, and use of office for personal gain. House Speaker John Nance Garner of Texas, a leader of Democratic opposition to Mellon's tax

The Mellon Collection

could not be matched in the stock of Duveen, Wildenstein, or any other dealer in the world. He finally acquired twenty-one paintings of unique beauty and significance for \$6,654,000. It seemed a tremendous sum at the time, yet a single painting, the Radnor Velazquez, in 1970 brought almost as much as what he paid for the entire twenty-one masterpieces. One wishes the enthusiasm of Mr. Mellon and Mr. Henschel, faced with the greatest opportunity in the history of collecting, had been a little less reluctant.

With the delivery by Ilyn and Kraevsky of the last two pictures agreed upon, the Soviet representatives seem to have discussed with Henschel further acquisitions. For on April 11, 1931, Messmore wrote Andrew Mellon the most fascinating letter of all.

Dear Mr. Mellon:

I am enclosing all the facts we have been able to secure regarding the Giorgione and the two Leonardo da Vincis.

They have given us a price of 700 [thousand pounds, \$3,500,000] for these three pictures, and a price of 500 [thousand pounds, \$2,500,000] for the Giorgione and the "Benois" Leonardo.

They wish to include in this transaction at least three of the pictures on which they had previously given us the prices first mentioned below.

19 S. Martini	£15,000	[\$75,000]	£12,000	[\$60,000]
96 Murillo	40,000	[\$200,000]	30,000	[\$150,000]
163 de Hoogh	40,000	[\$200,000]	35,000	[\$175,000]
40 Cima	56,000	[\$280,000]	48,000	[\$240,000]

They have now named as the lowest prices they will take on these pictures the figures in the second column.

program through the 1920s, said on December 16, 1930:

That there is a close bond of sympathy between corporations that have been granted tax refunds and the Republican national organization is indicated in the recently published list of contributors to the Republican campaign fund. It may be a mere coincidence, but I attach considerable significance to the fact that each of the 17 individuals contributing \$10,000 to the Republican campaign funds has been a beneficiary of the extremely liberal policy of the United States Treasury with respect to tax refunds, credits, and abatements.

Historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., wrote years later:

Through family corporations, the Mellons shared in the grand barbecue. The *New York Times* reported in 1926 that the Secretary of the Treasury's relatives had made \$300 million in the bull market on aluminum and Gulf Oil alone. Nor did this exhaust the possibilities of family corporations. "Pursuant to your request for a memorandum setting forth the various ways by which an individual may legally avoid tax," wrote the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to the Secretary of the Treasury, "I am pleased to submit the following." The following consisted of ten possible methods of tax avoidance, five of which Mellon in time admitted under oath he actually employed.

When President Hoover sent Mellon to London as Ambassador in February, 1932, it was against a background of a congressional hearing on a proposal that Mellon be impeached for conflict of interest.

One year after Franklin Roosevelt took office, his Attorney General asked a Pittsburgh grand jury to indict Mellon, now retired to private life, for falsifying his 1931 tax return; the government

asked for \$3,089,261 in taxes and penalties. The grand jury refused to indict. In 1935 an angry Mellon, charging "political persecution," countered that in fact the government owed him \$139,045 in tax refunds. His attorney cited his client's plan to give the nation an art gallery, and told the United States Board of Tax Appeals: "God doesn't place in the hearts and minds of men such diverse and opposite traits as these; it is impossible to conceive of a man planning such benefactions as these and at the same time plotting and scheming to defraud his government." The wide-ranging case dragged on for two more years. In 1937 Mellon offered the country his art collection together with funds to build a National Gallery, a gift valued at the time of its acceptance at \$65 million. President Roosevelt thanked Mellon for "your very wonderful offer to the people of the United States."

Meanwhile Mellon's dispute with the government over his tax returns continued. In a profile of the government's prosecutor, Robert Jackson (later a Supreme Court justice), *Fortune* wrote in 1938: "The plain fact of the matter was that Mr. Mellon had made out his tax return in one economic era and was being prosecuted in another. . . ." In March, 1937, a federal court upheld Mellon's appeal for a refund; the government responded with new actions. In June Mellon's health began to fail and in August he died at the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. David K. E. Bruce. In December the Board of Tax Appeals dismissed the charge of income tax fraud, and a majority of the government's claims against Mellon, but found that the government was owed approximately \$600,000 on its original claim. The Mellon estate made a settlement of \$668,000 in June, 1938.

-The Editors

Please think over if you would like to offer them the following price for six pictures,—namely:

42 Giorgione	£170,000	[\$850,000]
30 Leonardo	120,000	[\$600,000]
31 Leonardo	100,000	[\$500,000]
163 de Hoogh	30,000	[\$150,000]
96 Murillo	10,000	[\$50,000]
19 Simone Martini	10,000	[\$50,000]
	£450,000	[\$2,250,000]

I have not included the Cima #40 for which their lowest price is £48,000 [\$240,000], as we do not consider it worth more than about £25,000 [\$125,000].

If we can conclude this deal advantageously, we will have secured all of the greatest pictures in the entire collection. As a matter of fact, the only three outstanding pictures which are left are the Giorgione and the two Leonardos. Later on, if we could secure the early Velazquez and the Filippino Lippi #20 at a low price, it might be wise to do so.

Messmore must have received some encouragement from his client, for a month later Henschel was in London negotiating with a representative of the USSR. On May 12, 1931, he wrote Messmore:

Dear Carman:

I told our Russian friend this morning that we would definitely not be interested in buying the Giorgione at the price that he wanted; he said this was perfectly all right and that he knew he could sell the picture to Joe [Duveen] and therefore we need not worry further about it. I told him at the same time that the price for the de Hoogh was considerably exaggerated and that £25,000 [\$125,000] would be the top price for this picture and that I even doubted that it could be sold for this amount. He said that it was perfectly all right as far as he was concerned; that they did not have to sell any of the pictures and would not do so unless they got what they considered good prices.

If Joe should buy the Giorgione and announce it to the press, I think we ought to come out with a good strong article telling of our purchases and making an interesting story out of it. Naturally we would not in any circumstances mention A.W.M.'s name, but on the other hand, the Press might put it in on their own account. You might talk to A.W. about this so that we can be prepared in the event of the matter getting into the newspapers.

The letter does not mention the two paintings by Leonardo da Vinci, and nothing more is recorded of the proposed deal. It is heartbreaking, for if it had been consummated, the National Gallery of Art today would have two undoubted paintings by Leonardo, and two possibly by him, and three by Giorgione—a record that only the Louvre could equal.

Saddest of all, the prices quoted by Messmore seem in line with what Mr. Mellon had been paying. If these figures can be relied on, it would seem

as though the Russians had reduced the price of the *Benois Madonna* from \$2,600,000 in 1928 to \$2,500,000 for it and the Giorgione *Judith* in 1931. Deflation as a consequence of the Great Depression had finally reached Russia.

Why further bargaining was necessary is hard to understand. Duveen testified on the witness stand, though he later changed his testimony, that the certain Leonardo, the *Benois Madonna*, was bought by the Czar in 1913 for \$1,500,000. Even if Duveen's testimony can rarely be relied on, surely the purchase of this painting and Giorgione's *Judith* for \$2,500,000 would have been a bargain by any standards.

After the collapse of negotiations for these three supreme treasures, Henschel turned to French Impressionist and Postimpressionist paintings, though as late as March 3, 1933, in the last letter I have seen to Mansfeld, he says:

Mr. Mellon will probably be back here shortly and I am hoping to be able to induce him to make some kind of a deal on the Giorgione. In the event of his being willing to buy this picture, I feel sure that he would want to give back the Van Dyck woman or the Rembrandt Turk, or possibly both. What I will try to do is to get a group of some of the French pictures mentioned above, the Van Eyck [now in the Metropolitan Museum], and the Giorgione, and make some kind of a proposition for the whole lot. This would involve more money, and perhaps would appeal more to Ilyn.

Nothing came of the proposal, but Mr. Mellon bought other important pictures from Knoedler's apart from those I have mentioned. The first really expensive picture he acquired was the *Portrait of Edward VI as a Child* by Holbein, for which he paid in 1925 \$437,000.

Mellon was always prepared to pay high prices, but he was anxious that the dealers should not receive exorbitant profits. The Rembrandt *Self-Portrait* from the Duke of Buccleuch's collection is a case in point. It is one of the most profound examples of visual self-analysis in existence and thus represented an acquisition of supreme value. Carman Messmore asked \$600,000. Mr. Mellon looked at the painting and inquired how much Knoedler's had paid the duke. Messmore admitted it had cost his firm only \$250,000. This seemed a shocking profit, and the painting went back to New York. Months passed without Knoedler's most important client making any further purchases. Then Carman Messmore in considerable anxiety took the portrait to Washington, and while Mr. Mellon was out of his apartment, hung it on the principal wall of the dining room. He waited nervously for the return of the Secretary of the Treasury, who invited him for lunch. During the meal Mr. Mellon did not once mention the unexpected intruder hanging opposite him. When Messmore left, the painting remained in the dining room, and some weeks later he asked

whether it should be removed. Andrew Mellon replied that he had decided to buy the picture but not at the price asked. He added, "You will have to make a considerable reduction." More time passed without concession on either side. Finally Mr. Mellon made a proposal, for the *Self-Portrait* was a painting he had come to love dearly. He had a Pieter de Hooch he didn't like. He offered to trade it in, and if Knoedler would also take a 10 percent reduction, he would buy the Rembrandt. The deal was immediately concluded.

This particular painting has in a curious way paid for itself. Dr. Adolph Miller, at one time the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, used to come regularly to the National Gallery, and I would often see him sitting on a couch in front of Rembrandt's *Self-Portrait*. One day he told me that he would leave his entire collection and a property worth a large sum of money to the National Gallery of Art. "John," he said, "I want you to know that I am not doing this because of you or anyone else. I am doing it because of what I have been taught by the extraordinary insight of Rembrandt's self-analysis. I have studied the picture for years, and it has given me a deeper understanding of life."

Mr. Mellon never bid at auction, and apart from a few American paintings and *Lady Broughton* by Romney, I know of only one other occasion when he bought directly from a private person. In the case of this particular painting, *The Marquesa de Pontejos* by Goya, Knoedler's had asked whether he would be interested in its acquisition if it were for sale. The answer was affirmative, but as the deal hung fire, he decided impatiently that it could be expedited. He authorized David Finley to negotiate through the American Embassy in Madrid with the owners, who had been reluctant to come to terms with Knoedler's. When the purchase was made, however, Andrew Mellon found that he still had to depend on Knoedler's for the Spanish export permit. This required months of negotiations and certain payments over and beyond export taxes—delicate deals, for which the word "bribe" might seem too brutally descriptive. Such "reimbursements" only an experienced intermediary could possibly arrange. In the end the commission Mellon paid, somewhat peevishly, was what he would have been charged had he not intervened. After this purchase he seems to have been reluctant to try direct negotiations with private owners.

Shortly after the great coup of the Hermitage acquisitions Andrew Mellon left Washington and the Treasury to become Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. It was during this period that his contacts with Duveen increased. Knoedler's influence after the conclusion of the Russian deals waned, but a majority of the greatest acquisitions



Joseph Duveen, 1929

can be traced to Carl Henschel and Carman Messmore of Knoedler's. The Duveen paintings, though they included many masterpieces, were less impressive, and until 1936 not numerous.

Having decided to establish the National Gallery of Art, however, and realizing that his works of art might seem inadequate as the nucleus of the great national collection he envisaged, Andrew Mellon turned to Duveen the year before he died and made his largest single purchase. He had never been enthusiastic about Italian paintings, and this section of his collection was weak in numbers though not in quality. In 1936, when he was in London, he saw Joseph Duveen, who said to him: "I am going to retire from business. You are ready to give your collection for a national gallery. This is a combination of circumstances that can never happen again." He urged Mr. Mellon on his return to America to make a selection from his stock, and presumably offered some reduction in price, though considering what was finally paid, any reduction seems to have been illusory.

When Andrew Mellon arrived back in Washington it was evident that he had greatly aged. Feeling too weak to go to New York himself, he asked David Finley to pay a visit to Duveen Brothers and send to Washington any pictures he felt might be worthy of the new gallery. Finley then chose thirty paintings, of which twenty-four were retained. Most were Italian and included masterpieces by Duccio, Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, Giovanni Bellini, and others. It was an extraordinary group, which at that time could have been purchased nowhere else.

Among the paintings selected was a *Madonna of Humility* by Masaccio. Shortly before Duveen's death in 1939 I saw him in London and he asked me what I thought of this extraordinary panel. I praised it, and he told me that he was delighted and surprised. He was convinced at one time, he said, that he would never be able to sell it. He had bought it on the advice of Bernard Berenson, and it had remained for years in his stock. Finally he became so infuriated with this reminder of what he considered to be his folly that he told his assistant, a man called Boggis, he wanted to chop it up. Boggis begged him to have patience, and his patience was unexpectedly rewarded, for David Finley was an enthusiast of Italian painting who also had read Berenson, and it was he who induced a somewhat reluctant Andrew Mellon to buy the *Madonna of Humility*. Meanwhile, Duveen, instead of destroying the picture completely, decided to destroy it partially by having it repainted. There are demonstrable differences between the panel as it appears now, and as it was reproduced in the article by Berenson first publishing it, but though in a ruined state, it remains, in my opinion, a significant echo of the work of the rarest and greatest genius of the early fifteenth century. The anecdote throws an interesting light on two aspects of Duveen's personality: his mercenary side—his anger at having bought an unsalable picture, for he could not foresee that an admirer of Berenson, who also had a considerable knowledge and love of the history of Italian art, would fortuitously arrive and persuade his principal client to buy a picture so often rejected; and his disarming frankness—a willingness to reveal his almost embarrassing foibles, among them his desire to give the impression of reckless impetuosity.

Duveen not only wanted to sell Andrew Mellon paintings, but he wished to interest him in the plastic arts as well, for he owned the Dreyfus Collection of sculpture. It was important, therefore, that Mr. Mellon should abandon his original idea of modeling the National Gallery in Washington on that in London, thus restricting the collection to pictures. A supersalesman, Lord Duveen persuaded his client that the design of the building, which John Russell Pope had drawn up, required some monumental statues for the halls leading to the

garden courts, and since these pieces were obviously a necessity, a representation of Italian sculpture would be desirable. Some of the Dreyfus Collection was already sold, and Mr. Mellon was not interested in the medals, plaquettes, and small bronzes which Dreyfus himself loved so fondly, but the greater part of the pieces that remained—marbles, terracottas, woodcarvings—were brought to Washington and seventeen ultimately acquired.

When all the paintings and sculpture were ready to be moved from New York to the capital, Duveen played his masterstroke, one characteristic of his genius. He rented an apartment at 1785 Massachusetts Avenue on the floor below Mr. Mellon, and in these rooms beautifully installed his works of art. They remained there for several months, and Andrew Mellon alone or with friends would spend hours contemplating his prospective purchases. Lord Duveen himself came occasionally to apply his salesmanship. One day he called Mr. Mellon's attention to the *Portrait of the Marchesa Balbi* by Van Dyck, suddenly illumined by a ray of sunshine. "Look at that picture, Mr. Mellon," he said, "with that light upon it. Have you ever seen anything so marvelous?" "My pictures, Duveen," Mr. Mellon replied, with the trace of a smile, as though acknowledging the dealer's cosmic partnership, "never look so well as they do when you are here."

The influence of Joseph Duveen on Andrew Mellon, however, has come to be greatly overstated. The explanation of this exaggeration goes back to the tax trial imposed on the ex-Secretary of the Treasury by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. One of the facts at issue was the National Gallery of Art. It had not been established, and the government claimed Mr. Mellon had no intention of founding such an institution. It was therefore important to produce people with whom he had discussed the future gallery, and it was decided Duveen would be a useful witness. The lawyers for the defense wished him to state in the fewest possible words that he knew Mr. Mellon had had in mind for several years building and endowing a National Gallery in Washington. Lord Duveen accomplished his mission, but under cross-examination, not in the fewest possible words. Instead he gave the impression that Mr. Mellon was virtually his puppet. He claimed or implied that he, Duveen, chose the location of the future gallery, selected its architect, John Russell Pope, decided that marble should be used for its construction, and advised more or less on the collection it should house.

A few years ago I asked Donald Shepard, who was one of Mr. Mellon's principal lawyers and also his executor, about the Duveen statements. He said he would never forget the amazement and anger of

himself and his associates in the case when Duveen began his testimony. This part of the trial departed entirely from the scenario; but it is a rule of law that one cannot impeach one's own witness. The Mellon lawyers were powerless to stop Duveen's boasting. It was his shining hour and he made the most of it.

In fairness to Mr. Mellon it seems important to set the record straight. First, regarding the location, Lord Duveen mentions in the picturesque language of his testimony, "By the obelisk, near the pond." As S. N. Behrman has written in his biography of Duveen, this transposition of "the Washington Monument to the Sahara and its reflecting pool to some English county" caused the spectators to howl with laughter. But what Duveen was describing was a location which had been proposed by the head of the Fine Arts Commission sometime before and rejected by Mr. Mellon.

Second, the architect, John Russell Pope. Years before, when he was Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew Mellon had chosen Pope to be the architect of the National Archives Building. Pope and Cass Gilbert were the two architects seriously considered for the new gallery. When Gilbert died, Pope, who would probably have been selected in any event, was chosen. The selection had nothing to do with Duveen, nor is there any evidence that he introduced John Russell Pope to Andrew Mellon, as he claimed.

Third, the material. Mr. Mellon himself chose Tennessee rose marble for the external walls. He had seen several New York buildings of this material which he liked, and he was determined to use it regardless of cost.

Fourth, the collection. Duveen's influence, apart from the works of art which he offered for sale, was limited to the inclusion of sculpture. All the paintings and sculpture, however, were chosen by Mr. Mellon, whose personal taste can be seen in the rejection of the *Giuliano de' Medici* attributed to Raphael and in the return of many of the pictures from Duveen's stock brought by David Finley to Washington.

Mr. Mellon bought 55 Old Masters from Duveen Brothers. He bought 129 from Knoedler's. However, the number of paintings acquired from Duveen's rival was greatly increased by the acquisition of the entire Thomas B. Clarke Collection of 175 American portraits. The most important of these have come to the National Gallery, others of historical interest have been given to the National Portrait Gallery, and a third group falsely attributed and spuriously identified have been stored away. Mr. Mellon realized that this third group existed, but such masterpieces as *Mrs. Yates* by Gilbert Stuart and many other portraits by the same artist, and *The Washington Family* by Savage, one of the most famous of American icons, more than justify the purchase.

The Mellon Collection which was shown to the public when the gallery opened was distilled from 369 pictures to 125. Of these, more than 95 percent have stood more than thirty years of the most critical scrutiny and have proved to be masterpieces of the highest quality, an amazing feat of connoisseurship. The sculpture, numbering only 23 examples, was bought en bloc and the percentage of masterpieces is somewhat less. Three pieces had ultimately to be stored or returned to Duveen Brothers.

But the record remains astonishing, especially for an amateur, self-trained and involved all his life in business and governmental responsibilities.

Dr. John G. Bowman, the chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, an old friend, once asked Mr. Mellon a question every collector must have asked himself, the motivation which led to his collecting. "He looked straight at me for a rather long pause," Dr. Bowman has written in a memorandum for an unpublished life of Mr. Mellon. "Every man," he said slowly, "wants to connect his life with something he thinks eternal. If you turn that over in your mind you will find the answer to your question." □

THE TRAPPER

I am digging a pit
deeper than I will need.

Already
on the other side of this mountain
something is crying in a small hoarse voice.

It is breaking its teeth on my teeth.

Some shy animal is taking its paw
apart in the darkness.
Some poor animal is looking through its bones.

When I grab at my lungs they contract
like an old leather bellows.

Something the size of a very small boy
is kicking against that trap.

by Peter Klappert

A DAY NO PIGS WOULD DIE

A story by Robert Newton Peck

Papa had been right. The apple crop was lean. The weather had turned colder, and we were lucky to get a few Baldwins and Jonathans barreled for wintering in the cellar. The apples that we did harvest were not large, and many had worm holes. The one tree that had died was our greening tree, one that produced smaller apples that were green and very tart. Pie apples. This winter there would be no pies.

Twice, Papa had seen a buck and several doe upon the ridge. But each time he got the shotgun and slug shells ready, the deer were gone. Jacob Henry's father got a buck. So did Ira Long, who worked for Mrs. Bascom. One of the men who farmed for Ben Tanner got a doe. But Papa didn't have a deer rifle, only a shotgun with ball loads. He had to get close for a shot.

He still-hunted early almost every morning, hoping to get a buck deer before it was time to go to work. No luck. Once he even sat for four hours in a cold rain, waiting. He coughed after that; a deep rattling cough that made him hang on to things. But the worst thing was when his lungs got so bad he stopped sleeping with Mama. He slept in the barn. It was warmer there; with Daisy and Solomon both enclosed in a cozy area.

The first snow came. It wasn't very heavy; and when the next day's sun broke through, it all melted away. But more would follow.

Pinky did not have a litter of pigs. She was bred and she was barren. And she ate too much to keep as

a pet. Solomon had mounted her twice, and there was no litter. Nothing. And no estrus. She never came to heat, not even once.

It all ended early one morning on a dark December day. It was Saturday and there was no school. After chores, Papa and I came in for breakfast. I tried to down a big bowl of hot steaming oatmeal, but it tasted like soap. And the fresh warm milk from Daisy's pail was flat. I couldn't swallow it. Papa just sat at the kitchen table, fingering a pipe that he couldn't smoke and looking at a breakfast he couldn't eat. He finally got up from the table to look through the window. Outside, the dark of the moon was just softening into first light. When he turned round to me, his face was sober.

"Rob, let's get it done."

I didn't ask what. I just knew. And so did Mama and Aunt Carrie, because as Papa and I were getting our coats on to go outside, they both came over and pretended to help bundle me up.

There had been an inch of light snow the night before. Just enough to cover the ground the way Mama would flour her cake board. I followed Papa out to where we kept the tools, and I stood there watching as he sharpened the knives on the wheel. The sticking knife was short and blunt, with a curved blade. The edge he put to it was extra sharp. He pulled on some heavy rubber boots in the barn, and tied a sheath of leather around his middle, for an apron. We were ready.

Toting some of the tools and a spine saw, I fol-

lowed him out of the shed and around to the south side of the barn, to where old Solomon and the capstan had pulled the corn cratch, Pinky's house. Inside she was lying all curled up warm in the clean straw. It was a soft warm smell.

"Come on, Pinky," I tried to say in a cheerful way. "It's morning." But my throat seemed to catch and the words just wouldn't come out. I nudged her with my foot, but finally had to take a switch and make her get to her feet. She came to me, muzzle pointed into my leg. Her curly tail was moving about like it was glad the day had started. People say pigs don't feel. And that they don't wag their tails. All I know is that Pinky sure knew who I was and her tail did too.

While Papa lit a fire to boil the water, I pushed her out of the crib and into a box pen, the same one that she'd been in when bred to Samson, the neighbor's pig. She balked at the gate, and I had to hit her hard with the stick a few times to move her forward. It probably hurt her, but what did it matter now.

Following her into the box pen, we closed the gate by sliding the bars across. I got down on my knees in the snow and put my arms around her big white neck, smelling her good solid smell.

Pinky, I said to myself, try and understand. If there was any other way. If only Papa had got a deer this fall. Or if I was old enough to earn money. If only . . .

"Help me, boy," said Papa. "It's time."

He put his tools on the ground, keeping only a three-foot crowbar. Neither one of us wore gloves, and I knew how cold that crowbar felt. I'd carried it, and it was colder than death.

"Back away," he said.

"Papa," I said, "I don't think I can."

"That's not the issue, Rob. We have to."

Standing up, I moved away from Pinky as Papa went to her head. She just stood there in the fresh snow, looking at my feet. I saw Papa get a grip on the crowbar, and raise it high over his head. It was then I closed my eyes, and my mouth opened like I wanted to scream for her. I waited. I waited to hear the noise that I finally heard.

It was a strong, crushing noise, that you hear only when an iron stunner bashes in a pig's skull. I hated Papa that moment. I hated him for killing her, and hated him for every pig he ever killed in his lifetime . . . for hundreds and hundreds of butchered hogs.

"Hurry," he said.

I opened my eyes and went to her. She was down in the snow. Moving, breathing, but down. I helped roll her over on her back, standing astride her and holding her two forelegs straight up in the air. With his left hand Papa pushed her chin down so that the top of her snout touched the ground. His right hand held the blunt knife with the curved blade. He stuck her throat deep and way back, moving the knife back through the neck toward himself, cutting the main neck artery. Her blood gushed, bubbled out in heaving floods. Some of it went on my boots. I wanted to

run, and cry and scream. But I just stood there, helping to hold her kicking.

It was all so quiet, like Christmas morning. As Papa continued to draw the pork, I held the feet firm and up. The blood was still pumping out of her, and the ground beneath our feet was spotted with hot pig blood steaming on the cold snow.

Between my ankles I could feel her body quiver in death. I had to look away. So as Papa worked on her, I held fast, staring at the old corn cratch that had once been Pinky's home.

Papa worked quiet and quick. The guts got drawn out and were there on the cold ground in a hot misty mass. Then we each put a hook in the jaws and dragged the bloody body into boiling water. It was boiled, scraped free of all hair and scurf, and sawed in half.

Papa was breathing the way no man or beast should breathe. I had never seen any man work as fast. I knew his hands must of been just about froze off; but he kept working, with no gloves. At last he stopped, pushing me away from the pork and turning me around so as my back was to it. He stood close by, facing me, and his whole body was steaming wet with work.

I couldn't help it. I started thinking about Pinky. My sweet big clean white Pinky who followed me all over. She was the only thing I ever really owned. The only thing I could point to and say . . . *mine*. But now there was no Pinky. Just a sopping wet lake of red slush. So I cried.

"Oh, Papa. My heart's broke."

"So is mine," said Papa. "But I'm happy you're a man."

I just broke down, and Papa let me cry it all out. I just sobbed and sobbed with my head up toward the sky and my eyes closed, hoping God would hear it.

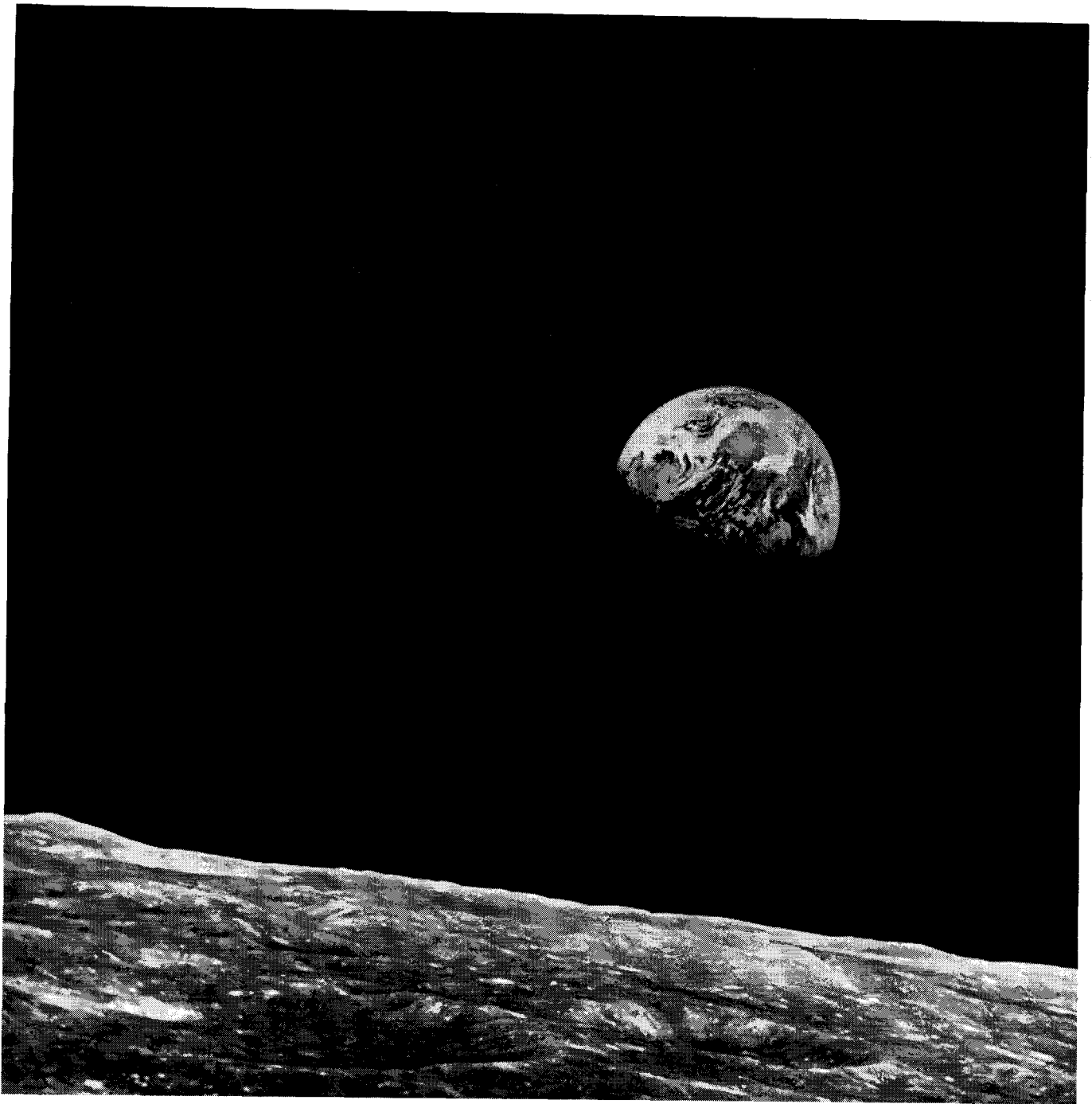
"That's what being a man is all about, boy. It's just doing what's got to be done."

I felt his big hand touch my face, and it wasn't the hand that killed hogs. It was almost as wet as Mama's. His hand was rough and cold, and as I opened my eyes to look at it, I could see that his knuckles were dripping with pig blood. It was the hand that just butchered Pinky. He did it. Because he had to. Hated to and had to. And he knew that he'd never have to say to me that he was sorry. His hand against my face, trying to wipe away my tears, said it all. His cruel pig-sticking fist with its thick fingers so lightly on my cheek.

I couldn't help it. I took his hand to my mouth and held it against my lips and kissed it. Pig blood and all. I kissed his hand again and again, with all its stink and fatty slime of dead pork. So he'd understand that I'd forgive him even if he killed me.

I was still holding his hand as he straightened up tall against the gray winter sky. He looked down at me and then he looked away. With his free arm he raked the sleeve of his work shirt across his eyes. It was the first time I'd ever seen him do it.

The only time. □



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ORNETTE COLEMAN AND THE CIRCLE WITH A HOLE IN THE MIDDLE

by Robert Palmer

The image on the screen is a village street in Nigeria. Brightly dressed people are clustered in a circle playing drums, giant calabashes, double-reed horns, and a sort of violin with horsehair strings. Ornette Coleman is standing in the middle of the circle, switching from alto saxophone to trumpet and back, laying alternations of skittery runs and long, expressive blue notes into the simmering stew of cross-rhythms and gutty, jagged melodies. The picture focuses and refocuses cyclically on the face of a woman, sad or blank or unknowable like the whitewashed walls of the village. Her ululating rises sharply above the music like the barking of dogs.

Behind the television set a collage covers a brick wall. There is an empty space helmet, a tube oozing green paste, the convolutions of a naked brain, an ARVN officer with a pistol shooting a suspected terrorist through the head. The victim is falling in multiple exposure, changing color from flesh tones to a washed-out gray. A corner is hung with the spirit images of Z. K. Olorunboba, a Nigerian who paints ghosts and gods into rich, stylized color canvases full of disembodied eyes and mysterious protoplasmic movement. Z.K. is hanging his first New York show downstairs, in the storefront where Ornette often rehearses. Ornette is in another corner, sighting down a pool cue. "Take aim, then hit it," he says,

dropping one of his stripes into a side pocket. "If you wait, you lose your aim." The cries of children in the SoHo street float in through the open third-floor window.

Ornette's sparkling green tunic creases and his brow knits as he arches over the pool table. He lives in a world of clear, endlessly permutating images, of global musics, folk and classical and jazz, that interpenetrate. Not so long ago he was dissuaded from putting out an early mix of his Columbia album *Science Fiction* that had on it an inordinate amount of echo in the horns. He liked it, he explained, because the echo "made the sound visual, like a mirror." He calls his orchestral piece *Skies of America* "a kinetic kaleidoscope composition." On the television, the Nigerian video tape has been replaced by the Ornette Coleman quartet performing in Milan. Ornette's trumpet and Dewey Redman's musette are playing a loose unison, both their voices distinct, like the unisons in the Nigerian music. On a table in the center of the large loft are a score for ninety-piece orchestra, notes for Coleman's as yet unpublished book on his Harmolodic Theory, and a box of specially printed postcards announcing the opening of Z.K.'s show. "Aren't his things beautiful?" Ornette asks as he makes another cushion shot. "I met him when I was in Nigeria, bought his work. And just having it in my

possession I learned that, you know . . . it's harmless and it's there. Eight ball in the corner pocket."

Whack! "You know, most artists think they're above show business, but an artist is not a different person; he just has a different title. The fact that you're an artist doesn't mean that you're not supposed to learn to read and write and count. It just happens that if you're an artist, you haven't had any time to be doing lots of other things. I know that when I was going to school I was learning geometry, history, and science, and also I had an art class. So education must include all those things as having something to do with the concept of value in relation to intelligence. I never thought of myself as being a person that just dealt with music and everything else was irrelevant. I like the involvement of bringing things into existence that better the life of people. I love that concept. And whatever it's called, to me that's art. Do you want to rack up the balls for another game?"

Ornette's conversation is often like his painting *The Circle with a Hole in the Middle*, which graces the cover of his Atlantic album *The Art of the Improvisers*. His music manifests the same thought pattern, circling around the theme, moving far afield, returning to the starting point when you least expect it, and moving away again, progressing by variations of feelings and ideas, bal-

anced like Humpty Dumpty on the edge of the void, the hole in the middle of space and time.

The Ornette Coleman quartet that debuted in New York at the old Five Spot, in the fall of 1959, approached the void and, at times, tumbled into it. The listeners that first night included Leonard Bernstein, Gunther Schuller, Nesuhi and Ahmet Ertegun, John Hammond, and almost every musician in town. Some heard formlessness and chaos, others a sound that would radically alter the course of jazz and inform the work of a generation of musicians to come. "In the music we play," Ornette said, "no one player has the lead. Anyone can come out with it at any time." This new approach to group playing looked ahead with its polyrhythms, geared to exploration rather than to predetermined patterns, and its melodies that proceeded through a complex of unstated modulations rather than riding on a cushion of traditional chord progressions. But the music looked back through the jazz tradition with its collective improvisations and its personal, speechlike approach to intonation and phrasing, so much like the ensemble and solo styles of the early Southern and Southwestern blues

and jazz musicians. In the fall of 1971, Ornette reassembled his original quartet to record *Science Fiction*. In twelve years the style had become classic, distilled into the kind of unique, breathtaking perfection that characterized the work of Lester Young, Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, and a handful of other black innovators.

By the beginning of 1972 twenty-one Ornette Coleman albums were listed in the Schwann catalogue. All but one were small group recordings, and all but two or three of the compositions were Coleman originals.

"I started writing before I started playing," he explains. "I didn't start playing until later, because nobody would hire me. But when I went to audition my tunes for Les Koenig [of Contemporary Records, Los Angeles] he liked me playing my own music, so I got the date. And yet it's been twelve years and they're still saying I haven't paid off the cost of the record." For a decade Ornette channeled his compositional ideas into providing frameworks for his combo to improvise on. Somehow he found time to write a string quartet and a piece for strings and woodwinds. Then he was awarded a Guggenheim, which allowed him to devote more time to writing, and last summer *Skies of America*, a full-length work for soloist and symphony orchestra, was given its premiere at the Newport-in-New-York jazz festival.

In a sense, the composition is "about" the many things that have happened to Ornette Coleman since March 19, 1930, when he was born in Fort Worth, Texas, "under America's skies." More specifically, it is about being black, feeling exploited, working for recognition as an artist and a man in a society that has often been aloof, condescending, or hostile. He started on the alto saxophone at the age of fourteen, switched to tenor two years later, and played in numerous Texas rhythm-and-blues groups. He first left Fort Worth as a teen-ager, with a carnival band. He was dismissed from the tent show for playing bebop, stranded in New Orleans,

threatened by racist sheriffs in Mississippi. In Baton Rouge a gang of roughnecks beat him up and threw his tenor off a hill, so he went back to the alto, which is still his principal horn.

He went to Los Angeles with Pee Wee Crayton's blues band and spent the better part of the fifties there, working at various odd jobs, studying music theory, practicing and composing whenever he could. He continued to develop his own expression, and gradually a few musicians began to understand, especially the trumpeter Don Cherry, bassist Charlie Haden, and drummers Ed Blackwell and Billy Higgins. Ornette, Cherry, Haden, and Higgins worked with pianist Paul Bley at Los Angeles' Hillcrest club in 1958, and struck out on their own later that year.

During the sixties he was the subject of numerous articles, which either idealized or vilified him, and a series of "misunderstandings" with record executives and club owners made him more and more distrustful of the white middlemen who still control the presentation and dissemination of jazz and popular music in America.

"America is a very good country for a Caucasian human being," he says, "because regardless of what his native tongue is, if he changes his name and speaks English he could be of any Caucasian descent. And believe me, that is a very successful form of freedom. If you're black you can change your name, you can do anything you want to, but the color of your skin defeats you from having the same privileges as what I just spoke about. This is the tragedy of America.

"John Lennon says women are the niggers of the world. Well, I guess the Jewish, the Italian, and the Irish people were the niggers of the white world. But you can take any Irish or Jewish or Italian person, and when they return from their job and go home they are returning to an original concept of who they are as a person. When they're on the street, selling their merchandise or doing anything to relate to the country in a land of



the free, home of the brave situation, they speak English, take an English name, and that's it. When they get home, whatever their name is or whatever they are knowing in their ancestral background, they can live that. And I think that is very beautiful for a human being to have, where he can go out in the world and make a living for himself and then come home and have his ancestral roots still intact. That is one thing that black people here have never yet had. I'll tell you, man, I'm so tired of feeling that being black in America has something to do with not being white in America that I find I can no longer be involved in social functions that have to do with intellectualism or art or racial questions. Knowing the things I've just said to you, I find myself being totally . . . paranoid about some person trying to get ahead in life when I'm one of the many persons he can use to get ahead without feeling that he's doing anything wrong.

"I would like to have the same support for *Skies of America* as any artist that the public has heard and enjoyed. And everybody in their heritage and natural state of being wants success; no one is basing their involvement in anything on a negative attitude. I'm speaking about success humanly, intellectually, racially, financially, and religiously. I mean success in those senses of knowing that they have something to do with having less enemies and more friends, or less debts and more objects, less evil and more love, or less hatred and more happiness. And I don't want someone to pat me on the back and not truly listen or try to understand the piece of music. I get lots of lip service that has to do with the value of my work having to always be dictated to me by people who have no interest in my welfare at all. I've written lots of music, but not because I wanted to have someone say oh, isn't he a wonderful writer. I wrote the music because I *could* write the music, and then secondly I wrote it because if I hadn't written it down I wouldn't have had any way of keeping it and explaining it to others.

"One day I finally realized that all the music I had heard, someone had made it possible for me to learn or hear it by simply writing it down or repeating it. So since I became aware that it had something to do with writing, I decided that was what I wanted to be. That's the concept of *Skies of America*: to give people an insight into things that I've done and to show them that they could also participate with me in doing it.

"Anywhere you go," he says, "you're going to have some problems with people not getting into your music. And you're going to get lip service."

The modern black American composer-improviser is particularly subject to this lip service syndrome, and to what Ornette calls "a very New York cliché thing: people satisfying you mentally but never giving you anything that you want." One reason is that the music of an Ornette Coleman, a Cecil Taylor, an Anthony Braxton, or a Sun Ra draws on a much wider spectrum of influences than many listeners have been exposed to. In addition to past and present jazz, there are the repertoire of modern concert music, the amplification and pulseline beat of rhythm-and-blues and rock, and the infinitely diverse musical traditions of the emerging nonwhite nations. The black composer may use in a single piece elements from any number of these primary sources. Living as he does in Western urban centers, wired into the output of cultures he would never have come into contact with a few decades ago, he hears, and uses, any music that comes naturally to his particular sensibility.

The more he hears, the more connections he makes. The vocalized scream in Ornette's sound, for example, is a tone split into its harmonics or overtones. This practice was characteristic of blues musicians and singers as far back as the beginnings of "race recordings," and it can be heard in pure African music. Ngbaka (central African) soloists on the musical bow are able to draw a multitude of harmonics from the single "ground" tone of the bow's

string, just as a saxophone virtuoso like Ornette runs harmonics over a root that is sounded simultaneously. But modern European and American "classical" composers are also interested in harmonics. Iannis Xenakis, for instance, often indicates in his scores which particular partials of a given tone are to be sounded. The complex African polyrhythms currently in favor with many jazz groups were finding their way into modern concert music as early as Varèse's 1931 *Ionization*. And many of today's major jazzmen were playing "jazz/rock" long before its current vogue, often because the only jobs they could get were with rhythm-and-blues bands.

This unusual number of reference points has left much of the new black music in a commercial vacuum. The music is often too intricate and demanding for the traditional smoke-filled nightclub, but it has yet to attract the widespread private and foundation support that would make regular concert hall performances possible. While some of Coleman's contemporaries, such as Cecil Taylor and Ken McIntyre, have accepted positions in the black studies programs of Eastern universities, others—Pharaoh Sanders, Sun Ra—continue to function in the nightclub milieu. Ornette, who continues to write for his quartet as well as for orchestra, and whose recently completed theory book is potentially a major shaping influence on the younger generation of black composer-instrumentalists, hopes to utilize all these outlets, provided, of course, that they become available to him. Since *Skies of America*'s premiere he is beginning to feel that maybe he's on an upswing.

Downstairs, Z.K.'s show is opening. Champagne is being served to a mixed crowd of musicians and artists. The Nigerian video tape is playing and Ornette Coleman, dressed in a neat, conservative suit, walks from circle to circle, greeting friends and making conversation. The scene in the gallery and the image on the screen merge into a continuum of circles, with Ornette in the middle of each one. □

SAILING

An Atlantic "First" by April Smith

The *Typhoon* lay becalmed in Eastchester Bay, surrounded by white mists that seemed to steam off the water. Her sails hung loose, damp, in the glaring heat.

The three people on board were motionless. Mrs. Harrow held the tiller. Sweat glistened on her forehead and the sun was reflected as twin stars in the depths of her green glasses. Her daughter, Johanna, lay back against the gunwales, shielding her eyes with a forearm. Mr. Paul Harrow sat quietly, looking toward the City Island marina they had just left.

He could see Co-op City beyond the mists, looming up on the tip of the Bronx like buildings left after an atomic bomb. His eyes swept the far shoreline; warehouses and unused docks, a few pleasure boats moored. Further south the Throgs Neck Bridge was probably crawling with Saturday morning traffic, although he couldn't make out individual cars.

The pieces of brown yarn Mrs. Harrow had tied to the stays for telltales hung limp. A power boat passed with a long, even, buzzing sound, articulating a single wave which rolled toward them, sloshing up against the side of the boat. She was pushed sideways, sails flapping, mainsail cleats clinking against the metal mast with an empty sound, like bell buoys ringing far away.

"We're in irons," said Mrs. Harrow.

"Be here all day," remarked her husband.

He looked over at Johanna. The orange bikini barely covered. It seemed as though she'd be totally exposed if she shifted slightly from that languorous position. Her smooth legs were shining with suntan oil, and sweat had collected in a little trough on her belly.

"What are you so happy about?" asked her father.

The arm remained covering her eyes. "Nothing."

"Elaine—" He turned toward Mrs. Harrow. "Tell the kid to stop laughing."

Mrs. Harrow was glaring up at the sails.

"You tell her," she muttered.

"Jo," Mr. Harrow nudged her leg with the tip of his sneaker, "your mother says to stop laughing."

She didn't respond.

He nudged her again.

"Stop it."

Mrs. Harrow and her daughter frowned in a characteristic way, the corner of the mouth pulled down.

Mr. Harrow nudged her again.

"Will you stop?"

She pressed up against the side of the boat to get away from him. Her thighs were sticking to the white fiberglass seat.

New York City reached around the surrounding shores with a suffocating embrace. Out of the background of her vast activity came the individual sounds of horns, the distant droning of an incoming plane.

On the water the air was grainy with humidity, as close and grimy as in the city streets. A large yacht moved by the *Typhoon* on power, three masts bare. Her rounded white nose went evenly through the still water. The odor of exhaust drifted over them and Johanna wondered, Where is the smell of the sea?

Looking out from beneath the shadow of her arm at the flat water, she saw a patch of dark, glittering upon the surface.

"Wind," she said.

Her parents turned to look. Mrs. Harrow tensed, feet planted on the bottom of the boat, thighs rounding beneath the tight green dungarees.

"Ready about," she said. "Hard a-lee."

The boom swung over and the sails filled. They began to move.

Wind touched the moisture at their temples, their necks. Johanna sat up, smoothing back her hair. The top of her head was warm from the sun. The breeze swirled down the top of her bikini, cooling the perspiration between her breasts.

Abruptly Mr. Harrow stood. "Anybody want some water?" They shook their heads. He climbed down into the cabin.

"Your father and his water," Mrs. Harrow said, hauling in the mainsail with a jerk of the line.

Johanna felt like giggling in a helpless, sickly way. It was hot and she was slightly dizzy.

"Why don't you put on a hat?" asked her mother.

"You want a hat?" Mr. Harrow called from inside. A beige hat came sailing out the door and fell into a little pool of water in the bottom of the boat.

"For God's sake," said Mrs. Harrow.

Mr. Harrow appeared in the cabin doorway holding a tumbler of water. "Why didn't you catch it?" he said.

Johanna picked it up. One of her mother's old golf caps with a visor.

"Wear it," said her father, "or you'll get a sun-

stroke. See?" He pointed to the battered tennis hat he'd just put on. "Mommy and Daddy are wearing hats."

Johanna stuck it on her head, wishing she'd brought a kerchief like her mother, who wore it bushka-style over her red hair.

"All the Harrows have hats," her father chanted. "Right, Elaine?"

She didn't answer.

"You old Elaine," he pursued. "you sure know how to sail a boat."

"No help from you," she answered.

"You want me to take the tiller?" he asked.

"No. God, no."

"So then what do you want?"

"Nothing."

Looking from the cabin past the stern of the boat, Mr. Harrow could see the surface of the water behind them taking on a texture of freshness, vitality, as the heavy mists burned away. The sail arched above him, dazzling white. Sitting there in the calm, melting into a pool of wax, he had been thinking again of selling the boat. He had felt trapped there, impaled in the middle of a flat, warm sea; a toy ship afloat in a bath. But when the breeze picked up, his restlessness had been washed away, and now with Elaine sailing (that comically grim expression on her face) and the wind strong, it was all right, he could breathe again.

Suddenly he threw the water from his glass at Johanna, a shape glittering in air.

"Christ! What did you do that for?"

"To teach you a lesson," said her father.

"You know," said Mrs. Harrow, orange lipstick a bright heart-shape on her tan face, "that was good water."

"Oh, we have lots of water," Mr. Harrow said. To Johanna: "Want some more?"

"That's enough," interjected his wife.

The ends of Johanna's hair were wet. She shook them along her warm back. When she was eleven or twelve, her father had hidden in her bed as a practical joke. She had come back from the bathroom, groggy and half-asleep, to find him under the covers. She had screamed and screamed. What's the matter with you? Mrs. Harrow had demanded of him when the lights went on. What in hell is the matter?

"Daddy's full of surprises," Johanna remarked.

"All right, Johanna," said her father, "let's stop kidding around. What water are we in?"

"The Harlem River."

"Come on."

Johanna made a face. There was no way to avoid it. "The Long Island Sound," she said at last.

"What direction are we going in?"

"East."

"Oh, come on."

"West."

"What the hell do they teach you in college?" said her father impatiently. "We're going north. Toward Execution Rock. They used to hang people there, you know."

"I know," said Johanna.

Her father sat opposite her, leaning back on a flat, square, blue and red cushion decorated with an anchor that could be used in place of a life jacket. Johanna thought of her brother, asleep in his air-conditioned room.

"Why didn't Yarzoff come?" she asked.

"He didn't want to," replied Mr. Harrow.

"Did you ask him?"

"Sure I asked him. I ask him every week. And he says, 'You fuckin' shithead, get out of my room.'"

"Your brother has been a real blessing this summer," said Mrs. Harrow. "He watches television all day. God forbid he should get a job."

At eighteen, Yarzoff continued to eat green scrambled eggs. He would put food coloring in everything—drink red milk or peacock blue. He would offer some to Johanna. ("I think," Mr. Harrow occasionally remarked, "your brother must be some kind of a genius.")

"What does he think of college, Jo? He talks to you."

"He does not."

"Yes he does. You have influence over him."

"I do not. I don't know where you get that idea."

Mr. Harrow took a cigar from his shirt pocket. It was a thin cotton shirt, faded blue plaid, matching his light blue pants. The shirt hung open, showing gray and white hairs on his dark chest. His sideburns, too, had turned pure white. He lit the cigar.

"Don't cigars smell awful? But they taste good. Want a puff?"

Johanna made a horrible face.

"Go on," he said, offering her the wet, green end, "it's good for you."

"No," she said, "get it away."

"How about you, Elaine?"

Mrs. Harrow shook her head. Her attention had been caught by a white butterfly quivering upon a chrome cleat around which the jib sheet was wrapped. A cabbage butterfly. She was pleased to remember the name. She had collected butterflies that summer on Manny's Farm, the summer Yarzoff kept running away from day camp. He must have been six years old, coming down the road with his red satchel that held bathing suit and towel, wearing the blue baseball cap with the emblem: NY. She could see him standing there, sulky and angry; he'd had a fight with someone. And knee-high in dusty weeds with Johanna, who had a pixie haircut that year, a swoop of the net and the golden-brown monarch was caught, Johanna crying, Don't kill it! Don't kill it!, but in it went to the mayonnaise jar, the smell of cleaning fluid. The little cabbage butterfly wavered out across the water, and Mrs. Harrow wondered vaguely how it had gotten so far from land.

"Why don't you let the kid sail?" Mr. Harrow was asking.

"Do you want to sail?" she asked Johanna.

"OK."

Johanna moved to the stern and put her hand on the smooth wooden tiller.

"Head up," said Mrs. Harrow. "Head up. Turn into the wind."

Johanna obeyed and felt the sails tighten, the rudder push against the rushing water. It was in a way like handling a big, beautiful, well-trained horse. A Lippizaner stallion, she thought, as the boat moved faster, cutting a trail of water that widened into a flat wake behind them.

They were passing the Merchant Marine Academy, its ensign flying stiffly in the onshore breeze. Mr. Harrow was looking at a mansion set up on the rocks. On other voyages they had gone close enough to see the private dock, the swimming pool cabana, and beneath those trees, a seaplane. He twirled the cigar in his mouth, lips forming a moist O.

Eight years since my father died, he thought. Yesterday he had driven through the heat and the afternoon traffic, over bridges and highways (he mentally traced the route), to visit his aged mother by the sea. Her edema was bad, but she was cheerful enough, although she didn't know the day or even the month, and hadn't recognized Yarzoff with his long hair and beard on the one occasion in the past four years he had gone to visit her. They made their way slowly down the boardwalk amid the summer crowds, and the sea had been pale and high. Afterward he walked along the edge of the surf and bent to examine seaweed. Inclined sheets of water gleamed with the receding tide. He had wiped the wet sand from his hands.

"Who has the right of way?" Johanna asked suddenly.

"You do," said Mrs. Harrow. "Stay on course."

The other sailboat came up behind them on the port side.

"That's another *Typhoon*," said Mr. Harrow. "That's exactly what we look like."

The people on the two boats stared at each other across the water. For a moment the boats were mirror image, but then they veered off, the symmetry destroyed.

They were heading into more open water now, the land opening up and fading into a thin, misty, green horizon. Huge power boats passed them, commercial fishing craft, little Sunfish, or rowboats with solitary fishermen, coming up close and vivid, then turning swiftly to disappear in the expansion of sea and blue sky.

Suddenly there was a strong, foul odor. They looked over the side to find themselves sailing through yards of dead fish.

"Oh!" said Johanna. "Horrible!"

"Just like last year," Mrs. Harrow said, turning to look.

"You should have seen it," rejoined Mr. Harrow. "Miles and miles of them. The Sound was choked."

"What's it from?" asked Johanna, staring at a fish body without a head, gray flesh floating in scarflike tissues.

"It's called a kill," said her father, "and nobody can explain it."

"Pollution?"

"No. A natural phenomenon. Happens at a certain time every year."

Fish bodies spun away in their wake and closed up behind them into a solid mass. The stench was salty. Thousands of bloated silver bellies gleaming in the sun.

Johanna pulled in the mainsail so they would go faster, away from the fish. The *Typhoon* heeled, slipping through the water on her smooth, white side.

The afternoon regatta was heading out of Port Washington, a string of tall sailboats, all inclined at the same angle. And on the left, Orchard Beach came into view, distant, a curve of land made up of pointillist dots of color.

"How would you like to be *there*?" Mr. Harrow asked, nodding toward the beach. "You make such a stink about having to go on the boat, poor kid."

The scorn in his voice made Johanna wince and pull back. It was hot on the beach and the water was filled with scummy brown foam. It was crowded with poor people who got into knife fights, who sought a spot of sand for their beach umbrellas, unpacking thermos bags full of beer. Yes, it was like that, but couldn't he see the vulnerability of those families (the Harrows, too, were vulnerable), how they sought relief from the heat, how there was always the odor of exhaust . . .

"My hat!" Mr. Harrow cried, hands flying to his head.

Still holding the tiller, Johanna stood up, staring backwards.

"Come about," commanded her mother.

Johanna thrust the tiller over; the boat turned sharply, boom swinging and sails immediately catching the wind. Mrs. Harrow moved to the stern and took the tiller, heading them back toward the hat.

"Keep your eye on it."

Mr. Harrow came out of the cabin with an aluminum boathook. "This will be a good man-overboard drill," he said, climbing up on the bow.

"Be careful," said Mrs. Harrow.

He lay beneath the jib, cigar in mouth. "Hold on!" he shouted to the hat. "Hold on, we're coming!"

Mrs. Harrow's anxious expression began to twist into a smile.

"I hope he can swim," Mr. Harrow remarked, turning his head toward them. Mrs. Harrow burst into high-pitched laughter. "Well, come on, Elaine," Mr. Harrow said. "Steer the boat."

They were rushing toward the hat, which bobbed

up and down on the waves, seeming to be still intact and dry.

"Man overboard!" Mr. Harrow bellowed.

Mrs. Harrow was now fully hysterical, that rare and uncontrolled laughter that came at odd times to baffle her children completely. Johanna made a sympathetic sound like a muffled laugh or a sob.

They were suddenly upon the hat. Mr. Harrow lunged for it and missed.

"Dirty bastard."

The hat was behind them. Johanna stared after it with a kind of anguish, straining to keep track of it in the glints of light coming off the waves.

"Turn around," said Mr. Harrow. "Hurry up. He's going down." As if he'd reached over with the boat-hook and tickled her in the ribs, Mrs. Harrow burst out laughing again.

They made a circle, coming back toward the hat to find it submerged, its white shape filling quickly with green water. Mr. Harrow stabbed at it again and missed. They shot yards beyond it.

"Never mind," he said, taking the cigar from his mouth. "It's gone."

He climbed off the bow and stowed the boathook back in the cabin. "I'll never find another nice hat like that," he said. "I've had that hat for years."

The spot where the hat had been became obscured by glistening water and the rapidly increasing distance. The sea closed over it and became a continuous surface.

"You think it's so easy to save someone," Mr. Harrow said. "It's a hell of a thing. When you're sailing a boat you've got to be alert. Matters of life and death. Isn't this better than television? What are you laughing at?" he asked his wife. "If that had been a man overboard, he'd be drowned by now, the poor bastard."

Mrs. Harrow, giggling spasmodically, took off her sunglasses and wiped the mascara from the corners of her eyes. Mr. Harrow mouthed the words across to Johanna: She's nuts!

Johanna smiled and looked away.

"Here, Elaine," he said, "you've done enough for one day. I'll take the helm."

"God help us," Mrs. Harrow said, as her husband moved toward the stern.

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"Just sail close-hauled," she said contemptuously, "and watch the telltales."

"Thank you, Elaine," he said. "Your mother is a world-renowned authority on sailing."

"All right," she said, "do it your way. And if we wind up drifting into Hart Island again because you don't know how to reef the sails, then *you* worry about it because I'm not going to do a damn thing," and she went into the cabin.

Mr. Harrow sighed. "Changeable as the wind," he said. "Do you understand her?"

Again Johanna felt like giggling, but she shook her head solemnly. Watching her father sail, cigar in one



hand, loosely moving the tiller with the other, she understood her mother exactly.

"So what are you going to do when you graduate?"

"I don't know."

"Nobody's pressuring you," he said, "but it's something you should be thinking about."

"I'm thinking about it."

"Did you like working as a secretary this summer?"

"It was all right."

"Would you like to do that for the rest of your life?" he continued.

"No, I would not like to do that for the rest of my life."

"Well, then, you'd better start thinking. I'm not going to support you and your apartments forever."

"I supported myself this summer," she said coldly.

"Uh-huh. And did you save any money?"

"Some."

"Was it worth it to get up at six every morning," he asked, "to save fifty dollars by the end of the summer?"

"I saved more than fifty dollars," she said, "and it was worth it to get away from *here*."

"Well, that's good, as long as it was worth it. New York City is only the biggest city in the world, that has more theaters—"

"New York City is ugly and filthy," she said.

"And Philadelphia is better?"

She folded her arms and glared out across the water. It was the fact that her parents no longer understood. It was the fact that she was closer to her friends. It was the fact that her father was so sarcastic—like hitting your head against the wall—while Laurie realized the situation completely. Laurie reclining in mounds of white bubbles (and somewhat ostentatiously drinking vermouth) while Johanna sat on the wicker hamper, talking about what it would be like to graduate—the plunge into real life. But she could never confess her fears to her parents, and she would never admit that the job had been awful, or even a minor defeat—that the apartment had been stifling ("Oh, we had fans," she had lied).

"Hey," said her father, by way of reconciliation, "do you know how to read a chart?"

"No."

"Do you want to learn?"

She shook her head, to rid it of unpleasant images of angles and protractors.

"If you don't know how to read a chart," he said, "how will you be able to find the treasure?"

Her mother came out of the cabin with a cut orange and gave some to her. Johanna remembered how hot it had been in the room, all the windows open and the traffic going by outside; how the sheets had been disarranged and damp when David had come in with the orange cut into quarters upon a white plate. He was nude, sitting down on the edge of the bed, slowly squeezing the juice over her breasts. . . . She buried her mouth in the cold fruit, juice dribbling up her arm and drying sticky. She licked it off, skin tasting salty.

"We have napkins," Mrs. Harrow said.

If only it had been David and Laurie with her on the boat instead of her parents.

Mrs. Harrow gave some of the orange to her husband. He will never learn to sail, she thought, looking up at the luffing sheets, never, never, as long as he lives. But she would control herself. She would not tell him. There he was, cigar clamped between his teeth and eyes focused on the horizon, sailing blithely through all the traffic on the Sound, and unaware of the mainsail flapping around like a bat. In some things he was exceedingly practical, but when it came to sailing, he left the details to her. He had learned everything she did, but pretended she knew it better. So when there was a squall, or the rudder jammed, or they lost a jib line, she would have to take over, on his command: Elaine, steer the boat. Just like this morning, except that he had looked so funny and pathetic, calling out to his hat.

But the hat was lost, the morning gone in the blaze of noon, and she could feel the boat bearing them away from each moment in time, away from the pain, the waters closing up behind them. So that the summer would be over and the children would go back to school, and it would all be forgotten. She wanted to forgive them—more than to forgive—to pull together the fabric of the family that came apart in her hands like a mist. Johanna in Philly, Yarzoff uncommunicative, refusing even to join them on the boat, her husband appearing to be indifferent. So they had finally all become separate adults, unable to laugh together except in recognition of irony, and is that what it all meant? Had they gone through twenty years of it so that Johanna could remark, off-hand at dinner, No, I don't think I want any children. No, she had said, lifting her spoon, no children.

She watched her daughter peeling a hard-boiled egg, dropping the shells overboard. Her face was off guard now, exposed, and Mrs. Harrow, recognizing the childishness in it, could not prevent herself from saying, "Johanna, your shoulders are getting red."

Johanna ate the last of the egg and made her way to the cabin. It was dim and cool inside. She was thinking of the way the eggshells sank, like her father's hat, whiteness covered by shadows of green, and how they would settle to a bottom so deep and far away she couldn't imagine it. As she uncapped a bottle and smoothed fragrant oil over her arms, she was thinking of the white calcium eggshells, like bones, falling down to where crabs waited to reach out with their hard claws, to hold on with an inexorable grip.

She saw her father sailing, her mother looking up at something, the telltales or the sails. She climbed up the steps, holding on to the doorway for support, back into the bright world of the boat.

Yarzoff turned over in his bed and looked at the clock. They must be halfway across the Sound by now, he thought. □

EVERY YEAR YOU GIVE GIFTS
AS A TRADITION.

THIS YEAR GIVE A TRADITION
AS A GIFT.



The menu that dates back 500 years before Marco Polo.



There are certain scholars who claim the Orient taught Europe how to cook. Perhaps the answer makes little difference. After all, the name of a famous Japanese dish, tempura, is actually a bit of Latin passed on to us by a Portuguese sailor long ago. Our only point here is that, on Japan Air Lines, you can savor the delights of both familiar cuisine and our own ancient Japanese recipes. One suggestion. An old Japanese maxim recommends that each time you try a new dish, you will live 75 days longer. At that rate, you could fly Japan Air Lines around the world indefinitely. With a lifetime to spare.

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“YES, SIR, THIS HAS CERTAINLY BEEN CONSIDERED A SAFE MINE”

by Rachel Scott

If the Secretary of the Interior was right, why did ninety-one men die in the Sunshine silver mine in Idaho last May 2?

May 2, 1972, is a chilly clear day in the mountains of northern Idaho. It is 6:00 A.M. and good daylight at the Sunshine silver mine in Big Creek Canyon. Robert McCoy, a timber repairman, turns his pickup truck into the mine parking lot and heads for the dryhouse to change clothes. It will be an hour before the day shift crew starts down, but he likes to get to the mine early. If a man doesn't like to rush, and McCoy doesn't, it can take half an hour to pull on his T-shirt, overalls, wool socks and steel-toed rubber boots, his helmet and belt and light and battery pack, and maybe a denim jacket to wear in the breezy shaft air going down.

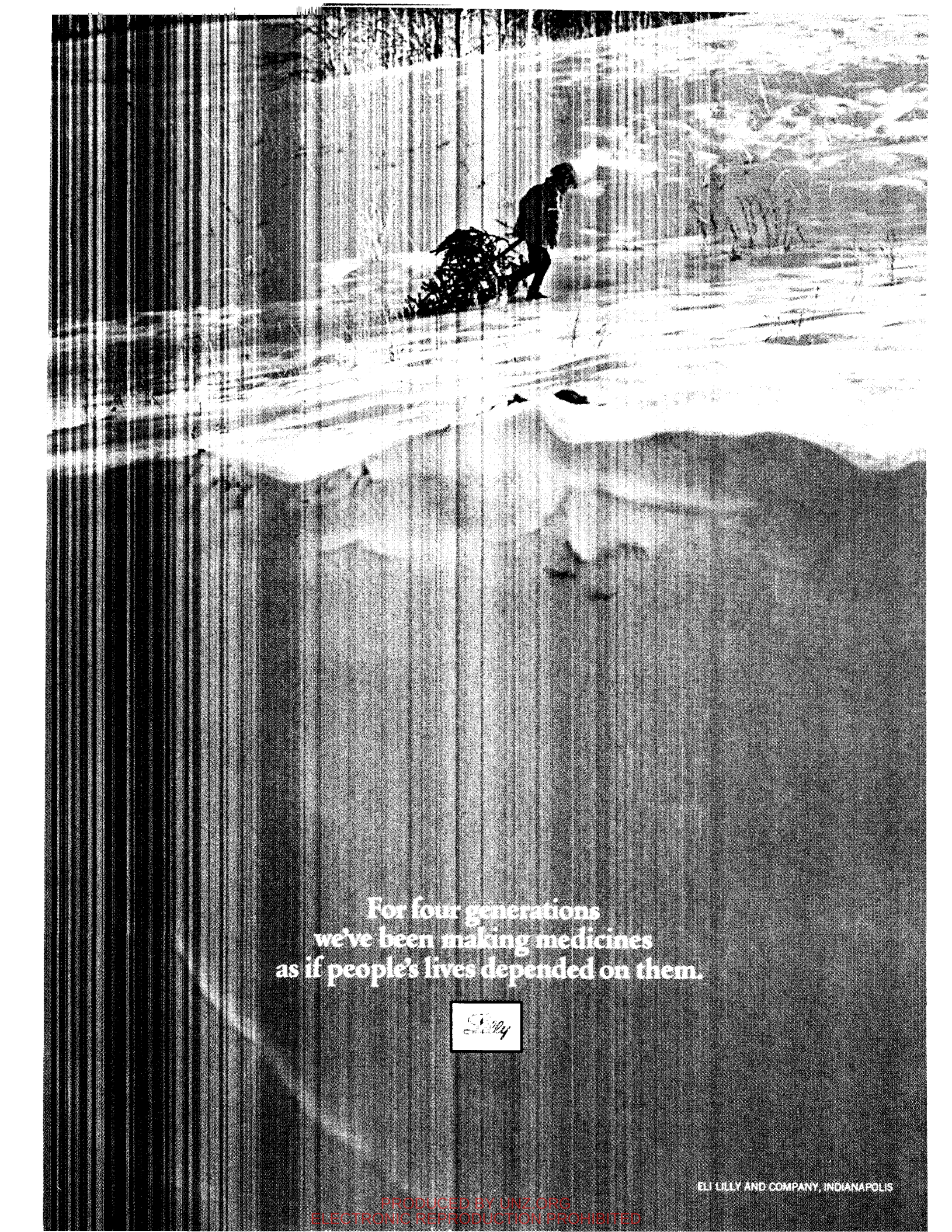
After McCoy finishes changing, he walks up to the portal and pours himself half a cup of coffee from his lunch bucket—his “emblem of ignorance,” he calls it. Gaunt-faced and slender at fifty-six, he's been mining for thirty years, almost fifteen of them at Sunshine. He looks across the canyon to the ridge above the Crescent mine. In the early morning in spring you can see elk there, just below the snow line, some days as many as ten or twelve head. Yesterday he spotted three, today there are none.

By seven o'clock 173 men are assembled at the Jewell shaft, ready to go down. The “cage” or elevator can carry forty-eight men at a time, and it takes twenty minutes to lower the whole crew to the 3700-foot level, where they board a train that carries them back through a mile-long “drift” or tunnel to the No. 10 shaft. Morning starts out easy. The men are relaxed, no one's hurrying. At No. 10 shaft they have time to talk while the skip

tender finishes his coffee. Then they board the skip, or cage, for the final descent—4200 feet, 5000, 5200, 5600, their helmet lights flashing against the blurred rock sides of the shaft as they hurtle through the black, thirty feet per second. There are two hoists in No. 10 shaft, the “chippy hoist” on the 3700-foot level which hauls the men, and the double-drum hoist on 3100, a thousand-horsepower monster machine, newly installed, tricky to operate. It is used to haul muck—ore and rock—though it is also equipped with a twelve-man cage.

Operating the double-drum is Ira Sliger's job, although some days, like today, he has a partner to assist him. Sliger is sixty years old, looks, as he likes to say, “big enough to eat oats and pull a plow,” but forty-four years of metal mining have left their mark. One lung is gone, and the other has been weakened by emphysema—“dust on the lungs,” he calls it. All morning Sliger and his partner, Bob Scanlan, sit in the control booth in the cavernous underground hoistroom, hauling muck buckets up and down the shaft according to bell signals from the cager, who supervises the muck loading a half-mile below. Until noon it is an ordinary day. At one o'clock more than half of the crew will be dead.

Shortly after twelve Sliger gets a phone call from a shaft crew on the 4400 level. (The crew had smelled smoke in the shaft and signaled for the 3700 chippy hoist. When it didn't come, and no one answered in the hoistroom, they called Sliger to ask what was wrong.) They don't mention the smoke. Sliger figures the signal system must have gone out. It failed once before in the past week, and he isn't surprised that it has apparently happened again. Underground miners keep their sanity by not worrying too much, and Sliger is philosophical. He turns back to his controls, but immediately there is another call, this from his boss, Gene Johnson, on 3700.



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"Where's your cager at?" asks Johnson. "Get him up here as soon as you can."

"What's the trouble, Gene?" asks Scanlan, over-hearing.

"There's a fire down there."

Those are chilling words in the confined workings of a deep underground mine, where even a small, contained blaze in an oil drum, or from a single piece of machinery, can generate enough carbon monoxide to kill anyone working "inby" or downwind. And most of the mine is inby the 3700-foot level.

Besides being the main travelway from the No. 10 shaft to the Jewell shaft, the 3700 level also houses the underground foremen's office—the "Blue Room"—and the maintenance shops—the pipe, electric, machine, warehouse, and drill shops. About 11:35 A.M., shortly after they finished lunch, two miners stepped out of the electric shop into the drift, smelled smoke, and yelled "Fire!" Thirty feet down the drift in the Blue Room, foremen Harvey Dionne and Gene Johnson grabbed their helmets and battery packs and ran out into the tunnel. What happened on 3700 during the next thirty minutes cannot be told with any certainty. By one account it was Dionne and Johnson who finally made the decision to evacuate. By another account, it was Dionne and foreman Jim Bush. In any event, before any decision was made, the foremen looked for the fire, following the smoke west toward the Jewell shaft 800 feet until they reached the 910 raise, a vertical shaft which rose 300 feet through old, worked-out portions of the mine. There the smoke seemed heaviest, but they couldn't see where it was coming from. Dionne crawled up onto the timber supports, and from there he could see smoke pouring out of the raise. By his account, he and Johnson talked briefly and decided to evacuate the mine, Johnson starting back to No. 10 shaft to give the evacuation orders and Dionne and two other men heading for the Jewell shaft to close the fire door.

When Gene Johnson calls Sliger, cager Byron Schulz is at the 5600 level pulling muck. Sliger signals a long-short and a 3700 station call. It could have been a routine station call, but when Schulz brings the cage up to 3700, the drift is filled with smoke. And it has been for some time. Fifteen minutes earlier the chippy hoistman had to abandon the hoistroom, unable to see his controls for the smoke. With the chippy hoist out and the 3700 level blocked, the situation is critical. On orders from Gene Johnson, Schulz takes a cage full of miners to the 3100 level, where another tunnel leads to the Jewell shaft, and starts back down for more. Schulz and Greg Dionne, a pipe fitter who came up on the cage from 3700, work together bringing the men

up. The small twelve-man cage makes the process unbearably slow, as the deadly carbon monoxide gas and smoke spread quickly, down the shaft, through the mine.

Five thousand feet underground, Robert McCoy finished eating dinner and looked at his watch. It was 11:30, time to go back to work. He worked for half an hour, maybe forty-five minutes, repairing timber at the No. 10 shaft station; then he noticed smoke coming down the shaft. It keeps coming, poisoning the air, and a motor crew drives back into the drift, alerting miners along the way. The miners, about twenty of them, gather at the station and someone hands out self-rescuers (compact breathing devices that convert carbon monoxide to carbon dioxide), which are kept in a box near the station. Soon the air is a blue haze. Still the cage hasn't come. The men move back into the drift and tap a compressed-air line, turning it on full blast. It doesn't help much. They've waited thirty minutes now, and the cage is finally there; too late for some of the men, who later collapse in the 3100 hoistroom. They are so weak that Schulz, the slightly built twenty-one-year-old cager, has to push them onto the cage. They squeeze in tightly, but half of the men, including McCoy, are left behind. He still feels all right, he thinks, and when the cage returns he leaves his self-rescuer behind, in case someone coming out of the drift might need it.

On the 3100 he gets off the skip and walks with another miner a few hundred feet down the drift; then, too weak to go on, they sit down on the side of the tunnel, feeling sick, too sick to be frightened. A man train stops and someone lifts them on. McCoy doesn't see or hear anymore. He is unconscious.

Byron Schulz brings the second load up from 5000, and returns to the 3100 hoistroom at 12:44. He stumbles off the cage, and into the hoistroom, which is filled with the bodies of collapsed miners, some still gasping for air, some dead. Only Schulz and another miner, Doug Wiederrick, are still up. "There's nothing we can do here," says Schulz, and they start out of the hoistroom. But the smoke is thick in the drift. Wiederrick turns back and picks up the telephone and asks topside where they can find fresh air. "The Jewell shaft," he is told. "My God! We'll never make it," he cries, and slumps to the floor. Schulz bends over him and pushes a self-rescuer into his mouth, but the miner spits it out, unconscious. Schulz, alone now, struggles out of the hoistroom and begins the long walk to the Jewell shaft. A thousand feet out he meets a rescue crew wearing oxygen packs coming from the surface.

"They're all dead back there, they're all dead back there," Schulz gasps, over and over. He pleads for oxygen and one member of the team, holding his breath, places his own mask over

Schulz's face. At the same time, Don Beehner, another crew member, also pulls off his mask to help Schulz. He is down instantly, overcome by the deadly carbon monoxide gas. Blood gushes from his mouth and nose. Within seconds he is dead.

In the hoistroom the smoke began to bother Sliger soon after Johnson called. He put on a self-rescuer and gave one to his partner, Bob Scanlan. They closed the doors of the glass cab in which they worked, but still the smoke came in. When Johnson arrived with the cage from 3700, he ordered Sliger to get out. Sliger turned the controls over to Scanlan, and caught the last train out, the same train that had stopped for McCoy. By the time he reached the surface, less than ten minutes later, topside had lost contact with the hoistroom.

Thirty-one men, including Bob Scanlan, Greg Dionne, Gene Johnson, and Doug Wiederrick, died on the hoistroom floor. Eighty men made it out of the mine that day. Byron Schulz was the last. Of the rest trapped below when the hoistman died, only two men survived. On 4800 level Ron Flory and Tom Wilkinson had waited at the shaft station with other miners, but as the smoke kept billowing down the shaft, they ran back into the drift until they found fresh air, brought in by compressed-air lines. They waited there for seven days in the black silent mine until they were found by rescuers. They survived on sandwiches scavenged from their dead buddies' lunch buckets and water from condensation on the air cooler. The rescue teams worked slowly, severely hampered by dense smoke and intense heat as the fire continued to burn. They did not recover the last body until May 13. The final death toll was ninety-one men. It was the worst disaster in the hard-rock mining industry since 1917.

The Sunshine mine is on the eastern slope of a narrow valley cut through the sparsely forested, smelter-scarred Bitterroot Mountains by Big Creek. Owned and operated by the Sunshine Mining Company, the mine is the biggest silver producer in the country (seven million ounces, worth \$10.9 million, in 1971), a huge sprawling network of 110 miles of shafts and tunnels. Only a relatively small section of the mine near the No. 10 shaft has been worked in recent years. The mine is like an anthill, with major drifts following the ore deposits east and west from the No. 10 shaft, the drifts running horizontally at intervals of 200 feet, one on top of another, and connected vertically by shafts and raises which provide transportation, ventilation, electricity, and compressed air and water. Leading off the main drifts are small dead-end "stopes," the producing areas of the mine. The drifts follow a major fault line which runs east and west through the mountains. Most of the metals mined in the Coeur d'Alene

district—silver, lead, zinc, copper, and antimony—are found in rich deposits along this fault. This twenty-by-thirty-mile area in Shoshone County produces half of the silver mined annually in the United States.

The Sunshine miners are either "day's pay" miners, hourly workers who handle support and maintenance jobs—the motormen, hoistmen, cagers, timber repairmen, electricians, pipe fitters; or they are "gyppo" or contract miners, paid according to the number of feet they drive through the rock. Contract mining is hard work and the most dangerous. "I've seen young fellas come in there, twenty-one years old," says a Sunshine miner. "At thirty-five, forty years, they're stoked out, we call it. They get injured more. They have broken arms and broken legs and broken backs." But it pays well. An average gyppo miner can make \$50 a day and the better miners can make \$80 to \$100 a day.

Gyppo miners work a mining cycle which ends with blasting, so that each new shift finds a pile of blasted rock awaiting it in the stopes. At the start of the shift, the miners, working two to a stope, "bar down," or knock down loose rock from the "ground"—the roof and sides of the blasted area. If the ground is still unstable they may brace it with rock bolts or timber. Then they wet down the rock and "muck out," removing the pay dirt with a machine that scoops it to the nearest raise, where it falls into ore cars below to be hauled out. The remainder of the shift is spent drilling deep holes into the "face" of the rock. At the end of the shift the holes are filled with dynamite and blasted.

Practically every man who lives in the Coeur d'Alene valley has mined at one time or another, and many have worked as loggers, too. Traditionally, hard-rock mining has been a "tramp" occupation, the miners moving from mining camp to mining camp, following the high-paying jobs in the rich metal mines of the West. They move too often to have roots, living in tiny shacks, spending their money for pleasure—drinking, gambling, and whoring. The miners in Coeur d'Alene are more stationary now, but they still live in shacks and trailers up and down the valley. The mines—the Lucky Friday, Star, Crescent, Bunker Hill, Galena, and Sunshine—and the towns they support, are scattered along the Coeur d'Alene River and Interstate 90, which follows the riverbed across the northern panhandle of Idaho.

Every year four or five men die in the mines of the "silver valley" from rockfalls, haulage accidents, falls down shafts. Twenty-four men died in the district's mines between 1966 and 1970, five of them in the Sunshine mine. Bureau of Mines statistics are not available for 1971, but two men died that year in a fire at the Star mine, and one died in a rockfall at the Sunshine mine. But no one expected a tragedy of the size of the 1972 Sunshine disaster. "Everyone in the hard-rock mines thought



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this could never happen—nothing of this magnitude,” says John Parker, manager of the Bunker Hill lead and zinc mine in Kellogg. That is the typical miner’s view, too. “The fact is, this fire was totally unexpected,” says Ira Sliger. “In my forty-four years of mining I’ve never seen anything like it. It didn’t smell like anything I’d ever smelled, or look like anything I’d ever seen. It was just one terrible fire and a terrible disaster.”

“It was an incredible kind of a freak accident,” Carl Burke, a company attorney, told reporters in a parking lot press conference at the mine the day after the fire. He said mine officials believed the fire might have started from spontaneous combustion, smoldering in old timber-filled workings near the 3700-foot level of the mine, possibly for days, before suddenly the pressure of expanding gases burst through the airtight bulkheads used to seal off the worked-out drifts. Then the poisonous gases flowed swiftly into the mainstream of the ventilation system.

But Sunshine could not be faulted, Burke said. “We have been one of the forerunners [*sic*] of the mine health and safety act. What happened here yesterday, when the facts are out, will show it to be a very tragic, but a freak accident.” Later Burke would admit: “I don’t know if I can factually clarify that. I would even scratch that line. I don’t know if it’s a good one.” He would explain that before the fire, company officials had prided themselves on their efforts to improve safety conditions in the mine and within the industry, but “in retrospect, it is clear that whatever we had done was not enough—that the mine at that time was not able to respond to that kind of a disaster.” And as the facts began to emerge, they suggested not so much a “freak accident” as a flawed and familiar pattern in industry—of choosing, once too often, to favor production needs over safety precautions. “The trouble is, the whole thing is, if they had let me know about this thirty minutes earlier, most of those men would have been alive today,” says Ira Sliger. The evacuation order could have been given when the fire was first discovered, sometime close to 11:35 A.M., but mine foremen looked first for the source of the smoke, delaying evacuation until 12:05 P.M. By then 3700 level was impassable and the chippy hoist inoperable.

Hap Fowler, who was working in the warehouse and made it out, assesses the situation in the same way as Sliger. “The reason those guys died,” he says, “no foreman wanted to take the responsibility to get those men out of there early enough. It isn’t here at the mines—our people. It starts at New York—the big wheels. If they’d pulled those men out, somebody could have got in a lot of trouble—not by Chase [Marvin Chase is a director and vice president of the company and general manager of mining operations], Chase is a hell of a nice guy. He would have backed them up. But New York,

the big shots back in the East. They would have really picked a bitch. All the bosses know that. If they’d pulled those men out that would mean they would probably lose twenty-five or thirty rounds [of blasting].” And that would have cost thousands of dollars.

Fowler knew about “New York” from personal experience, he says. About a year ago he was working for Jim Atha, then safety engineer, and asked him for some self-rescuers—“the good kind.” The reason he wanted them, he says, is that “we didn’t have enough. I wanted to get some aluminum ones. These old ones rusted out too fast. Two or three levels didn’t have any on them.” But Atha told him, “I can’t get them.”

“I said, ‘Why not?’

“He said, ‘They cost thirty-five dollars apiece.’

“I said, ‘Jesus Christ, man, thirty-five dollars ain’t much.’

“He said, ‘Well, I got this letter’—he pulled out this letter. It was from New York, giving him hell for spending so much.” Atha says he doesn’t recall ever getting any letter from New York.

The big wheels—the directors of the mining company—are part of a group of investors that seized control of the company in a 1965 proxy fight. The group was led by the late Louis Beryl, a New York insurance broker, who a few years before had participated in a take-over of the United States Smelting Refining and Mining Company. Beryl and his group had barely taken their seats on the Sunshine board before they began casting about for more companies to take over. In 1965 alone, the company attempted, unsuccessfully, to merge with Kerr-McGee Corporation, Independent Coal & Coke, and U.S. Industries. In 1968 the company borrowed \$20 million and bought Renwell Industries, a failing Pennsylvania-based electronics firm, for \$12 million, including the assumption of a \$6-million debt. That might not seem like the best investment in the world for a small Western mining company, unless, of course, you were a Renwell director. Two Sunshine directors had been, and Sunshine stockholders charged, in a suit still pending, that Irwin P. Underweiser, chairman of the board and president of Sunshine, and another Sunshine director benefited from the purchase, which involved an exchange of stock. In 1969 the company bid unsuccessfully for the bankrupt Canandaigua Race Track in upstate New York. Meanwhile, several still pending suits filed by stockholders charged the board members with mismanagement, diverting funds for the directors’ personal benefit, and increasing their salaries to exorbitant amounts. Stockholders questioned, for example, the wisdom of an investment of “more than \$1,230,843” in the stock of Reading Company, of which three Sun-

shine directors were also board members. Reading stock has since dropped from a high of 9% in 1971 to a high of 3½ in 1972 and has been running deficits of \$9 per share. Says one stockbroker, "It looks like, for all practical purposes, they're well on their way to bankruptcy."

Directors' meetings, usually held in New York, were "all concerned with how to invest their money," says one company critic with access to inside information. "Most of the directors showed almost no interest in the mine. It seems like a Greek tragedy that this group is associated with this mine."

It was this management, "totally dedicated to growth through internal expansion, mergers and acquisitions," as the company boasts in its 1971 annual report, which was holding its annual stockholders' meeting in Coeur d'Alene on the morning of May 2. It must have been a difficult meeting for Irwin Underweiser. After several years of stockholders' charges that the directors were "ruining the company," Underweiser had to explain why Sunshine showed a \$1.2 million loss for 1971, even though the mine itself made a profit. The losses, he explained, were due to a "write-off in securities" and lower silver prices.

But he had a glowing report for the first quarter of 1972: first quarter earnings were a healthy \$122,000. "All indications are that we are definitely on the upswing," he said. But then, in the middle of the meeting, came news of the fire. In the first few days after the fire Underweiser looked pale and troubled. On May 8, however, he told an AP reporter that in spite of the lengthy shutdown the fire would certainly cause, "we may even make a profit on the closure." He said insurance would cover costs of a shutdown of up to six months. And since the mine is the largest U.S. silver producer, the closure could cause a shortage in silver, forcing prices up as much as 10 percent.

Fires are all too common in hard-rock mines, in spite of company and industry statements that such things never happen. An underground fire is to be feared, not so much because of the fire itself, but because it consumes oxygen and produces suffocating carbon monoxide gas. In a metal mine such as the Sunshine, the rock itself will not burn, but the millions of feet of timber, brought into the mine every year as support for the walls and roofs of tunnels and shafts, will burn. Until a few years ago, timbers that were no longer needed were thrown into old worked-out drifts, along with anything else the miners didn't want to haul out of the mine. Then the tunnels were sealed and the timbers left to rot. "Once they are bulkheaded off, you assume they're safe," says Marvin Chase, but he adds, "It's a worry always to everyone that someday something will happen."

Company safety engineer Bob Launhardt says the company was as prepared as it could be for a fire. He says he had "studied quite extensively in the areas of fire prevention," and found that "all major fires in hard-rock mines had been either in the intake air shaft or surface buildings. Never before in hard-rock mining had there been a major fire in other than those places." Bureau of Mines records flatly contradict Launhardt. Although shaft fires are more often deadly because the shafts are thickly timbered and flames can spread quickly, fires starting in other areas have caused major disasters. Launhardt says Sunshine had focused its fire plans on prevention of shaft fires, installing concrete doors in the shaft that could be activated by carbon monoxide detectors. "If it had been in the shaft, this fire would not have got back in the mine," he says. With that protection, and "having a second escapeway," he says, "I felt we were one of the best-prepared mines for a fire."

Perhaps so, but clearly not the best prepared for the type of fire that has often hit the Sunshine mine in the past. The Bureau of Mines has recorded at least three major fires at the mine prior to the May 2 disaster, none of them shaft fires. In 1945 a fire, apparently caused by an electrical short circuit, raged for weeks before it was finally extinguished by flooding the mine. In 1967 another fire started when two miners blasted out timbers to remove them from a raise where they were working. They left for lunch after blasting and returned to find the timbers burning. The fire filled the drift with thick smoke and was not subdued for several hours, although the mine was not evacuated.

Another electrical fire in April of 1971 burned along a power cable for eight feet, then spread into nearby timber. William Spear, an Idaho mine inspector, investigated the fire the next day. He discovered that the mine's fire alarm system—a stench gas which is manually released into the ventilation system—had not been used. It was out of order. Spear reported, in the mild manner characteristic of state and federal investigators, that "most of the people that were asked, said the matter was handled very well, but some thought an evacuation of the mine would have been in better judgment." Though he didn't say so, Spear privately thought the company should have ordered an evacuation. So did local United Steelworkers president Lavern Melton, who protested to management. "The company was defensive," says Melton. "They said they told the men to stand by and then went to see how serious the fire was. They said it would be awful silly to take all these men out and lose all that production for nothing."

Bob Launhardt studied theology in college and received his safety instruction from the industry-supported National Safety Council. Miners call him "cooperative" and "conscientious" but say he is "a little bit too much company." Launhardt be-

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believes "the basic thing in accident prevention is the ability to motivate people, to motivate management. Eighty-eight percent of all accidents are the result of human oversight and ten percent are the result of physical failure—now it could be oversight on the part of management." An enlightened philosophy, but it's not carried out in practice. Sunshine's prime safety strategy has been to offer prizes to the crew for so many man-hours worked without a lost-time accident. "They're real nice prizes," says one miner—"electric fry pans, nice sleeping bags, electric can openers." Young miners think the prizes are just so much bullshit, but older miners with families like them. The prizes don't discourage accidents, though.

In spite of the prizes, injury and fatality rates at the Sunshine mine have, since 1960, consistently exceeded national averages. Injury rates have been more than twice as high as the national average for metal mines, and rose from 61.74 injuries per million man-hours in 1960 to 126.49 in 1971. The actual number of disabling injuries (or lost-time accidents) rose from 43 a year in 1965 to 133 in 1971. It is hard to know exactly what has caused the rate to go up, but it may help to know that between 1966 and 1971, in the years since contract mining was introduced, the injury rate averaged 100.33 injuries per million man-hours, up from 86.60 for the previous six years. Launhardt blames the mine's poor record on a rapid labor turnover and unstable rock conditions in the Coeur d'Alene district. A more likely reason, say some miners, is that top management just doesn't give a damn about safety. "A safety engineer in the Sunshine mine has got about as much say as a mucker since about 1960," says Hap Fowler. "Since ol' Charley Angle [a former mine superintendent] left in 1960 our safety began to slow up. He really believed in safety and wanted men to eat it, live it, and think it. We were preached safety twenty-four hours a day. You'd get canned quicker for an unsafe mine practice than for missing a round or getting drunk and laying off. The guys talked safety among themselves. And the bosses talked safety. You don't see that anymore. Since he left it's not that way. Get that muck out, or else. Of course a boss likes to get muck. That's how he gets his reputation.

"The safety man today doesn't get any cooperation from the bosses, and he just hates to say anything and go over their heads. Still the safety guy is the fall guy if anything goes wrong. He should have the power to tramp [fire] a foreman or anything else."

At times, it gets to be too much even for the company safety engineer to take. Paul Johnson, who died in the May 2 fire, was safety engineer in 1968, but he quit after one year. His widow says he resigned because "in general he just felt like he wasn't able to go ahead and do the things he'd

like to do. He didn't feel like he had the backing."

Launhardt reportedly has felt the same pressures. Lavern Melton says that more than once when he went to the safety man with complaints Launhardt responded, "Well, you know the problems that anyone in this job has—the limitations that he has." It didn't matter how conscientiously he went about his job. Without management support he was powerless, and as a result, ineffective. The supervisors knew it and the men knew it. And the accident rates showed it. Then came May 2.

After the fire Launhardt admitted to reporters that the company had never held fire drills, or provided safety meetings of any kind for miners. If the men were concerned about the possibility of a fire, they could read the safety manual, which notes briefly: "This mine is equipped with a stench warning system. Inquire of your supervisor as to the course of action you should follow upon a fire alert." Nor were they taught how to use the self-rescuers. Explained Launhardt: "They would have to be retrained every six months or they would forget how to use them."

Astonishing as these revelations were, the big surprise was yet to come. On May 7, the company announced that ninety-three men were missing, not eighty-two, as they had previously told reporters. The original number had been a guess; since the mine kept no surface record of who was underground, the best they could do was count the number of miners' lamps missing from the dryhouse. The only records had been kept by the shift bosses, and most of them were still underground among the missing. The union had protested against this practice a year before, concerned that men might meet with an accident and not be missed, but according to Lavern Melton management replied: "What we've been doing up to now has worked fine."

In the aftermath of the fire, Sunshine Mining Company officials have maintained that the Sunshine mine is no worse than any other mine, and possibly better than most. They are fond of pointing out that Sunshine did not violate any laws in this disaster. The federal Metal and Non-metallic Mine Safety Act of 1966 did not require fire drills, or specific evacuation procedures, or underground oxygen supplies for hoistmen, or even self-rescuers. By providing self-rescuers underground, they point out, Sunshine was far ahead of many other hard-rock mines. All true enough.

But Sunshine neglects to mention its part in shaping the absurdly lenient mine safety laws that continued to allow them to look "good" with the death of ninety-one men. During congressional hearings on the mine safety act in 1965, H. B. Johnson, then manager of the Sunshine mine, and now director of health and safety for the American

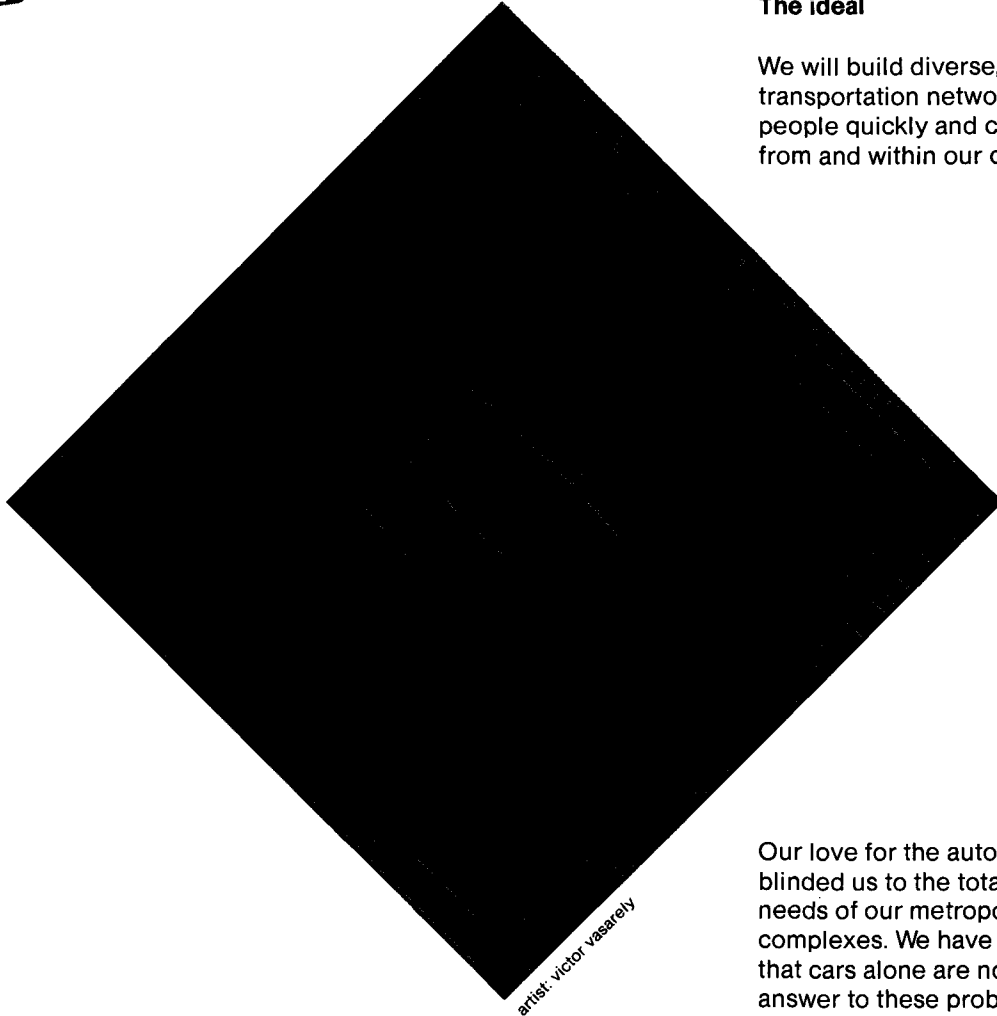


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Both 86 Proof

Mining Congress, wrote to oppose passage of the act as "an unnecessary imposition of federal regulation." "The industry is best prepared to meet the problem in this area through its own efforts," he argued.

The legislation—the first to provide (or at least promise) protection for non-coal miners—was passed and signed into law in 1966 during the Johnson Administration, but it showed the scars of heavy industry opposition, notably from the American Mining Congress. The AMC is a powerful lobbying group, well financed, hard-nosed, and effective. It represents the interests of such industries as Consolidation Coal (subsidiary of Continental Oil), Kennecott Copper, Anaconda, American Smelting and Refining, American Metal Climax, Bethlehem Steel—in short, almost every American mining interest, hard-rock and coal.

The act entrusted enforcement powers to the Interior Department's Bureau of Mines—the next closest thing to allowing the industry to police itself. The Department of the Interior, as "custodian of the Nation's natural resources," attracts special interests like flies to carrion. Its top offices are filled partly from the ranks of the mining industry and partly by political appointees. Dedicated to a philosophy of "cooperation" with industry, its officials believe in enforcing safety regulations as conservatively as possible, if at all. The new safety law fit well into the bureau's philosophy. It lacked monetary penalties, narrowly limiting enforcement provisions to the power to withdraw workers in case of "imminent danger" or for failure to abate a violation. Standards would be developed by an advisory committee appointed by the Secretary of the Interior, then Stewart Udall. The early advisory committees—there were three because Frank Memmot, the Bureau official in charge of the act and a former American Mining Congress member, had a lot of friends—delayed promulgation of standards until 1969. Under the law the standards would not go into effect for yet another year. And most of the regulations were "advisory," rather than "mandatory," and thus lacked even the feeble weight of the law.

The present committee, appointed in 1970 by then Secretary Walter Hickel, is chaired by James Boyd, chairman of the board of the Copper Range Company and an American Mining Congress spokesman. The committee meets about four times a year, but like its predecessor seldom reaches any conclusions. "If [a proposed standard] isn't unanimous, it's tabled for further discussion," explains Dr. Julian Feiss, executive secretary for the committee. Another committee member is Gordon Miner, vice president and director of the Hecla Mining Company. Hecla owns rights to 33 percent of the Sunshine mine's production and is Sunshine's largest shareholder, holding almost 4 percent of the company's widely held stock.

Secretary of the Interior Rogers C. B. Morton led the parade of department officials who flocked to the scene of the disaster. Morton expressed his sympathy to relatives of the trapped miners and commented to reporters that, "Yes, sir, this has certainly been considered a safe mine." Morton, who in 1968 was chief fund raiser for the Republican Party, also conveyed President Nixon's sympathies. (Nixon sent a telegram to the Mayor of Kellogg the same day, promising "the full spectrum of federal assistance," but later refused to declare the area a major disaster zone, which would have allowed the stricken families to receive federal aid.)

Morton's aide Lewis Helm was quickly dispatched to the mine to handle the Department's press relations. Assigned to the Office of Communications, Helm wields considerable power at Interior as Morton's chief image maker and troubleshooter. In Idaho Helm was largely successful in his mission—to create the most favorable publicity possible for the Bureau of Mines. His efforts inspired such news stories as one headlined NO MINE DANGERS SEEN in the May 4 issue of the *Spokane Daily Chronicle*. The story quoted Helm, reporting, "None of the several inspections in the past two years at the Sunshine Mine has indicated any potential fire hazards, a U.S. Department of the Interior spokesman said here today. . . ." In fact, the company had been cited repeatedly for violating both federal and state fire regulations, as well as explosives, electrical, ground support, and emergency escapeway standards.

Bureau of Mines deputy director Donald Schlick told a *Denver Post* reporter that the company and the Bureau were unprepared for the fire because "there has never been a metal-mine fire before. We've had small fires before in metal mines, but they were very minor and no one was hurt. No one ever expected a fire the size of the one that hit the Sunshine mine because there's nothing to burn in a metal mine." Schlick, a former industrial engineer for Consolidation Coal, ought to know better. Presumably he has access to Bureau statistics. In the past one hundred years since records have been kept, major metal-mine fires have averaged one every four years, and since Schlick entered his chosen field in 1953 there have been sixty-eight reported metal-mine fires.

The man directly responsible for enforcement of the law is Stanley Jarrett, the sixty-nine-year-old assistant director for metal and nonmetal mine safety. Jarrett is considered extremely knowledgeable on mine safety, and assisted in rescue operations at the mine, directing the effort that led to the rescue of Flory and Wilkinson. But an enforcer he's not. Says a Bureau source, "He's been in the business all his life and he is industry-oriented and doesn't even know it." Before joining the Bureau in 1969, Jarrett was safety engineer for Kennecott Copper. At an Idaho press conference he refused

to comment on whether he thought the mine safety act should be strengthened. A few weeks later the Bureau announced stricter enforcement of the act, more inspectors, and tougher standards, but it was an obvious attempt to undermine a congressional move to "clean house" and transfer jurisdiction of hard-rock mines to the Labor Department under the relatively tougher Occupational Health and Safety Act of 1970. Whoever sanctioned the press release didn't seem to be speaking for Jarrett, who told Bureau mine inspectors at a July meeting that if death and injury rates do not improve, "we'll see legislation like you've never seen, and we don't want it."

It is two months since the fire. The Interior Department's public hearing in Kellogg, Idaho, has been adjourned for lunch and Mrs. Casey Pena and Mrs. Howard Harrison, who both lost their husbands in the fire, are eating at Duffy's Cafe. Even now they can think or talk of little else but the fire. The grisly details of the deaths seem to carry a special significance, the facts—real, concrete—to balance against the unknown horror, the immensity, of ninety-one men, husbands and friends, struggling in the black against an inescapable death. The women dwell on these details, recounting them at length. Mrs. Harrison, a soft-featured woman in her early thirties, recalls a conversation with a miner who helped carry the bodies out. "He says, 'You know, Alice, in one way you're lucky you didn't have to see their bodies.' He said it was the most horrifying, terrible thing he ever saw." The men were so unrecognizable, she says, that the crews had to ask the widows for identifying disfigurements. "Howard's got a scar on his neck from an accident in Sunshine"—she indicates, with her finger on her own neck, a long gash from her ear to the base of her neck—"and his foot was crushed from a cave-in at Butte. They wanted to amputate it but he wouldn't let them. It was all mangled, you know."

The women are angry that the death benefits are so low. State workmen's compensation provides a \$750 burial award and a maximum \$26,550 for a widow without dependent children; a maximum \$35,400 with three or more children. The ninety-one men left seventy-seven widows and 181 dependent children. Three more have been born since the disaster. There are also social security benefits, a \$5,000 company life insurance premium, a company-sponsored \$100,000 educational fund, and a \$125,000 union fund, which has been divided between widows and miners laid off by the mine shutdown. Mrs. Pena thinks the benefits should be much higher—at least provide whatever amount the worker would have made in his lifetime. She and Mrs. Harrison are two of about fifty widows represented by a group of lawyers who are considering

a possible third party suit, probably against manufacturers of the self-rescuers. Sunshine cannot be sued. Idaho law provides that employers may be held liable only for workmen's compensation claims.

Many of the widows were initially reluctant to join in the legal proceedings, Mrs. Pena says, but "now everybody is calling up. They're realizing that they have a complete new life to live. They feel like they should have what's coming to them." There aren't many jobs for women in mining towns. "There's office work, clerking, waitressing, 'tramming' [a mining term for carrying or hauling] beer, and that's just about it," says one man.

The two widows carry with them the coroner's reports, funeral bills, military service records, and an announcement of a memorial service, listing the names of the dead. The coroner's report shows that Howard Harrison, age thirty-four, died of carbon monoxide asphyxiation in twenty to thirty seconds. Mrs. Harrison is skeptical of the findings. "You know what I wonder?" she says. She speaks softly, almost tenderly. "Did he die that way? Did he cry? Was he scared? Did he try to climb the walls, did he try to dig out?"

Has the disaster affected people in the valley? "Do you want to know what it was like before?" asks Mrs. Harrison. "This was the happiest, jolliest town that was ever on the face of the nation." Her eyes sparkle. "Do you know what it's like now? It's like a living graveyard. I don't think all those men were condemned to die underground. There was one man who was supposed to retire the next week after this happened. Floyd Rais."

"No, it was next April," says Mrs. Pena.

"Was it? And William Hanna was his partner. And Louis Goos, he'd been in a car wreck and the next day he went back to work. He said he had a . . . a . . . lucky—something—on his shoulder. We not only lost our husbands, we lost a lot of good friends."

The people in the silver valley are trying to put the disaster behind them now—some even feel resentment that the inquiries and hearings continue. "It just opens up the wounds," one man says. "It was kind of sad for a while," another miner says, "but life goes on, you know." Men will keep on mining and in time it will again be the happiest, jolliest place, but it will never be quite the same. "The only thing that will bother me about going back to work," says Robert McCoy, "is not seeing all the old faces I've known so long. It's like you went to a party and you knew everybody in the room, and then you went into another room and it was filled with strangers. All these men, electricians, mechanics, all of them. I knew them for years."

"It hurts. It hurts," said Mrs. Mike Williams, who works at the union hall. "I don't know if we'll ever get over it." □

PRAYING ON A 707

by Anne Sexton

Mother,
each time I talk to God
you interfere.
You of the bla-bla set,
carrying on about the state of letters.
If I write a poem
you give a treasurer's report.
If I make love
you give you the funniest lines.
Mrs. Sarcasm,
why are there any children left?

They hold up their bows.
They curtsy in just your style.
They shake hands how-do-you-do
in the same inimitable manner.
They pass over the soup with parsley
as you never could.
They take their children into their arms
like cups of warm cocoa
as you never could
and yet and yet
with your smile, your dimple, we ape you,
we ape you further . . .
the great pine of summer,
the beach that oiled you,
the garden made of noses.

the moon tied down over the sea,
the great warm-blooded dogs . . .
the doll you gave me, Mary Gray,
or your mother gave me
or the maid gave me.
Perhaps the maid.
She *had* soul,
being Italian.

Mother,
each time I talk to God
you interfere.
Up there in the jet,
below the clouds as small as puppies,
the sun standing fire,
I talk to God and ask Him
to speak of my failures, my successes,
ask him to morally make an assessment.
He does.

He says,
you haven't,
you haven't.

Mother,
you and God
float with the same belly
up.

THE MORNING AFTER THE WAR BEFORE

by Denis Warner

A report on Asian anxiety about the future of American foreign policy, and an argument that America take seriously its need both to attain peace and retain its credibility as a world power, by an Australian correspondent who has written from the Far East for almost three decades.

I always return to Saigon with mixed emotions. For twenty-three years the city has been a significant part of my life, and I probably feel as much at home there as most Caucasians feel anywhere in Asia. Yet I have seen it through two eras of prostitution, French and American, a hundred changes of character, most of them for the worse, a protracted period of war and refugee growth that has created slums which rival Calcutta's, and a demoralizing decline in spiritual, national, and moral ethics. Only my friends seem to remain basically unchanged, though some of them, like the city, have become prematurely old, weary, and cynical. "I don't hate the Americans as I used to hate the French," one of them remarked to me some years ago. Before I could comment, he added quickly: "But I expect to." The prophecy, it is probably unnecessary to note, has been fulfilled.

Saigon is neither the heart nor the soul of Vietnam. In fact, the late President Ngo Dinh Diem, who never accommodated himself to its commercialism, used to say that it had no soul at all; but in the sense that every capital city is a generator—of power, authority, and patronage—Saigon is the ultimate key to Vietnam. The war is not being fought over the "old" imperial capital of Hue (someone once translated the French word *ancien* into "old" and reporters and edi-

tors ever since have been unable to get it out of their minds that Hue, a comparatively modern city, is not hallowed by the ages), or for the countryside, but for Saigon. And Saigon never readily accepted the euphoria, domestic and foreign, with which the state of the war, and, more recently, Vietnamization, were acclaimed.

On my last visit, I arrived in Saigon on the eve of the North Vietnamese Easter offensive to be greeted with private Vietnamese concern and renewed American military optimism. The cast had changed but the characters, and the scenario, with appropriate shades of emphasis and mood, were much as they had been in the months before Tet, 1968. At that time I was taken in hand at MACV (U.S. Military Assistance Command, Vietnam) by an American colonel who had been briefed to put me in the picture. Assuming that I, too, was a greenhorn, he told me with unblinking eye and serious mien that the situation had so improved that it was now quite safe to drive anywhere in the country by car.

This time I was again offered a private military briefing. The colonel, of course, had been Vietnamized and his place taken by a young captain whose briefing consisted of a description of the order of battle of the American and South Vietnamese forces. Things had so improved that the American ground role had been reduced to static defense, involving only seven battalions, or in all about six thousand "spaces," a new and singularly objectionable military euphemism for men, most of whom were around the air bases at Da Nang and Bien Hoa. He told it all with an enchanting air of innocence, as if progress in Vietnamization—and therefore South Vietnam's chances of surviving—could be measured by the speed with which the American forces were being withdrawn.

Since it had been widely expected that the North Vietnamese had planned an offensive for

Tet, 1972, and the Monday morning quarterbacks were busy with their theories about why it had not been forthcoming, I was interested not only in the South Vietnamese order of battle and the withdrawal of the Americans but in the whereabouts of the regular North Vietnamese divisions. But when I posed my question, the captain replied: "I am sorry, sir, I know nothing about that. This is an American military briefing."

The message he conveyed by this indirection was that the Americans had things so well under control that General Vo Nguyen Giap's last-gasp offensive, when and if it came, would be handled with ease by the South Vietnamese. They might bend, it was said by the captain's seniors, with the same ill-informed optimism that characterized official attitudes before 1968, but they would not break.

Ten years had passed since the Joint Chiefs in a memorandum to Defense Secretary McNamara had recommended increased participation in Vietnam, in a type of war in which they claimed to have a wealth of experience, but in which the sum total of American knowledge was precisely nil. To think in Vietnam in terms of Korea and the Pacific War was lunacy; but, heaven help us, this is how they thought.

Like pictures still fresh inside the dust-covered family albums, I have my snapshots of all the years of war:

Bottles of raw Algerian wine bouncing on the table at Nasam, the dress rehearsal for Dienbienphu, as the French artillery fired blindly into the night, and a cadaverous French captain calling for a set-piece battle. "Just give us a set-piece battle," he said, drawing his hand across his throat, "and we will beat them every time."

General Henri Navarre, the French commander in chief, pink-cheeked and silver-haired at a reception in Saigon. I had just come from Dienbienphu filled with the apprehensions of his garrison for its fate. "Do you think the Viet Minh will attack?" I asked. "I hope so," he replied.

The long lines of French tanks and trucks and armored cars moving out across the Pont Doumer (its arches over the Red River were broken at last by American bombing in May), bewildered and humiliated in defeat by an army that came in sneakers, with its supplies on bicycles and cyclos. It all couldn't be. But it was.

My friend, Dr. Phan Quang Dan, the only opposition candidate who ever won a seat in the National Assembly during the Diem regime, in his clinic in Gia Dinh, hot and angry after he had been released by the police who had detained him, on Diem's orders, to prevent him from taking his seat for the official opening of the Assembly. He denounced the United States for the way it had gone about things in Vietnam. "All they give us

are a bigger police force and more concentration camps," he said.

My first operation with the South Vietnamese army, an afternoon of peasant-shooting and torture. I took some pictures and showed them to Diem; he threw them angrily on the floor.

Khe Sanh during the 1968 Tet offensive and an American colonel with long, pointed moustaches disclaiming any knowledge of Communist tactics at Dienbienphu, while the North Vietnamese wriggled their way forward in approach trenches—just as they had at Dienbienphu.

And after it was all over for Tet, and the North Vietnamese had pulled back, General William C. Westmoreland, stiffly starched and letter-perfect, in a briefing for a handful of selected correspondents. A cool, detached, West Point-type lecture that ascribed plans to the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong, and tactical responses of his own; a lecture that seemed to me to be so far out of touch with reality that I wondered whether I was listening to a reading from *Don Quixote*. There was no appreciation of the ideological and psychological motivation behind Giap's moves, or of Giap's expectation of a general uprising and what must have been his deep surprise when the Viet Cong spearhead for his offensive, marching so bravely into the cities and towns of South Vietnam, failed to touch one off. Primarily because of the American blockade and the massive fire support that the United States was still willing and able to provide, Giap failed again in the 1972 offensive. Yet to deny the success of the formula because of these two failures is to court disaster. In both cases the American presence tipped the scales. Given the circumstances, Giap will try again. If the people have no one else to turn to, they will respond. I watched it happen in Hanoi years ago.

As Ho Chi Minh and the other North Vietnamese leaders were well aware, only the United States stood in the way of a takeover in South Vietnam. In a sense, Washington was not only the capital of the United States but of much of Asia also. For intimate knowledge of the detail, Asia had to be seen constantly on the ground. But for the superview of the forest, frequent visits to Washington were essential. Heads of state, politicians, academics, and journalists trekked there to behold the fountains of power, to be impressed anew with the advantage of living under the American umbrella, or to ponder the wisdom of their neutrality. For this was the domain of the decision makers.

I was in Washington after I had watched the Tet offensive through to the relief of Hue and the abandonment of Khe Sanh. I reported, and was soundly reprimanded for my views, that the Tet offensive, though a costly military failure for Ha-

noi, had been Washington's psychological Dien-bienphu. Everything that happened thereafter, the declaration of personal surrender by President Johnson, the protracted halt in the bombing, the Paris talks, the Guam Doctrine, Vietnamization, and all the rest, represented a signal lowering of American sights, the abandonment of American hopes of winning a military victory in Indochina and of reinstating unhappy South Vietnam as a "pearl in the crown of the free world," to borrow one of the lyrical descriptions of the official American propagandists in the late 1950s.

It took several weeks, but the Easter offensive this year finally shattered the flimsy barricades of optimism, the make-believe that the South Vietnamese now had the capacity to do for themselves alone what the United States and South Vietnam had been able to do together. For it was clear that without the endless use of vast American sea and air power, or a much more effective military system of its own, South Vietnam could not hold.

Looking at Asia from the United States these days, one tends to see nothing but the awfulness of Vietnam (South), the military magic of the North, and the wonders of the Middle Kingdom. But neither Vietnam nor China is all of Asia, and to condemn past American policies out of hand because of a too incautious and too deep involvement in Vietnam, or for too little involvement with China too late, is as absurd, and as dangerous, as oversimplification during the 1950s, when all red was evil and all white pure.

Much has changed in Asia—and in the United States. Washington has learned tragically that some political situations cannot easily be altered by the use of military power, that the Vietnam War is not at all like the Pacific War, or the Korean War, that allies who hold out their rice bowls are often singularly reluctant to give in return, even when their own vital interests seem at stake. Above all, Washington is no longer the exclusive domain of the Asian decision makers. Moscow, Peking, Tokyo, and even Hanoi have joined the club. Together with a sophisticated appreciation of the limits of power, however, there is also an emotional reaction against the past that must be of concern to America's friends and allies. Despite the rewriting of history now going on about the Cold War and its origins, despite the cultural revolution that is sweeping the American schools and universities and so absorbing the attention of the intellectuals and the media, U.S. policy in Asia since the end of World War II has not been an abject failure: it has succeeded beyond all reasonable expectations.

Twenty-seven years ago Asia seemed to have nothing to build on but the poverty of its masses. With the notable exception of Japan, which was in ruins and under occupation, it lacked technical

know-how, skilled labor, education, and was short of food, clothing, capital, and even hope. Nationalists who rose with whatever arms they could lay their hands on to demand freedom from their colonial masters often found themselves threatened again by Communist insurgents. Industrial development seemed a pipe dream.

Look at it now, or at those parts which the American presence has helped. Japan is the success story of the century. South Korea is viable and making economic progress of considerable note. Taiwan with fifteen million inhabitants does as much trade as the mainland with eight hundred million. Thailand's only threat is Peking-inspired. Malaysia is struggling bravely to build a multiracial state in the face of Communist and communal threats and a world market that treats its rubber and tin with wild and damaging price fluctuations. Singapore is an equatorial miracle, an industrial achievement wrought by effective government and capable people to confound all those who doubted that industry could ever flourish between the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn. And Indonesia has recovered from the bankruptcy into which it was plunged by Sukarno and his anti-Americanism.

Better still, through a number of nonmilitary regional associations, the Far Eastern countries have begun to break down the barriers of suspicion and fear that divided them in the past. There is still a long way to go, but for the first time in modern history there has been progress.

Much of the credit for these achievements can be claimed by the United States. "The trouble with the Americans today is that they refuse to believe that their previous policies had relevance or productive effect," an Asian prime minister told me. "I hate to think where we would have been now if it had not been for the American power and presence. I don't think you or I would have cared for the changes that would have taken place without them." The leader of a client state? No, on the contrary, one of the most independent-minded of all Asian leaders.

This is not to suggest that some of the changes in policy, beginning with the concept (but not the self-delusion) of Vietnamization and including the détente with China, were not both necessary and long overdue: in fact, if real Vietnamization had begun in 1958 instead of 1968, the situation would probably be much brighter today and many more Americans might still be alive. But Vietnamization was born of frustration, not of hope, and the détente with China was the offspring of American disenchantment with Vietnam and of changing historical circumstances, in which it suited Peking to put an end to the "Hate America" campaign which went all the way back to 1949.

No one was more conscious of the unfolding drama of Asian history, and perhaps overconscious of his own role in it, than General Douglas Mac-

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Arthur, who, corn-cob pipe in hand, liked to stride about his office on the top floor of the Dai Ichi building in Tokyo, overwhelming his visitor with his epoch-making vision of what he was doing in Japan. Four great events had shaped the course of civilization, he used to say. They were the birth of Christ, the signing of Magna Carta, the American War of Independence, and the French Revolution. Now a fifth was happening under the Occupation in Japan. One left these sessions wondering whether MacArthur's spiritual residence was not on the other side of the moat: but there was no gainsaying that the Occupation, if often misguided, was benign and successful. It is fashionable, I know, to deride the concept of the balance of power, but leaving that aside, what sort of Japan, what sort of Asia, what sort of world might we have expected to see today if the Soviet Union, and not the United States, had been the occupying power?

No Czarist leader could have been more demanding, or more imperialistic, than Stalin at Yalta. He wanted the railways and the windows to the east at Port Arthur and Dalny that had so blinded the vision of Nicholas II. He clamped down the very first of the iron curtains along the 38th parallel in Korea. Two years later a Russian-sponsored conference in Calcutta decided that the indigenous Communist parties of South and Southeast Asia should attempt to seize power by armed uprisings. They tried in countries which were still colonized and in those that had won their independence as well.

But for Korea, the United States and China might have established a *modus vivendi*, but there were, as usual, forces at work on both sides that preferred confrontation to coexistence. This was the era of Communist utopia, and a Communist monolith seemed as attractive to the true believers as it was terrifying to its foes. Mao put ideology first. His "On Learning to One Side" left no doubt where China intended to seek its friends. His long visit to Moscow resulted in the Sino-Soviet treaty, the satisfactory resolution of thorny issues in Manchuria—in itself a considerable Soviet concession—and the beginning of a Russian aid program that was substantial, if considerably less than generous by American standards. China believed in Stalin's Russia, in its policies and its leadership.

By the mid-1950s China was opening its doors hesitantly and tentatively, picking up two new regional friends, Sukarno's Indonesia, which was expansionist, militant, chauvinistic, and all but Communist, and Sihanouk's Cambodia, which sought to perform a balancing act that ended in a coup and Sihanouk's acceptance of the position of royalty in residence in Peking. Among most of China's closest neighbors, however, and excluding North Korea and North Vietnam, which did their best to avoid becoming victims of the rapidly developing Peking-

Moscow quarrel, there was neither inclination nor encouragement to develop closer relations.

The liquidation of the Indonesian Communist Party in 1965, and the collapse of the Sukarno regime in 1966, ended the militant, aggressive Peking-Jakarta axis and ambitious plans to start a rival United Nations and even to let the Indonesians make a bang with one of China's bombs.

Though China had more than its share of disappointments in East and Southeast Asia during this period, it continued to keep the embers of regional revolt alight. It provided funds, guns, training, and propaganda outlets for a new war of national liberation in Thailand. It was only marginally less interested in insurgencies in Burma (where its own armed forces on more than one occasion crossed the border), Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, and Singapore, and it made no secret of its active help for the insurgents in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia.

To recount these things is not to sit in moral judgment. No doubt Peking felt that this was the only way it could maintain a foothold in a sphere where its traditional influence was so openly challenged by its principal enemy, the United States.

Two developments, neither of them involving any abandonment of ideological or national principles on China's part, created the conditions under which it was possible for President Nixon to visit Peking. The first was the 1968 Tet offensive and its psychological impact on the United States; and the second was the increasing gravity of the situation on the Sino-Russian border, especially along the Ussuri River, where the Chinese had valid fears that the Russians might attempt to use their 1968 Czechoslovak tactics to impose their will.

No doubt, as Senator Fulbright has told us, the United States had exaggerated fears about the dangers of Communism, and it might have been perceptive to understand that national interests were ultimately likely to prevail over ideology. But too often the trouble with hindsight is that it oversimplifies the vision. The reality of the present is that China, in its relations with the United States and much of the rest of the world (though not with most of its neighbors), is willing to help break down some of the barriers which its own policies, no less than those of the United States, created in the past. But there is no assurance that new disruptive elements will not enter the scene after the inevitable departure of Mao and Chou. Nor is China a newfound friend for the United States. In its national interest it is likely to avoid physical confrontation. But it remains in the evangelical stage of ideological development, committed to the encouragement of revolution and the ultimate de-

struction of systems of government, including our own, to which it is opposed.

With whatever grace the United States succeeds in saving American face, dignity, prestige, and honor, there is no denying that the war in Indochina has been an overwhelming psychological victory not merely for the North Vietnamese and their backers but for the idea of Communism. "Offer an Asian his choice between a loaf of bread and a good idea like Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and he will take the idea every time," Ba Maw, the Burmese wartime leader under the Japanese, once told me. The Americans offered bread in Vietnam, but even bombs could not defeat the idea.

Asia, or that part of it allied with or friendly to the United States, is less concerned with the defeat, however, than it is with the American reaction to defeat. From Canberra to Tokyo there is fear that the United States may be shrinking back into its shell, disillusioned and ashamed of past policies and friends.

Early last year I spent several weeks in Japan, mostly devoted to research on defense and the U.S.-Japanese alliance. I asked some stock questions of all members of the defense community, including Yasuhiro Nakasone, who was then ministerial head of the Defense Agency. One of these was: "Under what circumstances do you believe that the United States would ever use its nuclear deterrent in the defense of any territory other than its own?" Usually, the Japanese hedged, but not Professor Makoto Momoi, of the Japanese War College. "It's like the Bible," he said. "You may know every word in it and believe it all to be true, but can you really be sure of your salvation?"

Soon after the Nixon visit to Peking, on a return trip to Tokyo, I reminded Momoi of his answer and asked him if he would care to add anything to his earlier remark. He thought for a second and said: "You may say that we've closed the Bible and put it away. It's somewhere around the house, but the children don't read it any longer."

Bewildered by conflicting American pressures and the ambivalence of Washington's suggestions that they should be more autonomous and at the same time mutually interdependent, the Japanese have lost much of their faith and trust in the American alliance. True, Japan has been a free-loader when it comes to defense, and in trade it has become overgrasping; but it is not in the American interest, nor in the interest of Asia and the rest of the world, that Japan should feel the need to review its options and to initiate shifts in policy that seem likely in the long haul to carry her along a path of increasing independence, and unpredictability, in the north Pacific.

Militarization remains an explosive political issue in Japan. But Japan's lack of faith in the United States has its defense planners working on the assumption that by 1980 they will be N minus 1, or to put it in layman's terms, will have the capability to become a nuclear power within a year, with all that implies in technological development, the means of delivery, and a prototype of the Bomb in everything but name. "I think that will be a very satisfactory position," one planner told me. Satisfactory for Japan, perhaps. But not so satisfactory for the rest of Asia—or for the United States.

While the Seventh Fleet could be counted on to patrol the seas, the Japanese felt confident and comfortable about their oil lifeline to the Persian Gulf. Today they concede that interference with their tankers could move them quickly to shed their reluctance to develop the conventional military sinews appropriate to their economic muscle.

There has been a breakdown not only in confidence but in communications. Friends and allies who were briefed in the past complain that they are not informed now, at a time when changing American policy requires, above all, explanation. No one accepted Assistant Secretary of State Marshall Green as the confidential bearer of inside information when he toured Asia and Australasia after the Nixon visit to Peking; everyone knew that he had not been present at the critical talks. Forty minutes were set aside in Tokyo for his briefing of Prime Minister Eisaku Sato. After ten minutes Sato lost interest and aides kept the talk going for the rest of the time with diplomatic niceties and questions about the weather in Peking.

Important as Japan is to Washington, as an ally, as a trade partner or as a trade competitor, and certainly as the possessor of one of the world's four great industrial complexes, there is not a single Japanese expert among the more than a hundred experts on the White House staff. "Nixkiss" is the new Japanese expression for American policy. To it the Japanese attribute the cavalier way the Sato government was informed of the Kissinger visit to Peking and the heavy-handedness of American demands for the revaluation of the yen.

South Korea's immediate reaction was profound concern. Though President Park frequently cries wolf for his own political purposes, he seemed more genuinely concerned than ever before that North Korea might again attack the South, if not with impunity, then without an American reaction. When he learned that the changes in American policy were irrevocable, he took his own initiatives to bring about a détente with Pyongyang. It will be a long time, however, before there is anything like trust between the two Koreas; and nothing will convince the Chinese community in Thailand that Nixon and Chou En-lai did not make a secret deal to Thailand's disadvantage.

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The Morning After the War Before

the domino theory. They foresee that the end of the war in Indochina will result in increased Communist efforts in Malaysia and Thailand. If the United States is no longer a guarantor, they are prepared to move themselves, and an Indonesian ground effort in Malaysia, and even in Thailand, cannot be ruled out. In short, if Southeast Asia has been chaotic in the past, the chaos that promises to build up for the future if the United States simply cuts its losses in Vietnam is likely to make what has passed seem orderly in comparison.

The conventional arguments against unilateral American disengagement in Indochina have been well aired: the possibility of a bloodbath in Vietnam (the same would threaten the North if by some improbable chance the South were to have the opportunity to impose its will there); the domino theory; the strategic and economic importance of Southeast Asia; the need to halt the expansion of Communism; and so on. The validity of these arguments is open to question. What is scarcely open to question is the value that America's friends and foes alike attach to American credibility.

A Southeast Asian foreign minister questions whether the United States has what he calls "the moral fiber for the leadership of the free world." A more than friendly Western ambassador in Washington thinks that the United States would go to war in defense of Germany but of no other country in Europe or Asia. A European general poses the question whether the United States would fight for Berlin. "No," he says, answering his own question. "It would be all over before the U.S. moved."

That this sort of comment is less than fair to the United States and fails to take into account the disproportionate share it has assumed of the defense of its friends and neighbors, both worthy and shady, is demonstrable. The United States was ready to put its manpower and its treasure on the line while dominoes in many places were willing to back the theory with words, or at the most, token gestures. But fair or unfair, the thoughts persist, and, unless the two summits have miraculously achieved a real breakthrough in international understanding, are potentially dangerous to the security and national interests of the United States and to world peace.

The American dilemma now is to disengage from Vietnam without creating further tensions. It must have peace and retain its credibility too. After the years of thought and effort that have been devoted to the fruitless quest for peace in Vietnam, it seems presumptuous to try. But there are, in fact, more options open to the United States than existed before the Easter offensive. A factor of sub-

stantial importance in North Vietnam's reluctance to enter into meaningful negotiations has been its conviction that time was on its side. With the withdrawal of the American ground troops, the balance of forces was changing all the time in Hanoi's favor. There would come a time, the North was sure, when its forces could move in for the kill in the certainty that they would succeed.

It is important both to convince Hanoi that an unreasoning determination to win by military means will involve heavy sacrifice over a long period of time and that the advantages of negotiation are demonstrable. A new American peace initiative should include the provision of vast reconstruction aid for both North and South, conditional on Hanoi's acceptance of a negotiated settlement. Rejection of these terms, it should be made equally clear, will result in the creation of a South Vietnamese air force and navy, together with armored units, of a much heavier and more sophisticated nature than Saigon possesses today.

Until Hanoi's offensive raised the costs again, American war spending had fallen from about \$30 billion a year to about \$6 billion. By far the greatest proportion of this figure was accountable to American military spending, not to support of the South Vietnamese forces. "Real" Vietnamization would not escalate the costs. It would continue to give the South Vietnamese the fair chance of survival that the Nixon Administration has promised, and it would also permit an American withdrawal with some dignity. I would not be excessively optimistic about the outcome, but, then, there are few circumstances in which optimism about South Vietnam seems justified. At the worst, the United States would have honored its self-appointed obligations to the point where friends could find comfort and foes would of necessity have to take heed.

Perhaps we have moved out of the era of the Cold War. Perhaps there is no longer a Soviet threat in Europe. Perhaps smaller nations may now be willing to obey the dictates of larger friends. But lasting peace is more likely to be negotiated from strength than from weakness. Heaven forbid that the United States should become involved again in Korea as it was in the 1950s, or that there should be a repeat performance of Vietnam, anywhere. But, equally, heaven help us all if the worst fears of America's allies prove well founded, material help is denied them, and the United States begins another era of isolation. "The West European nations are not capable of taking the place—politically, militarily, or psychologically—of the American commitment in Europe," the German Defense White Paper for 1972 concluded. What is true of Europe is also true of Asia, Australasia, and the Pacific. □

LIFE & LETTERS

UPDIKE AND BARTHELME: DISENGAGEMENT

by Richard Todd

MUSEUMS AND WOMEN

by John Updike
Knopf, \$6.95

SADNESS

by Donald Barthelme
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95

Recall if you can the 1950s and try to retrieve a feeling that existed then. It's common now to remember those as silently anguished years, all of us mute with rage at the banality of the culture, and there is some truth to that memory—there was rage, including much that didn't know its name—but the feeling I have in mind is different. It began with the odd and not altogether unpleasant sense that the world had recently ended.

The world was *about* to end, of course, in "nuclear holocaust," but it had ended already in terms of the possibilities for human behavior that remained alive. Everyone knew that large gestures, heroic intentions, a full-throated voice were no longer available. Everyone knew that the only acceptable mode of speech and vision was irony. "Everyone" was, of course, not everyone, but it was many: this sensibility flourished (often in mutually contemptuous forms) in English departments and advertising agencies, fraternity houses and "converted barns." The twentieth-century malaise that had belonged to what used to be called "bohemia" had moved in a gentled form to the suburbs. The suburbs were one symbol of the com-

promised quality of life. Another was the curious Bomb. It surely traumatized not nearly so many people as it was fashionable to claim, but it probably did alter the scale on which we thought of human life: it contributed to the sense that human beings had become a toy breed.

"A smug conviction that the world was doomed" John Updike remembers (in the voice of a character who is "in securities") in a story from his new collection, *Museums and Women*. The story works to re-create another emotion of the years, simultaneous "fear and gratitude. Young people now are many things, but they aren't afraid, and aren't grateful." If anyone so young—this is the year he is forty—is entitled to nostalgia for those years, it is John Updike, who was the poet of their precarious coziness. The "fifties," I suppose, extended into the early sixties; although the Kennedy inauguration could have been said to end them on time, a dedicated "privatist" could easily enough dissociate himself from the cadences of Theodore Sorensen; the civil rights movement drew the line. If you were, as I was, in college at the end of the decade, Updike, still in his twenties, was a figure to reckon with, his stories appearing regularly in Friday's welcome mail, the *New Yorker*.

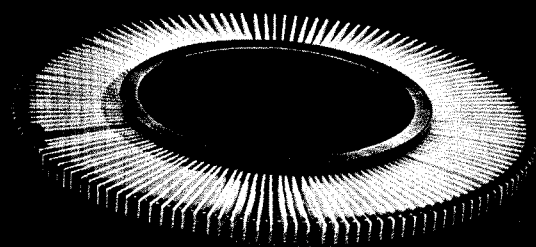
In 1959 Updike wrote what was then his richest, most accomplished story, called "The Happiest I've Been." It recounted the last night at

home for a young man about to return to college from the Christmas holidays. Not much really happened. There was a New Year's party. A girl fell asleep on his shoulder. A friend driving with him fell asleep on the seat. Dawn occurred, as he drove safely over slick roads, and further into the trip the young man had his happiest moment, which consisted of an expansive feeling for the landscape, the trip, and, in no small part, the pleasure that two people had trusted him enough to fall asleep at his side. I struggle to say how wonderful a story this seemed. Its power lay initially—as always in Updike—in the perfectly rendered detail. Beyond that there was the paradoxical daring of the story, its defeat of conventional expectations concerning what the passage to adulthood (which was, after all, the subject) ought to be about. Updike was making a story out of stuff trivial enough to be the stuff of one's life. This is all there was, he said, and all there would be; the implication was that life would hold no more exalted moment than the instant the story recorded. (The antiheroic impulse was strong; Updike was moved by the success of Jack Kerouac to parody his book's claims for the beat life with an account of a boy on a tricycle—"On the Sidewalk.")

Thinking of "The Happiest I've Been" I find that a phrase from its last paragraph comes back: "the moment of which each following moment was a slight diminution."

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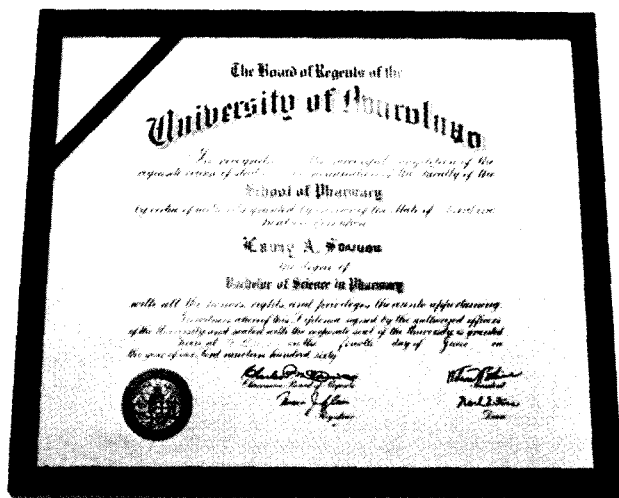
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As the assistant professors used to say: *Just so*. A diminution. Updike's stories even then were often about a sense of loss. So are they still. Most of the stories in *Museums and Women* were written in the past five years, but they evoke the time of Updike's earliest success. They are, of course, "minor" work; even as Updike was writing them he had his mind on more ambitious things, particularly *Rabbit Redux*, which included vastly more various sexual, social, and political content than do the stories. But his short fiction isn't to be dismissed; I'd maintain that his most fully realized novel is the one most like a short story: *Of the Farm*.

In the title story of *Museums and Women*, the narrator, musing on his marriage and on his affairs, some of whose trysts have occurred in museums, is moved to the realization (in a shamelessly elaborate metaphor) that what is most "splendid" about museums is not their content but their entrances. "And it appeared to me that now I was condemned, in my search for the radiance that had faded behind me, to enter more and more museums, and to be a little less exalted by each new entrance, and a little more quickly disenchanted by the familiar contents beyond."

Loss upon loss, and loss itself becomes a diminution. What is lost is nothing very extraordinary; only a moment of happiness, or a moment when the possibility of happiness might be glimpsed. Another story describes a day on which the hero has some bridgework done, goes to a party, gets drunk, skids his car off the road, as his patronizing wife predicts ("Darley, you know you're coming to that terrible curve?"), and a woman (divorced, seductive) riding with them suffers a minor injury to her leg. He quickly sobers. "Never again, never ever, would his car be new, would he chew on his own enamel, would she kick so high with vivid long legs."

Implicit in most of these stories is an awareness of two sorts of time: one's own and social time, and the stories often play off the ironic contrast between history and the present moment. "The Carol Sing" in the new volume describes a community at church at Christmastime, preoccupied with small tragedies.



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and remarks on the music—"these antiquities that if you listened to the words would break your heart." Another finds the transience of our lives in a contemplation of the enduring pipes in an old house.

The smallness of Updike's subject matter (in, at least, his short fiction) is of course accompanied by his celebrated, lushly intricate descriptive style. The title story of the collection begins: "Set together, the two words are seen to be mutually transparent; the E's, the M's blend—the M's framing and squaring the structure lend resonance and a curious formal weight to the M central in the creature, which it dominates like a dark core winged with flitting syllables." Words at moments become objects and organic things, larger and more real than what they denote. First and last sentences are particular repositories for cleverness: look from one to the other and more often than not you will find them punning against one another, tying a bow around the story.

These habits produce a certain response in Updike's critics. From the start of his career it has been usual

to speak of him in wistful tones. If only he weren't so precious. If only he'd write about something important. If only he wouldn't waste his talent.

I imagine that this criticism has rankled. Like a girl accused of coyness, Updike must have wanted to say: But whether you know it or not that is what you like about me. The delicacy of Updike's style derives from the sense that you had better keep your eyes on the small task at hand; look around the room and you'll see pointlessness. "Better, I suppose, to sing," it is said at the end of "The Carol Sing," "than to listen."

Though so many of the stories are chronicles of melancholy, there is at their heart a kind of assurance. A considerable distance exists between the cool contemplative voice of the stories and the experience it describes. Whether in "Museums and Women" the M's and E's perform the sort of architectural and anatomical functions that the narrator claims is, as you enter the story, beside the point. You are affected by the detached voice, which, it be-

comes clear, has the most magic control over its perceptions, but remains strangely remote from the life of which it speaks.

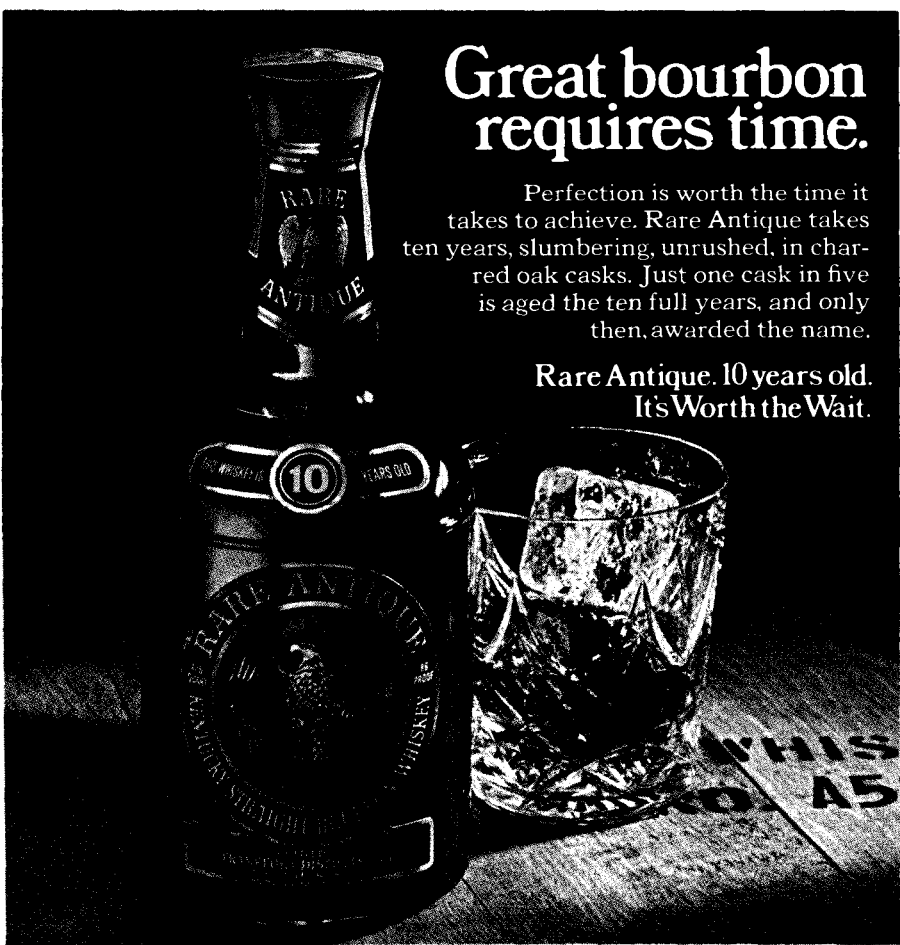
There is this difficulty in Updike's stories: for all their recognitions of the religious impulse, their honoring of tarnished values, they are not stories in which moral choice occurs. Instead, they render modes of reconciliation and acceptance: values in themselves, of course, but not ones to arrive at easily. I only reluctantly uncrate the central word of a fifties' critical vocabulary: the stories are sentimental, in the sense that they invite us to value an unearned emotion.

A certain moral paralysis afflicts Updike's fiction (though it is a problem from which Harry Angstrom tries to free himself in *Rabbit Redux*). It becomes more visible now, as Updike's shorter fiction loses its exact grip on the present moment. The stories address themselves to a cultural situation that held sway most strongly when Updike began his career; they provide a way of feeling good about a world whose language continually suggested that life had become a diminished thing.

When Updike began to appear in the *New Yorker*, he was in formidable company. O'Hara and Cheever appeared frequently and J. D. Salinger memorably allowed *Franny and Zooey* to be read. But Updike dominated the pages of the magazine ten to fifteen years ago in that he was the most contemporary voice, the leading edge. If there is someone today whose presence is similarly felt, it is Donald Barthelme.

Barthelme is read by students now with some of the same attention that Updike inspired in the fifties. Like Updike, he inspires unfortunate imitators. Probably the best advice you could have given a young writer then was not to try to write like Updike; don't try to write like Barthelme would be good advice today. Each expresses a widely shared sensibility, yet depends on a carefully wrought, quite personal, style.

"While I read the *Journal of Sensory Deprivation*, Wanda, my former wife, read *Elle*." Like few other current writers, Barthelme may be identified by any handful of his sentences; only he could have written



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the one above with which his new book, *Sadness*, begins. There is the rational, liberal tone (edged with hysteria), the collages of *objets trouvés*, the easy sliding in and out of fantasy. Barthelme's stories fail to fit ordinary ideas of what stories ought to be. Fragmented monologues, laments, high-wire acts in prose, sometimes only half prose, half engraved illustrations; they are not tales but gestures.

In this book there is an account of a man's difficulty in paying necessary "companionship" taxes on his monster: St. Anthony is tempted by a VISTA volunteer; at "The Party" Cynthia Garmonsway grooms King Kong: "She holds the steel curly comb in her right hand and pulls it gently through the dark thick fur. Cynthia formerly believed in the 'enormous diversity of things;' now she believes in Kong." Despite the abundance of fantasy, Barthelme's comedy begins with his singular ear for the inanities of much contemporary speech. He must be an inhibiting presence in a room, his ears as tremulously sensitive to a false note as if they were awaiting an explosion. Difficult to talk about him, for fear of becoming a Barthelme figure. You can sympathize with the writer of the jacket copy for *Sadness*, who edges toward that role: "Barthelme deals with world-pictures, some old, some new. Some have grown shabby, have been devalued; some have increased in importance, have accrued value. He points to shifts, changes." (One of Barthelme's habits of style is the restatement that carries no meaning but pitches an idea forward into foolishness.) His gift for mimicry is a cleansing thing. The air would be purer if sociologists, journalists, literary critics, structural engineers, women in love, fans of Buckminster Fuller, terrorists, people thinking of starting a commune, gifted children, all read Barthelme daily on rising.

Larger claims are made for him. He has been compared to Kafka and Borges. He honors them, surely, and they have no doubt influenced him. As is the case with Borges, all of his stories turn implicitly on the exhaustion of literary and artistic tradition. In the present book, the story most explicitly about this theme is "The Flight of Pigeons from the Palace," an account of a

phantasmagoric exposition in which nothing is ultimately satisfying. "Sad themes were played by the band, bereft of its mind by the death of its tradition." But the familiarity of the theme is itself made into a joke. Whatever his debts to other dealers in the ambiguous quality of art and reality, the life in Barthelme's prose lies in his parodic impulses.

Like Kafka, Barthelme is a delineator of the bureaucratic ideal to which our lives sometimes seem to be aspiring. The oppression that interests him, though, is not that of the Pigs, but of the benevolently asphyxiating bureaucracy of our good intentions. Of "The Genius" in the story by that name, it is said: "He did not win the Nobel Prize again this year. It was neither the year of his country nor the year of his discipline. To console him, the National Foundation gives him a new house."

Barthelme distinguishes himself from other comic writers—Kurt Vonnegut comes to mind—by his lack of interest in traditional American villains. It is not warlords, vulgarians, robber barons, but figures closer to home who engage his imagination—people of a certain sensibility. Alienation, depersonalization, paranoia (see Barthelme's earlier story "Brain Damage" for a lyric account of this anxiety) are persistent themes in his work, but so too—more importantly—is our awareness of our various disaffections from ourselves and society. He mocks the bodiless language with which we become intimate with our ailments: "Self-actualization is not to be achieved in terms of another person, but you don't know that, when you begin. The negation of the negation is based on a correct reading of the wrong books. The imminent heat-death of the universe is not a bad thing, because it is a long way off. Chaos is a position, but a weak one, related to that 'unfocusedness' about which I have forgotten to speak."

If there is an animus behind Barthelme's stories, it probably has less to do with "the death of tradition" than with something simpler: single-mindedness, the shaky presumption of things said with conviction. A matter of "world-pictures," as the copywriter said—except that *all* world-pictures are "devalued."

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December Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



In this season of nostalgia we are reminded that exactly fifteen years ago we added a new title to what was then our very small children's book list. The author, **SCOTT CORBETT**, had written several adult books and had appeared in the pages of *The Atlantic* with some short pieces that were long on humor. He was persuaded by our old friend and *The Atlantic's* associate editor, Charles W. Morton, to make a children's book from his adventures on a Navy training cruise. That book, entitled *Midshipman Cruise*, has been followed by twenty-six more so far.

Today, in homes, schools, libraries, and wherever there are boys and books, Scott Corbett is familiar as the creator of Kerby Maxwell and the "Trick" series, the "What Makes It Work" series, and some very clever whodunits. There's a brand new one, just in time for Christmas: **DEAD BEFORE DOCKING**. And those who enjoy a really good scare—and just a touch of nostalgia—shouldn't miss **THE RED ROOM RIDDLE**.

DEAD BEFORE DOCKING

THE RED ROOM RIDDLE

by Scott Corbett

\$4.95 each at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

Single-mindedness is an old and honorable target of comedy; but we feel the sting of Barthelme's humor particularly because single-mindedness has become our leading survival skill—now, when we are "into" things, have roles, lingos all our own, can't understand large numbers of our gifted and intelligent fellows, and are moved not to, because to speak their language is to question the integrity of ours. So the streets are full of peacocks, oblivious to one another's beauty. It is Barthelme's high calling to deflate this sort of vanity, and it has produced some of the most entertaining stories of recent years—as entertaining in their way as were the early Updike ones.

The pleasures of each writer are in fact more alike than their dis-

parate styles would suggest. Both Barthelme and Updike soothe a similar anxiety. Both address the question of how to live in a world where missing coherence is acutely felt. (Or, more exactly, they ask how to be happy in such a world; which is both less and more of a question.) The answer, in each case, consists of a kind of disengagement. In Updike, a willed miniaturization of life; in Barthelme, a grand withdrawal into the schizophrenic joy of seeing absurdity at every hand. There is another point of congruence. Like Updike's stories, Barthelme's are intimately tied to a particular time, *this* time; I expect that sooner than one would like a nostalgic light will overtake them, too, as our sense of helplessness fades once again.

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The writings of Wilhelm Reich, Freud's most radical disciple, enjoyed a remarkable revival in the 1960s, and they appear destined for continued popularity in the current decade, despite its changed intellectual atmosphere. The reasons are not far to seek. The political and sexual radicalism of his best work ideally suited the concerns of the American left in the 1960s, while the intellectual extravagance of his later writings appeals to the postpolitical, quasi-religious style of the 1970s.

Reich earned a secure, though minor, position within the psychoanalytic community in the 1920s. His reputation rested primarily on his theory of character and the therapeutic technique known as character analysis (both of which are well represented in the collection of papers entitled *Character Analysis* recently reissued by Farrar, Straus & Giroux). He developed

into a skillful clinician and eventually headed a branch of the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society devoted to improving analytic technique.

Reich's interest in character and its adjustment reflected the general concerns of the psychoanalytic movement in the 1920s, when most analysts, including Freud himself, turned their attention from the problems of the id to those of the ego. But where other Freudians approached the ego in an essentially sympathetic manner—coming to its defense in its struggles with desire and conscience—Reich set out to demolish it. He sided unequivocally with the instincts. Indeed, he equated psychological health with their unfettered gratification, and he only bothered with the ego at all in order to break its tyranny over instinctual expression. *The Function of the Orgasm*, one of his most readable works, documents his progress toward the conviction that genital release alone guaranteed psychological well-being.

In the late 1920s Reich's career entered a new phase. He became politicized and joined the Communist Party, first in Vienna and later in Berlin. He did not, however, abandon his psychoanalytic inher-

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itance. Rather, he took as his unique responsibility the task of salvaging what was useful in psychoanalysis for the revolution.

This enterprise had both an intellectual and a practical dimension. As a theorist, Reich set about to reconcile the basic teachings of Marx and Freud. From Marx he took over the class analysis of history, but he modified it to suggest that the behavior of a class was largely determined by the childhood experience of its members, and in particular by their sexual experience. Thus he argued, for example, that the peculiar authoritarianism of the German middle classes originated in the extreme repression of sexuality among middle-class children in Germany.

On a practical plane, Reich's Freudo-Marxism led to the founding of what he called sex-hygiene clinics. These facilities, of which six were established in the Vienna area, provided advice on sexual problems to members of the working class. They also sought to educate the workers to the changes in sexual mores that Reich felt would have to accompany any successful socialist revolution. He was persuaded that lasting freedom could never be achieved so long as sexuality continued to be repressed. Above all, it could not be achieved so long as the sexual rights of children and adolescents remained unprotected, and he therefore urged the Party to incorporate such protections into its platform.

It is not difficult to recognize the appeal that Reich's work would hold for radical intellectuals in the 1960s. The essence of that appeal, I'm convinced, lay not in the specifics of his program but in his commitment to theory, and to theory of the boldest, most speculative sort. Reich was utterly fearless of ideas. He absorbed the teachings of two of the most demanding and systematic modern thinkers, and he synthesized them into an even grander theoretical design, whose import was unambiguously revolutionary. The radicals of the 1960s were starved for precisely such intellectual fare. They had been denied the pleasures of theoretical adventure for more than a decade. Ideology, they had been told, was at an end, and responsible thinkers had turned from

the ambitious intellectual systems of the nineteenth century to a more modest and empirical brand of social science. Reich's reemergence in the 1960s, then, was part of a general reaction against the intellectual austerity of the preceding decade. It marked the resurgence of the taste for speculative social thought, a taste, as Edmund Burke noted almost two hundred years ago, characteristically associated with political radicalism.

In the mid-1930s Reich gave up politics for an elaborate biological fantasy. From his first acquaintance with psychoanalysis he had been much taken with Freud's libido theory—the notion of a closed energy system, ultimately sexual in nature, whose vicissitudes determined the shape of psychological experience. Now, however, he began to think that libido might have a physical basis, and he undertook a number of experiments in quest of it. At first he believed he had found such a basis in electricity: sexual arousal, he argued, represented nothing more than an increase in the body's bioelectric charge. But by 1939 he had abandoned all the traditional forms of energy in favor of an entirely novel source, which he dubbed orgone energy, and from the moment of its discovery until his death in the Lewisburg federal penitentiary in 1957 he devoted himself unstintingly to an exploration of its amazing powers.

Reich contended that orgone energy was as well verified experimentally as any of the energy sources recognized by the scientific establishment. He assigned it concrete physical characteristics—including a faintly bluish hue—and he set forth dramatic claims for its therapeutic efficacy. Not only the familiar psychological disorders, which he had earlier treated through character analysis, but most physical illnesses as well (among them cancer) were now found susceptible to orgone therapy. The ultimate vehicle of such therapy was the orgone box (or Orgone Energy Accumulator, as he preferred to call it), a large rectangular booth that emitted concentrated orgone radiation. It was for marketing this instrument across state lines in violation of a court injunction that Reich was eventually prosecuted by the U.S. Food and

Drug Administration (which also impounded or burned his books) and sent to jail. He served eight months of a two-year term before suffering a fatal heart attack.

In his final decade, during which he carried on his work near Rangeley, Maine, in a laboratory that has since been turned into a museum, Reich advanced even more grandiose claims for his discovery. Ultimately he came to believe that orgone energy was the primordial substance out of which the entire cosmos had evolved, and that it was likewise responsible for the motions of the planets, for gravity, and for all meteorological phenomena. Not surprisingly he also became fond of identifying its properties with those that earlier generations had attributed to the supernatural. Thus the one-time atheist ended his years perusing the New Testament for anticipations of the organotic truth, and finding them in abundance.

Farrar, Straus and Giroux have shown a fine commercial instinct in choosing this moment to reissue *Cosmic Superimposition* and *Ether, God and Devil*, two of Reich's most undisciplined organotic tracts. To the Reich sympathizer of the 1960s—and I count myself among them—it was a source of some comfort that these works were available only in a limited private edition, since they document a derangement so severe as to compromise the man's entire corpus. In 1972, however, they seem curiously suited to the evolving tastes of the counterculture, notably its penchant for astrology and evangelical religion.

Astrology in particular appears to inhabit the same conceptual universe as orgonomy. Like orgonomy, it pretends to have uncovered a kind of cosmic psychological determinism. It boldly relates private experience to impersonal physical forces, and it claims, again like orgonomy, to find empirical evidence for the influences it charts, although those claims, if examined even half earnestly, turn out to be empty.

If astrology is the conceptual equal of orgonomy, the new evangelicalism must be considered its therapeutic analogue. Like orgonomy, evangelicalism is an attempt to purchase personal well-being on the cheap. Indeed, there



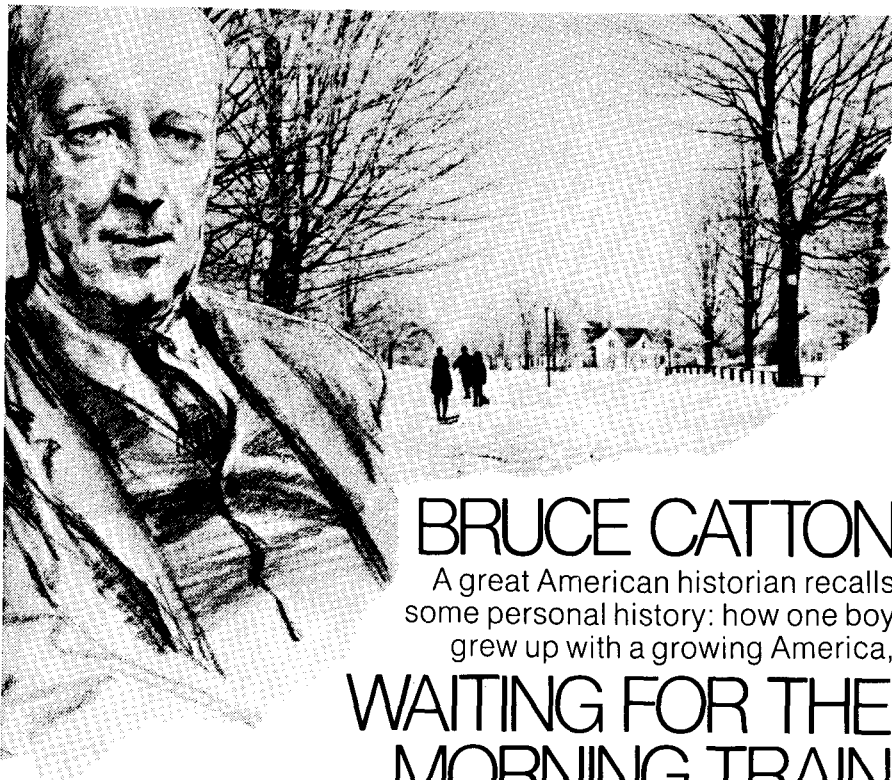
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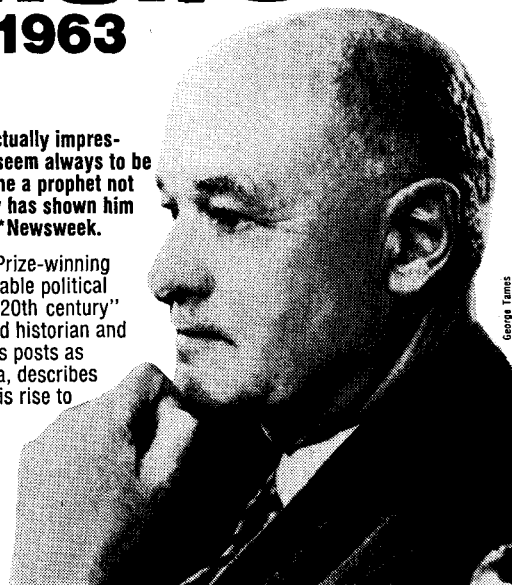
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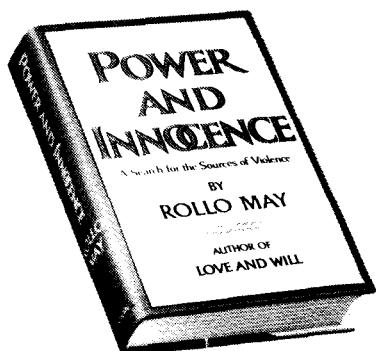
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seems to me little psychological difference between the magical rehabilitation Reich sought from the Orgone Energy Accumulator and that sought by the Jesus freak through religious conversion. Reich's own adoption of religious concepts and language in his later writings makes the analogy all the more perfect.

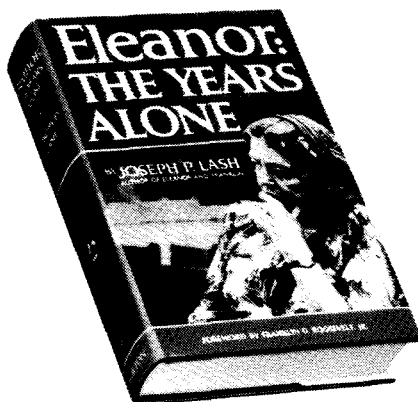
The evolution of Reich's thought from Freudo-Marxism to orgonomy, like the evolution of recent American culture, demonstrates the precariousness of speculative social criticism. By definition, speculation demands a withdrawal from the world of facts into the world of possibilities. It requires a temporary exemption from the usual evidential standards in order to gain a vantage point from which to imagine a better future. Apparently, however, only the most rigorous and discriminating minds can manage this theoretical leap without losing their hold on reality.

Freud undertook his own speculative venture in *Civilization and Its Discontents*, and he occasionally verged on the kind of metabiological nonsense to which Reich ultimately succumbed. But Freud's grip was firmer, his sense of the balance between theory and fact more delicate. To be sure, one finishes *Civilization and Its Discontents* dazed by its theoretical audacity, but nonetheless with a sense that the argument has not passed beyond the realm of plausibility. By way of contrast, one puts down *Cosmic Superimposition* convinced that the border between reasonable speculation and hopeless fantasy has been irreversibly crossed.

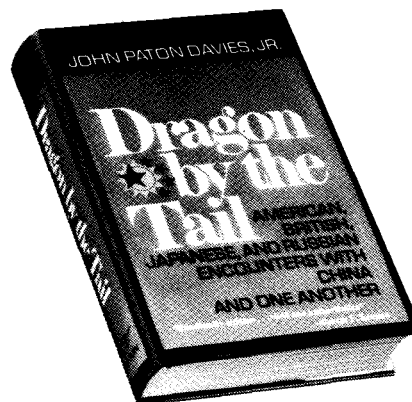
After a dose of orgonomy one longs, perhaps a little guiltily, for the simple pleasures of old-fashioned science. For all its complacency, its conservatism, and its potential destructiveness, science at least maintains respect for intellectual discipline. It demands a minimum standard of rationality. One is left to wonder whether the tolerance extended to speculative social criticism during the 1960s didn't perhaps initiate a certain softening of the brain for which we are now paying the price. I wouldn't wish to return to the narrow perspectives of the 1950s, but the self-indulgent mysticism of the 1970s seems even less inviting.



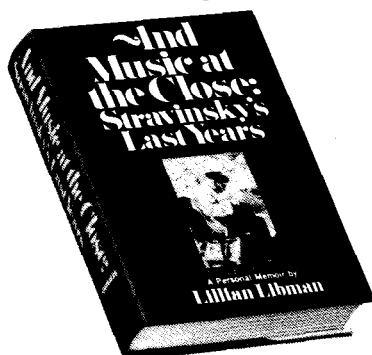
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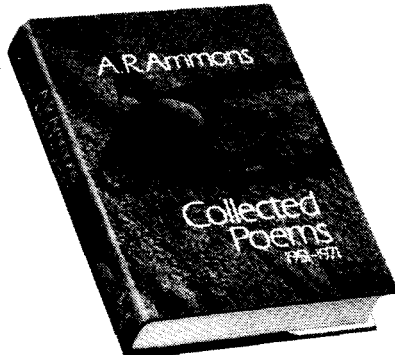
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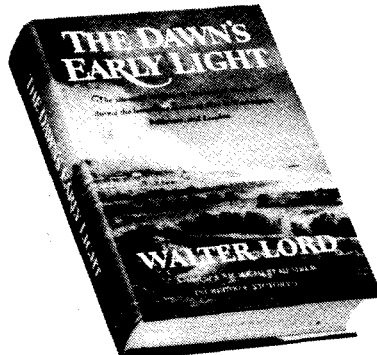
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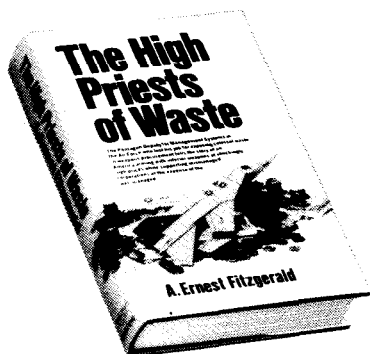
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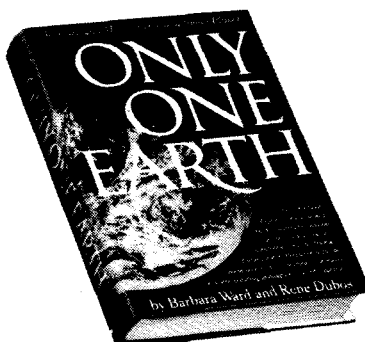
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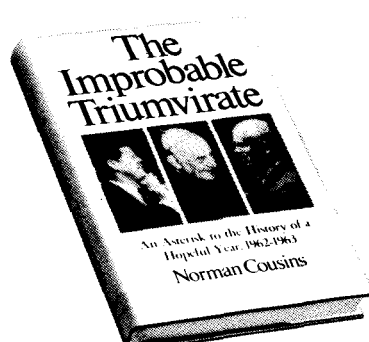
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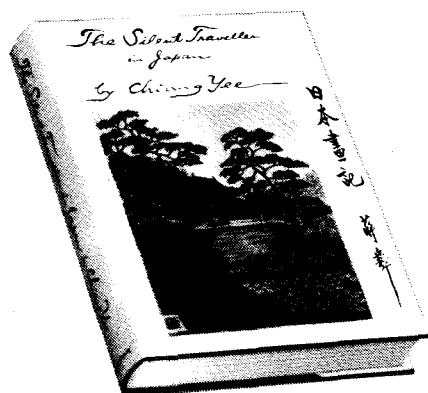
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MOVIES

ROHMER'S MEN AND WOMEN

by David Denby

CHLOE IN THE AFTERNOON
directed by Eric Rohmer
Columbia Pictures

Chloe in the Afternoon is the final installment of Eric Rohmer's *Six Moral Tales*, an eccentric, occasionally brilliant series of comedies centered on the theme of sexual refusal: a man in love with one woman is attracted to another, and after lengthily considering a liaison, goes back to the first. Rohmer's hero in *Chloe in the Afternoon* is a happily married man who comes within a hair's breadth of adultery before retreating to his wife. In the final scene, Bernard and Françoise Verley, who are actually married, turn to one another shyly, nervously, like awestruck parishioners approaching their God, and offer protestations of love; finally they go off to the bedroom as the camera moves demurely to the window. This is the consummation that the whole series has been straining toward, and it ends the *Moral Tales* on a rather exalted note.

Rohmer, who emerged from French film criticism in the late fifties along with the other prominent New Wave directors, conceived of the series in 1960 and began shooting it in 1963. The first two episodes were short and Rohmer calls them "amateurish," so it's unlikely that they will receive general distribution in the United States. The four released here, in the order of completion, are *La Collectionneuse* (1967), the weakest of the group; followed by the two splendid high entertainments, *My Night at Maud's* (1968) and *Claire's Knee* (1970); and now *Chloe*.

The director has defined a "moral tale" as "a story dealing less with what people do than with what is going on in their minds while they are doing it"; in other words, an analysis of motivation and choice—although, as the series progressed, it became clear that the more conventional meaning of "moral" was also intended. Despite a genuine eroti-

cism and an air of super-worldliness, the Rohmer tales are impeccably "moral" in matters of sex. To those who have seen the earlier films, the aura of religious consecration at the end of *Chloe* doesn't come as a surprise; Rohmer has said that he's a Catholic believer, and the resolution of *My Night at Maud's*, with the Catholic engineer (Jean-Louis Trintignant) turning away from Maud (Françoise Fabian), the stunning divorcée, and embracing the less interesting single girl he's determined to marry, suggested that the director shared conservative Catholic attitudes toward sex and marriage. But reducing Rohmer to a religious formula would be unfair, for he never fails to show exactly why a given man and woman would be wrong for one another. The resolution of his stories may be governed by traditional Catholicism, but his grasp of the psychology of sex is utterly modern. In *Maud*, for instance, the slightly priggish engineer and the freethinking Maud would probably have been a bad match, however much one's instinct was to see them together. Rohmer certainly conveyed the feeling that Trintignant and Fabian didn't go together physically: "You look like a boy scout," she says to him at one point, and he did.

Rohmer's focus is on the social behavior of the educated adult—the way articulate, self-conscious men and women who are sexually alive to one another talk, play, flirt; the way a flicker of interest passes across their faces and either stays there or passes out again as they size one another up. This would seem to be a basic movie subject, but ordinary heterosexual behavior rarely finds its way onto the screen (it's amazing that the man who puts it there is committed to chastity).

In his highly literary, discursive screenplays, Rohmer shows a special ability to keep the erotic interest alive. Thus in the wonderful dinner-party sequence in *Maud*, the conver-

sation is of Pascal, Jansenism, Marxism, and marriage, but through all the bright diffuse chatter we see Maud's interest shifting inexorably from one man to another. The American moviegoer is starved for good dialogue, and this sort of sex-charged talk, intellectual but racy, is an absolute delight. If Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn exchanging bright insults in *The Philadelphia Story* defined the way moviegoers thirty years ago wanted to act in their more vivid moments, Fabian & Co. will do fine as our equivalent fantasy today. The world of Rohmer's films is also appealing to fantasy because it seems so eminently manageable: there's no violence, no vulgarity, very little pain, and the attractive, clever people seem always at leisure, with nothing else to do but dawdle over their sexual choices.

The Rohmer ambience has a particular appeal to men: the director has a great eye for interesting women. He's a connoisseur, an appraiser of women, although unlike most appraisers he's not interested in separating the good from the bad and placing them on a scale of value; instead, he defines the essence of different but equally memorable qualities. Haydée Politoft has the stage to herself as the pouting, bored, promiscuous girl in *La Collectionneuse*, but in the later films the women characters and the actresses playing them seem to be set out in balanced pairs, as if Rohmer were urging the men in the audience to make a choice. In *Maud* there's swarthy Françoise Fabian as the unlucky divorcée and blond, ingenuous Marie-Christine Barrault as the student; in *Claire's Knee*, Béatrice Romand's adolescent precocity, her passionate, almost desperate lucidity is matched against the perfect, insentient, physical beauty of Laurence de Monaghan; and in *Chloe in the Afternoon*, Zouzou, coarse-faced and aggressive as the bohemian girl Chloe, is contrasted with fragile, birdlike Françoise Verley as the wife Hélène. In the last film the hero has a daydream in which all the women in the previous films show up to make love to him. It's such an innocently narcissistic scene—a director bringing his whole stable together—that one can't take it very seriously, but

it confirms what's been present all along, the connoisseur's delight in holding a number of erotic possibilities in the mind at the same time.

Rohmer's women are certainly sex objects, but they also have stunning self-possession (it's the men who don't know what they want); even when the director seems to disapprove of them morally, he never cuts them down by making them pathetic or hysterical or vicious. Using a classically restrained camera style (Nestor Almendros is the cinematographer), Rohmer keeps his distance, letting the actresses command their own space rather than carving it up for them. His quiet, uncoercive style brings out what we feel is the actress' essence, although it should also be said that none of these women is given the free range to dominate a film. These are not dramatic roles; after all, the peculiar requirement of Rohmer's program is that the women attract the men but never capture their love.

The *Moral Tales* are an elaborate comedy of priggishness under attack. In each case the self-sufficiency and complacency of the hero are disturbed as he finds himself drawn to a woman against his will; caught by surprise and hesitating about what to do, he invariably becomes a fool. What emerges from this scheme is a set of comic portraits of the self-loving French male.

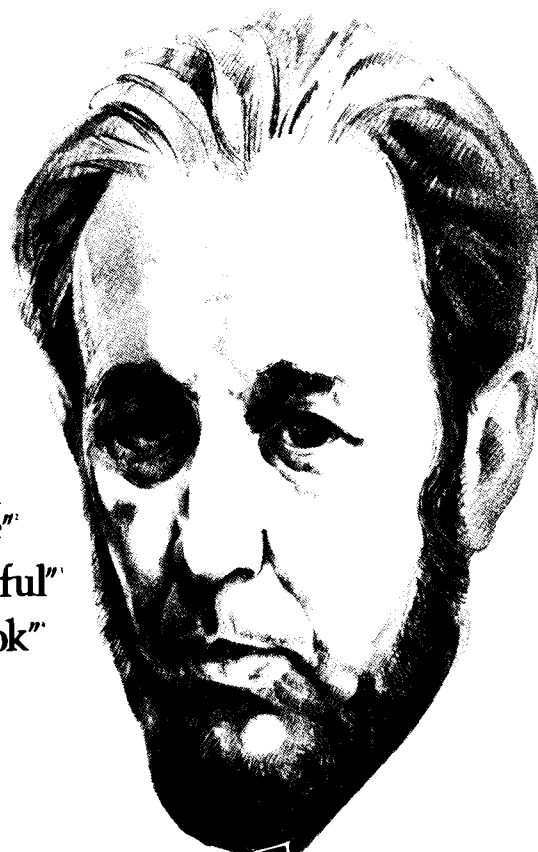
In several cases the comedy has a darker side which isn't immediately apparent. Take *Claire's Knee*. At first it seems like an idyll: an enchanting lake surrounded by mountains, the languorous atmosphere of summer vacation, handsome, gracious people . . . But then the rain falls, and a dark deed is performed. The diplomat-hero, who had seemed so completely self-knowing and mature, tries to break up a happy love affair out of idle jealousy, and afterwards he imagines he has done it with the highest intentions. When he satisfies his private whim and strokes the girl's knee in fake consolation, our ambivalence toward him falls away and we see that he is a cad; and looking back, we observe that the entire structure of the film is ironic, that everything the diplomat says about himself is contradicted by what he does. Rather than being an idyll, *Claire's Knee*

provides instruction on a rather subtle point: the way self-awareness, when it is only semicomplete, can lull the moral sense to sleep.

The judgment pronounced on the hero gives the films their atmosphere of surprise, but sometimes Rohmer stretches his joke interminably. In *La Collectionneuse*, for instance, Adrien, the insufferably fastidious and dandified art dealer, spends the entire movie convinced

that his sexy, sluttish housemate during a summer vacation at Saint-Tropez is dying to make love to him; finally, he gives in to his own desire for her, which he has been trying to deny, and she promptly leaves him. It's a good twist, and Adrien's baroque vanity is amusing for a while, but the man's self-deception is simply not worth that much attention.

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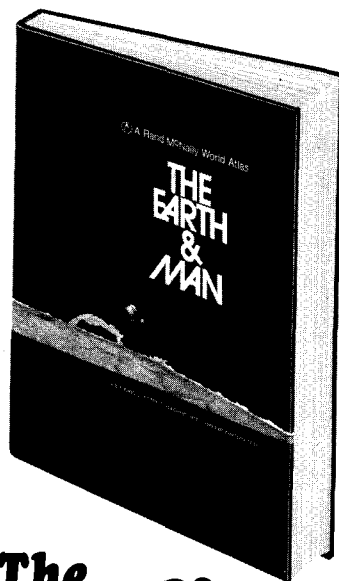
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ated in the same way. Frédéric (Bernard Verley) is an ordinary Parisian businessman who finds himself perfectly settled with wife and child and fears only the tedium of continuous happiness. To assuage his boredom he enters into an unenthusiastic flirtation with Chloe (Zouzou), a reckless, unscrupulous girl who both frightens and attracts him. Zouzou, a successful model who has starred in French underground films, is the least likable of Rohmer's women, but it's presumably the raw quality in Chloe that Frédéric is drawn to, so we can't really call the performance a failure. Unfortunately for the movie, Zouzou is projecting into a void, for in accordance with Rohmer's scheme, Frédéric never catches fire, and finally deserts Chloe at bedside. As very little about Frédéric is revealed during his many scenes of indecision, we are left wondering about Rohmer's sense of humor and proportion: what's the difference whether this man goes to bed with a girl or not? What's at stake? Would Frédéric's marriage really disintegrate if he had an affair for a few weeks or months?

Given the sexual behavior that is typical in current movies, these tales about chastity are so unusual that they've taken on a certain international notoriety. After seeing *My Night at Maud's* several Swedish critics wrote that Rohmer had discovered a new vice. This was probably said in jest, but there's some truth in it. James Agee used to complain of the glorification of celibacy in American movies—Agee thought celibacy rather obscene. Rohmer's movies are also close to obscenity at times. Women undress in front of his heroes, only to have the men turn away for religious-moral reasons or out of fear. We know that Rohmer is poking fun at his heroes' distress, but there's something caddish about such moments—a sense that women are being teased with erotic possibilities infinitely held out and infinitely denied.

Normally it's considered good manners to allow an artist his given subject and quarrel only with the way he handles it, but when he comes back to the same situation a half-dozen times we have the right to be rude. Rohmer's obsession with unconsummated sexual relationships

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limits his films drastically; they are all nuance and small gestures and elegant ironies. His heroes never cross the existential barrier, and as an artist Rohmer has been timid in the same way. Disrupting his heroes' peace with genuine passion

might have produced a more conventional dramatic effect, but the risk of banality is always worth taking. So far, Rohmer has shown the narrowest emotional range of any talented film maker to come along in recent years.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

QUEEN VICTORIA
by Cecil Woodham-Smith
Knopf, \$10.00

In the writing of this well-judged, detailed, and engrossing biography, Cecil Woodham-Smith has had access to all sources, including the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle, and she has used them, as Lytton Strachey never did, to trace the development of Victoria from her infancy through the intrigues which marred her girlhood, her rapturous marriage to Prince Albert, her grasp of power, and finally to her widowhood at forty-two and the resulting cataclysm of grief.

Seldom has a great monarch had a less auspicious beginning. Her father, the unpopular Duke of Kent, was cursed with debts which had alienated his older brother, the Prince Regent; her mother was a German princess handicapped by her inability to speak English. Victoria, whose birth assumed dynastic importance, was a healthy child and she had need to be, for after her father's death, the pouty Duchess and her Irish secretary, John Conroy, devised what the biographer calls "the Kensington System": isolate the girl in Kensington Palace, make her dependent upon her mother against that day when she would succeed King William IV, and the Duchess, as they hoped, would be appointed to a Regency, with Conroy the power behind the throne. Under these circumstances Victoria struggled through a drab girlhood with no friends and few allies. The three who knew what was going on and who steered her against the "system" were her uncle, Prince Leopold, her lovely half sister, Princess Feodora, whom she saw at long intervals, and her German govern-

ess, Baroness Lehzen, who was at her side for nineteen years.

As consolation for her strict daily schedule, Victoria, who "was not a well-educated nor an advanced child," kept a journal, and an extraordinary chronicle it became. Her observations were acute, she had total recall, was honest, gushing in her vehemence and love, and vivid in her characterization. "Ultimately," the biographer writes, "Queen Victoria's Journal filled more than 122 volumes, a record of persons, events and emotions without parallel in European history." This is the mirror in which we often see her and it is sad that on her death her daughter, Princess Beatrice, in misguided discretion, destroyed the greater part of it, beginning with January, 1837, the year in which Victoria came to the throne.

The finest chapters are those in which she asserts herself. Far from growing subservient, her resilience was remarkable and, thanks to some wise counsel from Uncle Leopold, now become King of Belgium, she freed herself from her mother and would have nothing to do with Conroy, who under Wellington's pressure departed the Court. After her coronation she completely captivated Lord Melbourne, her Prime Minister, and her loyalty helped to restore his tottering Whig majority.

Miss Woodham-Smith gives us a sympathetic understanding of Prince Albert, who had been brought up to believe that he would one day marry the Queen. No sparks were ignited between them on his first visit, but when he returned three years later as one of the handsomest young men in Europe, Victoria was enchanted and ready to propose to him in three days. The Prince was studious, patient, and intelligent. He

knew that he would miss Germany, had no wish for an English title, and was carefully restrained in his dealings with the Queen's ministers. His gift to England was in his tempering of Victoria. As the Queen herself observed, she had very strong dislikes; in her early years she was obstinate, of limited outlook, insistent on her rights, willing to be guided so long as the advice coincided with her own wishes. At the outset it was her iron hand in the velvet glove which arranged things. What the biographer has done so magnificently is to show how Victoria, happy in her marriage, came to be more tolerant, more attentive to foreign affairs, and more just, thanks to her remarkable partner. Their mistake, and a big one, was in the upbringing of their eldest son.

TRANSPARENT THINGS
by Vladimir Nabokov
McGraw-Hill, \$5.95

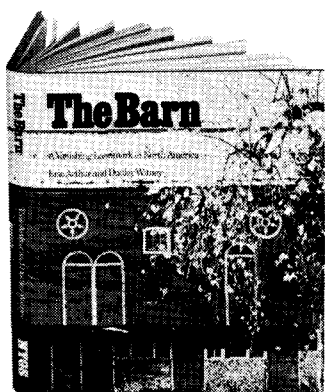
An amusing thesis could be written about the two Slavs who have mastered English in our time, Conrad and Nabokov. Conrad's narratives were in the classic tradition and he was careful never to get in the way of his characters, whereas Nabokov makes an art of intruding upon his people. Nabokov is much more nimble and confident in his handling of dialogue (Conrad, it seems, spoke with a heavy Polish accent and was sensitive about his use of English vernacular). Both men demand the close attention of the reader: Conrad in his long passages of introspection and Nabokov in the subtlety with which he employs surprising, often showy, words that enrich the association of his sentences. Part of the fun of reading Nabokov is this element of surprise. No other contemporary novelist can compact so much laughter and satire in a single swift episode.

It is this juggling of words, of action, and of feeling that one most admires in *Transparent Things*. The novella is light and it skips like a stone on the surface of life as it follows the adventures of Hugh Person, the editor for a New York publishing house, who has been sent abroad to suggest a new title and some changes in the manuscript of a notable foreign author known as

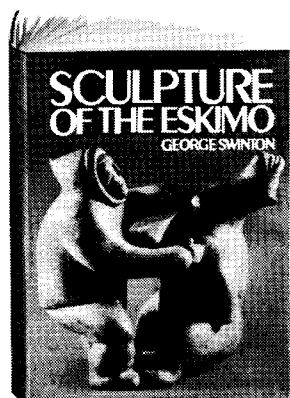
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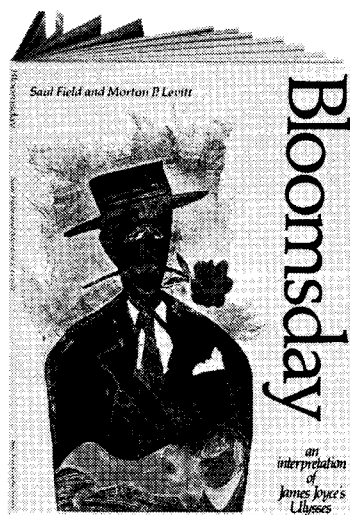
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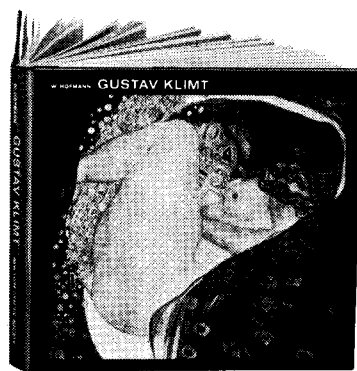
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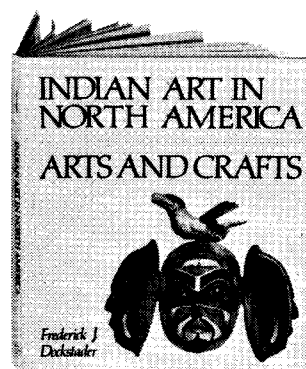
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"Mister R." R, a querulous caricature of Nabokov himself, will have none of such service. Hugh is sent packing, but not before the young man has tracked to an Alpine village Armande Potapov, the attractive daughter of Russian refugees. Hugh Person is no skier and he has a horrible time trying to keep up with Armande and her present boyfriends, Jacques, the golden-haired bobsled champion, and the English twins with their curious sexual behavior. But Hugh perseveres; Armande accepts his proposal and agrees to return with him to his unpretentious literary life in Manhattan. She has her whims, as have all of Mr. Nabokov's heroines, whether nymphets or adults: an expert rock climber, she orders the awkward Hugh to follow her as she foots her way down the facade of their hotel from the fourth floor to the second. Naturally Hugh gets stuck on the ledge just below their balcony and their reunion is sheer comedy. Nor is it surprising, in view of Nabokov's track record, that her sexual oddities are rather perplexing to her husband.

The one thing Hugh did not disclose to his bride is his peculiar form of insomnia which sets him to night-walking and about which Nabokov writes so knowingly. In his dreams which spring him from his bed, Hugh can be a source of danger, and it is this clue which supplies the mystery, the climax, and the aftermath of this clever and original story.

THE PERSIAN BOY
by Mary Renault
Pantheon, \$7.95

Taking her lead from Robert Graves, who opened a new door for us in his splendid novel, *I, Claudius*, Mary Renault has breathed into her novels of the ancient world her profound knowledge of character and her glowing sense of reality. In this colorful book she resumes the story of Alexander the Great, which she had begun in *Fire from Heaven*: at twenty-six Alexander with his lean, disciplined Macedonians has broken through the strongholds of Persia and is well on his way to the mastery of the world. Darius, the Persian king, has fled, and his allies and mercenaries are suing for

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peace. Part of the booty that comes to the conqueror is Bagoas, the beautiful eunuch and dancer who tells the story.

Bagoas is a Persian of royal lineage whose gelding and slavery after his father's murder is a cruel business. Not until the boy's beauty was recognized by King Darius did he acquire the confidence and seductiveness which made him irresistible. Fresh from the indulgence of the Persian court, Bagoas is struck by the rugged simplicity of Alexander's camp, and still more so by the continence of the young conqueror. He recognizes the bond between Alexander and his most trusted lieutenant Hephaestion, and with quiet discretion the eunuch sets out to seduce Alexander, his boss. It takes skill to delineate, as Miss Renault has done, this half-man, half-courtesan, who is so deeply in love with the warrior.

In the fighting and reconciliation which follow the author brings out Alexander's magnanimity as a conqueror, his consideration for the Greek slaves, his employment of the defeated Persians and his urging the marriage of his officers with Persian women, his restraint of rapine—all incidents of history vividly magnified. But the strain on him is great, as Bagoas knows better than anyone else. When the Macedonian veterans threaten to mutiny, when Hephaestion sickens and dies, when Alexander becomes enmeshed in India, we see the beginning of the deterioration that will strike him down. The author's note at the close provides the documentation of the narrative she has told so well.

**THE GREAT AMERICAN
SHOOTING PRINTS**

Selections & text by Robert Elman
Knopf, \$25.00

In his introduction to this sumptuous book, Hermann Warner Williams, Jr., director emeritus of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, makes a penetrating observation about the American attitude toward art. In the colonial days, he explains, the only types of painting which found acceptance were portraits and the gay pictorial signs for shops and taverns. The first genre paintings of hunting had to wait until the frontier had pushed to the Rockies, when men

were no longer hunting simply for meat, and when there were enough rich people to regard it as a sport. There were numerous paintings of men and boys fishing prior to 1850—why not hunting? Well, for one reason, all one needed for fishing was a man or a boy and a boat. The artist could bluff the rest.

One of the salient features of these sporting prints, apart from the beauty of the setting and the flash of action, is that they were painted by professionals, perfectionists in their knowledge of guns, hunting dogs, and men on target. This point is stressed by Robert Elman in the interpretive captions which face each of the eighty full-color reproductions. Audubon, of course, was one of the pioneers, and the portrait of him by his son, John Woodhouse Audubon, painted in 1840, shows him in the autumn of life with his favorite companions, his dog, a horse, and a percussion fowling piece.

Another early artist was the Swiss-American Peter Rindisbacher, who in the 1820s was employed as a clerk by the Hudson's Bay Company and during this period accompanied Indian hunting parties, sketching everything he saw. The picture he painted in 1826 of a bison being hunted by an Indian on snowshoes with bow and arrow and a pack of small dogs is brilliant in its composition and makes us wish the artist had not died at the age of twenty-eight. The most tense of these early paintings is by William Ranney, in the Hoboken marshes when they were a duck hunter's paradise. The gunner may have been the artist himself, and in the morning light as the sneakboat turns the corner, one can imagine the flurry of wings and almost simultaneously the explosion of both barrels.

It is primarily as a sportsman that Mr. Elman speaks to us in his text: he identifies guns, and explains their capability, discusses ammunition, field conditions, and the habits of geese and woodcock and bears. He traces the history of hunting costumes and the evolution of several breeds of dog; he applauds the feeling for conservation, increasingly noticeable in the paintings after 1870, and he tells us revealing bits of the painters' lives. For example, he informs us that Carl Rungius, visiting an uncle in Maine for a

moose hunt, was so hooked by the north game country that he devoted the next sixty years to painting from the Atlantic to Alaska and died brush in hand.

The great names are all here: Thomas Eakins, Albert Bierstadt, Winslow Homer, Frederic Remington, Frank Benson, and Ogden Pleissner, but Mr. Elman has not confined his selection to museum candidates; he includes calendar paintings and firearms posters, and quite rightly, for both demanded accurate and accomplished work. Hardly a third of the paintings show game successfully killed and in several, for instance, in Oliver Kemp's portrait of the big buck surprised in deep snow, the implication is clear that the hunter will never get the gun to his shoulder in time. I find my least pleasure in those prints of that animated hatrack, the moose, as he stands in the soft twilight, a target that not even an opera singer could miss, and most reward in those in which no firearms are involved: the caribou rubbing off the velvet; the four "Rocky Mountain bighorns, summer bachelors, gaze out over their range near Wilcox Pass"; and the Canada geese coming in—these are what I like, and may they live forever!

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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE ODESSA FILE by Frederick Forsyth. Viking, \$7.95. The author of *The Day of the Jackal* has not only done it again, he has actually improved his thriller technique by creating a hero in whose fate the reader takes a sympathetic interest. The earlier book was a cold, if exciting, game of maneuver. This one arouses a decided emotional commitment, making the tension even more hair-raising. Specifically, a German free-lance journalist stumbles across what he gradually recognizes as a conspiratorial network of surviving Nazis, and sets out to expose it. He is young enough to have no direct knowledge of such people and does not realize that he is inconveniencing a bunch of mad-dog killers plotting international devilry.

WAITING FOR THE MORNING TRAIN: AN AMERICAN BOYHOOD by Bruce Catton. Doubleday, \$7.95. The title is misleading, in a way, because Mr. Catton's boyhood is not the central subject of his book. His own experiences are hardly more than an excuse for a history of his part of Michigan, mercilessly exploited by lumber companies, and of the village of Benzonia, where a group of idealists attempted to establish, of all things, a college modeled on Oberlin. Mr. Catton wastes no time on the romance of the frontier. The area around Benzonia "passed from lusty adolescence to an uneasy senility," and what interests the author are the various forces that brought about this undesirable progress. Any reader concerned about the direction our society follows will also be interested.

A UNIVERSAL HISTORY OF INFAMY by Jorge Luis Borges. Dutton, \$6.95. These sketches of remarkable scoundrels were written and first published in the 1930s, at a point when Mr. Borges, by his own ironic account, was "a shy young man who dared not write stories and so amused himself by falsifying and distorting (without any aesthetic justification whatever) the tales of oth-

ers." Minor Borges, then—but minor Borges is major reading. Translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.

THE TEMPTATION OF JACK ORKNEY AND OTHER STORIES by Doris Lessing. Knopf, \$6.95. Miss Lessing's short stories vary in theme, in setting, even, subtly, in style. They have in common intelligence and shrewd insight. They also have the power to enthrall.

THE AGE OF KIPLING edited by John Gross. Simon and Schuster, \$12.95. Kipling had a chameleon quality—almost every opinion he ever expressed he sometime, somehow, contradicted. He has also been ludicrously attacked and misrepresented by critics too firm in their anti-imperialist virtue to waste time reading more than a fragment of their victim's writings. For both these peculiarities, Kipling is a good subject for the type of book Mr. Gross has contrived: a collection of essays by a group of critics who interpret Kipling's work from different angles and with an amusing conflict of preferences. Illustrations.

THE HIDDEN INJURIES OF CLASS by Richard Sennett and Jonathan Cobb. Knopf, \$6.95. The authors claim to have discovered, by means of taped interviews with workers around Boston, horrendous social and ethical pressures afflicting blue collar workers. Since the beavering scholars have disguised the names and circumstances of the people interviewed, one can judge their conclusions only on the basis of their interpretation of very short, precise statements. And these interpretations all too often reveal a thick-eared insensitivity to the interviewees' quite adroit use of language, as well as the tacit assumption that any blue collar worker must be a bit stupid. One wonders which foot this shoe really fits.

SOMEWHERE ELSE by Robert Kotlowitz. Charterhouse, \$7.95. The Polish Jew moving west is almost a novelist's cliché, but Mr. Kotlowitz has the nerve to tackle the subject and the skill to make the tale fresh and surprising.

THE MAKING OF A PSYCHIATRIST by David S. Viscott, M.D. Arbor



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AMPHIGOREY by Edward Gorey. Putnam, \$12.95. No less than fifteen of Gorey's unique spookeries, all in one hilariously ghastly volume.

TREASURES OF THE ARMADA by Robert Sténuit. Dutton, \$9.95. Mr. Sténuit, an impassioned treasure hunter, located the spot on the Irish coast where one of the Armada ships finally went down, and by persistent diving, he and his party brought up a fine haul of gold, silver, jewelry, rusty weapons, and smashed tableware. It was a remarkable performance in all respects. The book begins with a short history of the Armada expedition and proceeds to the underwater archaeology, with side excursions into Spanish family trees, salvage law, Irish rebellions, and methods of preserving waterlogged, rust-sodden cannonballs. Since Mr. Sténuit is a somewhat disorderly writer, his text requires patience on the reader's part, but the tale is worth a little trouble. Translated by Francine Barker. Illustrations and maps.

EROTIC ART TODAY by Volker Kahmen. New York Graphic Society, \$14.50. This is a sober, scholarly survey, based on a definition of erotic which, in practice, is so broad that it includes any work implying the existence of two sexes. It also reveals that modern erotic art is produced largely by men and that on the whole they take a joyless, apprehensive view of the business. 8 color plates, 350 black and white illustrations. Translated by Peter Newmark.

THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST by David Halberstam. Random House, \$10.00. A portion of this book appeared in the September *Atlantic*.

Stories from the following books have appeared in *The Atlantic*:

SADNESS by Donald Barthelme. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95.

THE BOOK OF FOLLY by Anne Sexton. Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95.

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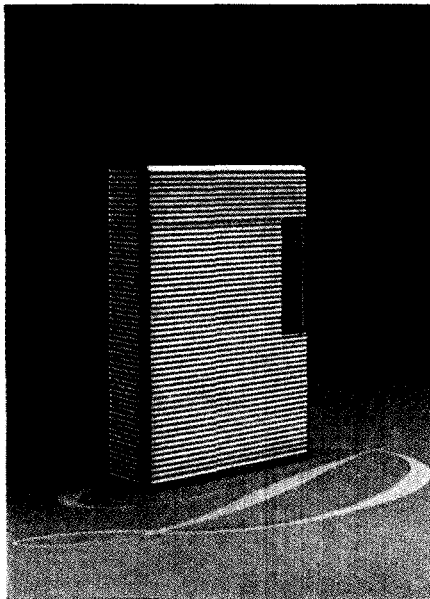
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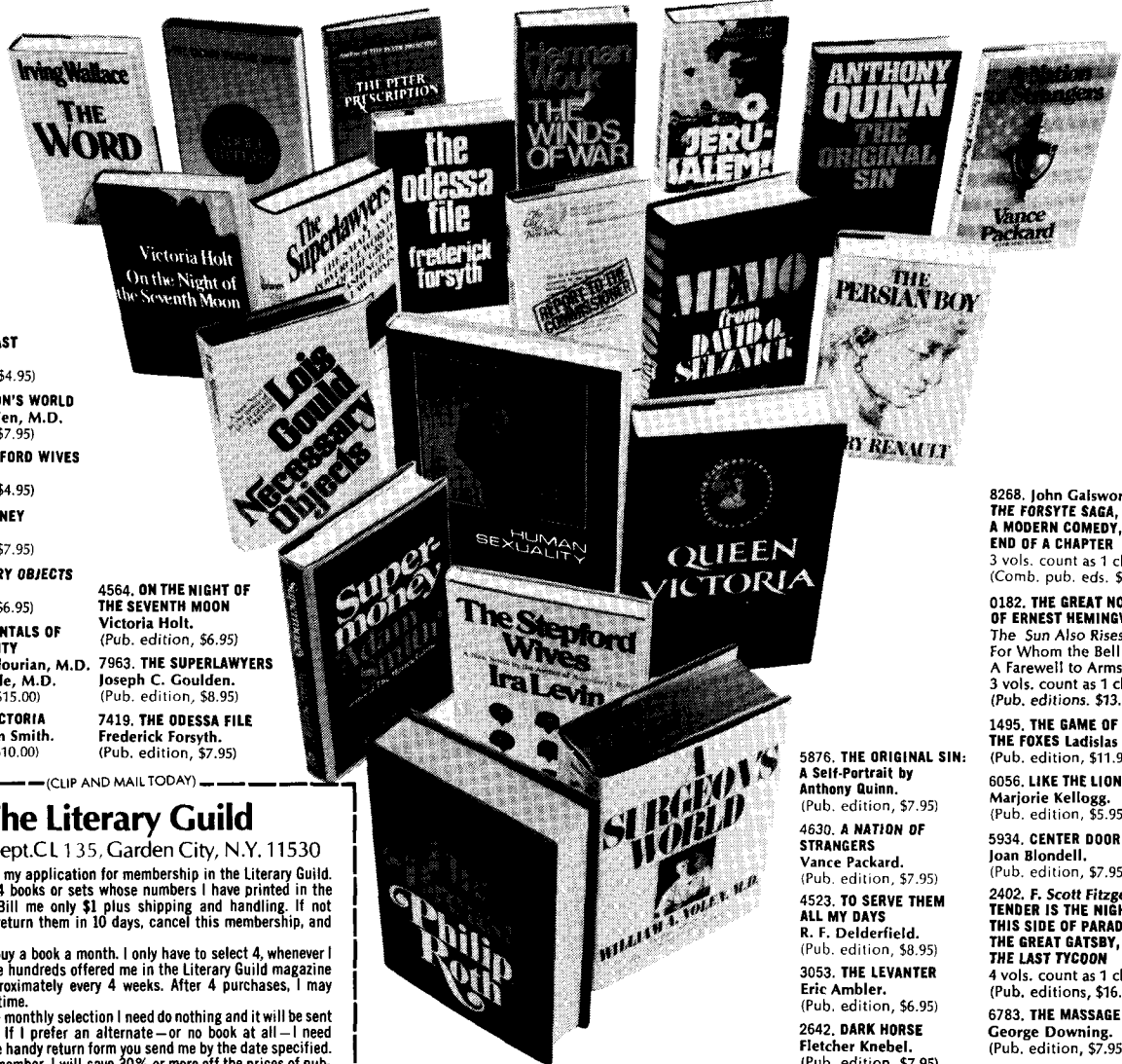
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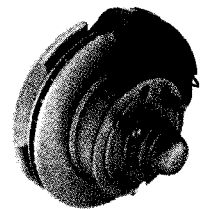


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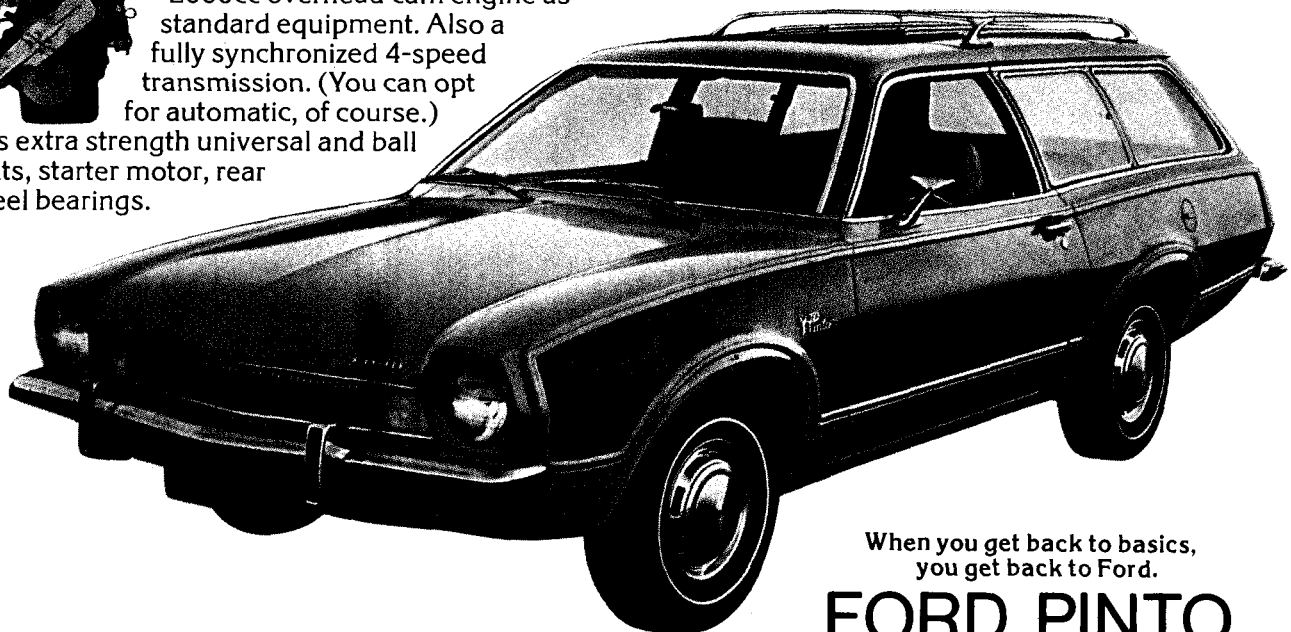
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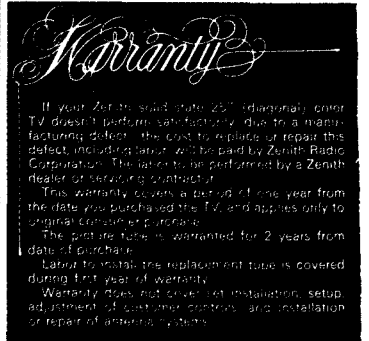
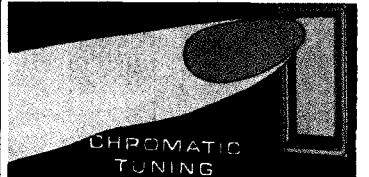
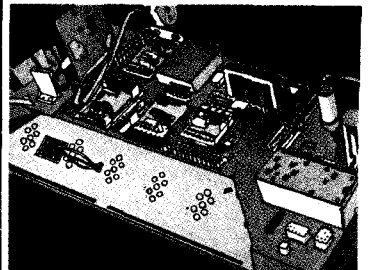
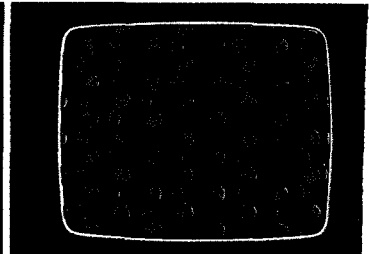
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